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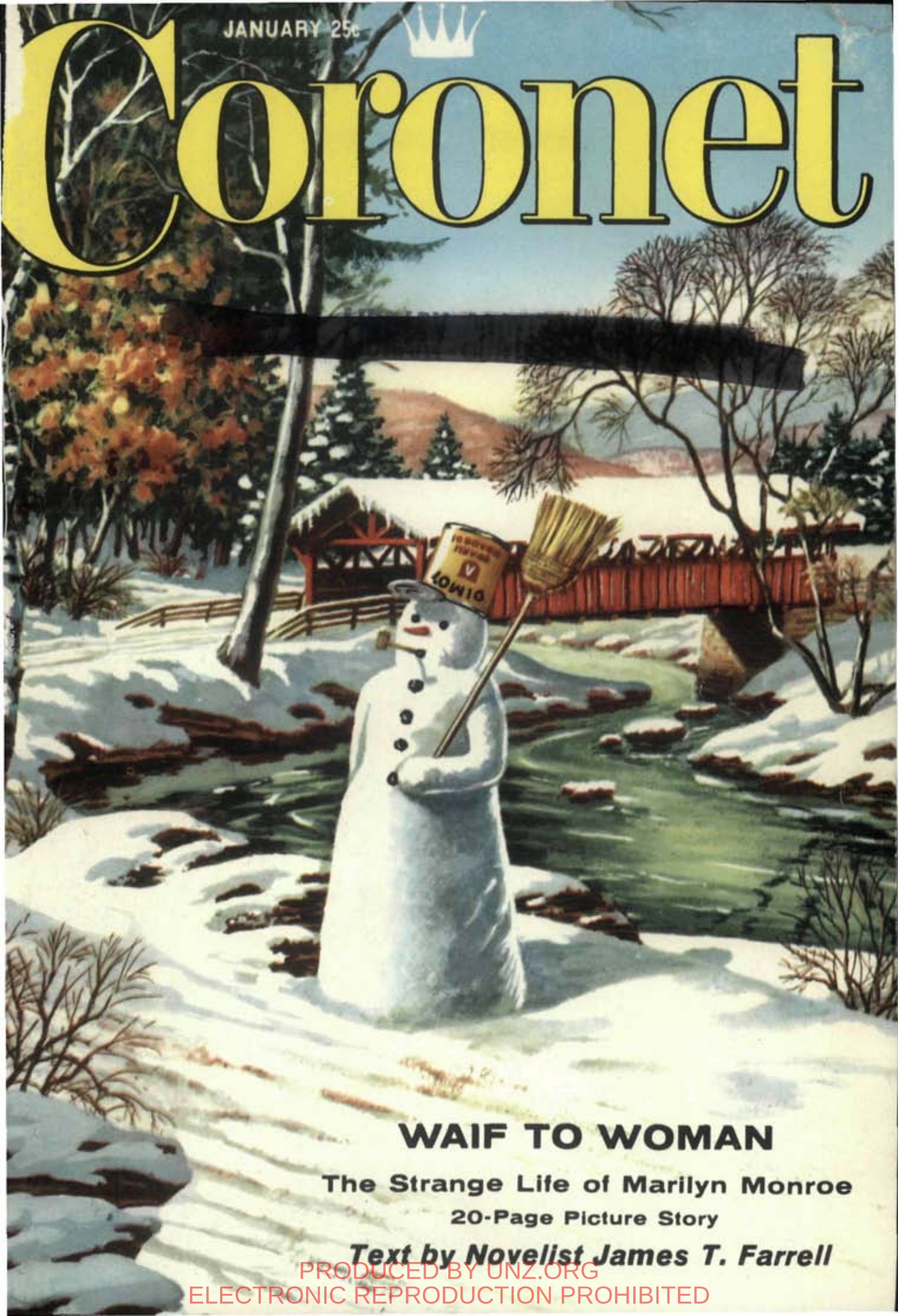

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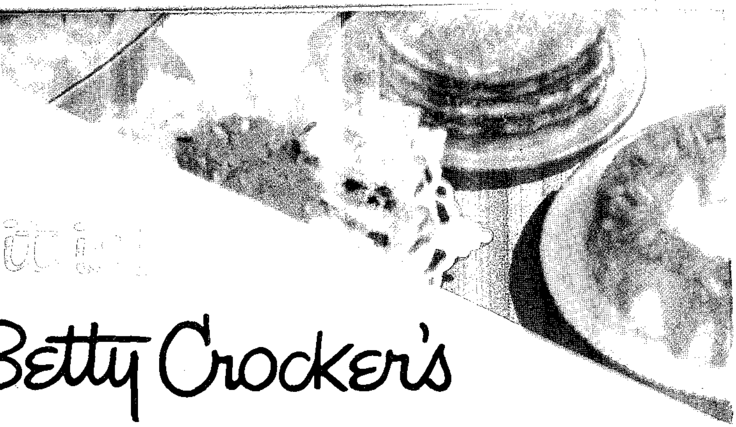
WAIF TO WOMAN

The Strange Life of Marilyn Monroe

20-Page Picture Story

Text by Novelist James T. Farrell



Here it is!

Betty Crocker's

Bisquick Cook Book

157 recipes and food ideas . . . 28 pages packed with new Bisquick surprises and old favorites. Invitingly decorated, arranged in sections for each meal and occasion, and indexed for your convenience. *To remove your cook book from the magazine . . .* simply lift cook book section and pull gently down and out. This cook book is planned for permanent use. It is bound in sturdy magazine-cover paper, for longer wear. The type has been specially selected for easy following of recipes. Each recipe has been developed by Betty Crocker and her staff, and tested in kitchens like yours all across the country. Happy baking!

General Mills *makers of* **Bisquick**

Here it is!
Betty Crocker's
Bisquick Cook Book
Betty Crocker's
Bisquick
Cook Book

Betty Crocker
NEW TEXTURIZED
Bisquick
A Whole
World of
Baking
in a box!

The next 28 pages, advertisement by General Mills.

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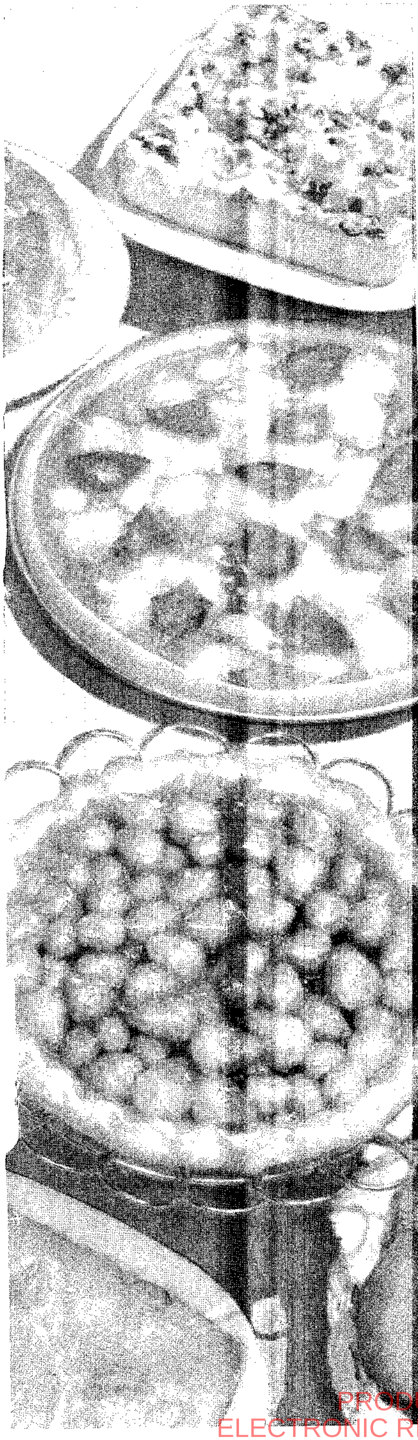
Betty Crocker's

Bisquick Cook Book

157 Recipes and Ideas

from Betty Crocker
of General Mills

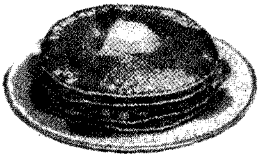


"You do so many nice special things for the family more often, because you start so far ahead with Bisquick!"

Betty Crocker
of General Mills

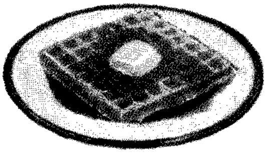
Betty Crocker
Bisquick
A Whole World

These and other recipes are also on the Bisquick box.



PANCAKES

Beat 2 cups Bisquick, 1 egg, 1⅔ cups milk with rotary beater until well blended. Pour batter onto heated griddle. Turn pancakes when bubbles appear. *Makes about 18 4" pancakes.* For thinner pancakes use 2 cups milk.

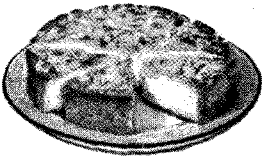


WAFFLES

Beat 2 cups Bisquick. 1⅔ cups milk, 1 egg, 2 tbsp. salad oil or melted shortening with rotary beater until well blended. Spoon onto hot waffle baker. *Makes 2 large or 6 small.*

MUFFINS

Heat oven to 400° (mod. hot). Blend together 2 tbsp. sugar, 1 egg, ¾ cup milk, 2 cups Bisquick. Then beat vigorously 30 seconds. *For richer batter*, add 2 tbsp. more sugar, 2 tbsp. melted shortening or salad oil. Fill 12 well greased muffin cups ⅔ full. Bake *15 min.*



COFFEE CAKE

Make Muffin batter. Spread into greased 9" round layer pan or 8 or 9" square pan. Sprinkle with mixture of: 2 tsp. cinnamon, ¼ cup sugar, 2 tbsp. Bisquick, 2 tbsp. soft butter. Blend with fork until crumbly. Bake *20 to 25 min.*

© 1956 GEN. MILLS INC.

DUMPLINGS

Mix 2 cups Bisquick, ¾ cup milk well with fork. Drop tablespoonfuls gently onto boiling stew. Cook over low heat 10 minutes, uncovered and 10 minutes covered. Let stew bubble gently. *Makes 10 to 12.*

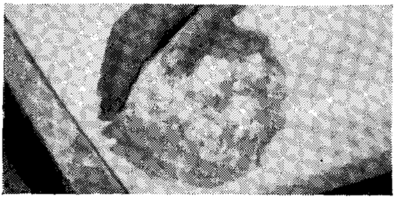
HOW TO MAKE GOOD BISCUITS

HEAT OVEN TO
450° (HOT)

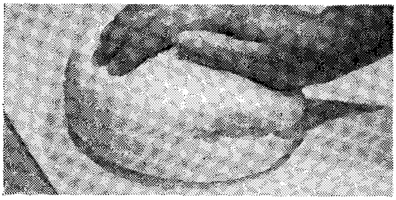
Add ⅔ cup milk *all at once* to 2 cups Bisquick. Stir with fork into a soft dough.

Beat dough 15 strokes. It will be stiff and sticky.

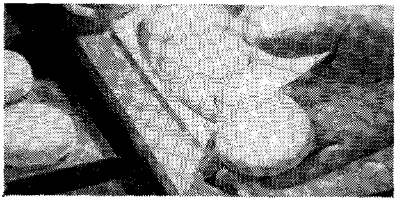
Roll dough around on cloth-covered board lightly dusted with Bisquick to prevent sticking.



Knead gently 8 to 10 times to smooth up dough.

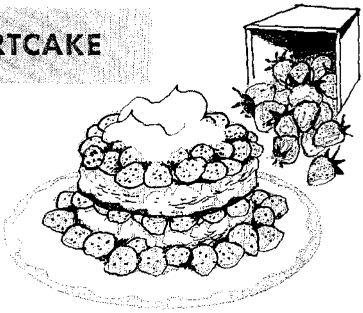


Roll ½″ thick. Biscuits double in size in baking. Dip cutter in Bisquick. Cut close together to save rerolling.
Bake on ungreased shiny baking sheet *10 to 15 min.;* close together for soft sides, 1″ apart for crusty sides. *Makes 12 2″ biscuits.*



FRUIT SHORTCAKE

Add ¾ cup cream (or ½ cup milk plus ¼ cup melted butter), to 2 cups Bisquick. Add 2 tbsp. sugar, if desired. Proceed as for biscuits except cut into six 3″ shortcakes.



HOT BREADS

How to be Famous at Home—serve tender fragrant hot breads with your dinner. Betty Crocker

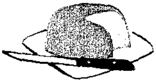
DINNER BISCUITS

Just a bit richer.

Make Biscuits (p. 3)—*except* add ¼ cup *soft* butter or shortening or 3 tbsp. salad oil to Bisquick before mixing.

HERB BISCUITS

Make Biscuits (p. 3)—*except* mix ¼ tsp. nutmeg, ½ tsp. crumbled dry sage, 1¼ tsp. caraway seeds with Bisquick. Good with muffins, too.



CHEESE BREAD

Wonderful warm, sliced ½" thick.

1 egg, beaten
1½ cups milk
3¾ cups Bisquick
¾ cup grated sharp cheese

Heat oven to 350° (mod.). Blend all together. Beat 30 seconds, until well blended. Pour into well greased, waxed paper-lined 9x5x2½" loaf pan. Bake *1 hr.* When serving cold, slice thin.

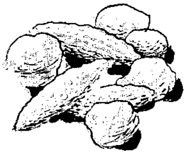
CRANBERRY MUFFINS

Mix ¾ cup raw cranberries (cut in halves or quarters) and ½ cup confectioners' sugar. Let stand ½ to 1 hr. Then fold into Muffin batter (p. 2). Bake.

BUTTERMILK BISCUITS

Make Biscuits (p. 3)—*except* use ¾ cup buttermilk for liquid.

CORN STICKS OR MUFFINS



Heat oven to 450° (hot). Make Muffin batter (p. 2)—*except* substitute ¾ cup corn meal for ¾ cup Bisquick. Bake 15 min. in greased muffin or corn stick pans. Bake it in a round layer pan and you've got corn bread.

SO NICE TO COME HOME TO

Old-fashioned Beef Stew
Hot Biscuits (p. 3)
(or any hot bread on this page)
Cabbage-Radish Slaw
Pineapple Upside-down Cake (p. 18)

BUTTER STICKS

Different and delicious. (*Pictured on inside of back cover.*) Make Biscuit dough (p. 3). Roll into 10x6" rectangle. Cut in half lengthwise. Cut each half into 12 strips. Melt ⅓ cup butter; pour half of it into 13x9½x2" oblong pan. Place strips in pan. Pour remaining butter over tops. Bake.

Neat Trick: Make same as Butter Sticks—*except* cut in squares, triangles, rounds. Or use your cooky cutters and have fun.

QUICK PARKERHOUSE ROLLS

Look like rolls—taste like biscuits.

Make Biscuit dough (p. 3). Roll ¼" thick. Cut with 2½" cutter. Butter lightly and fold in half. Place close together in ungreased round layer pan or square pan. Bake *10 min.*

Big-hearted dishes . . . bright and cheerful! Betty Crocker

CHICKEN POT PIE

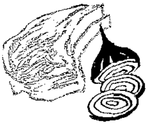
- ¼ cup chicken fat or butter
- ¼ cup Bisquick
- 1½ tsp. salt
- ¼ tsp. pepper
- 2 cups chicken stock
- ⅔ cup cream
- 3 to 4 cups chicken (large pieces)

Heat oven to 450° (hot). Heat chicken fat; blend in Bisquick, salt, pepper. Take from heat. Stir in chicken stock, cream, chicken. Bring to boil; boil 1 min., stirring constantly. Pour into oblong baking dish. Cover with Chicken or Meat Pie topping (p. 6). Bake *15 min.* *4 to 6 servings.*

DOUBLE CHICKEN POT PIE

Multiply the chicken flavor by adding 3 to 4 tbsp. chicken fat to Bisquick when making topping.

FAVORITE PORK AND DUMPLINGS

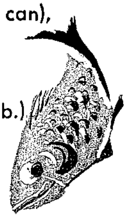


- 6 pork steaks or chops
- 1 med. onion, thinly sliced
- ¼ cup water

Brown meat in deep skillet or heavy kettle. Season with salt and pepper; add onion and water. Cover skillet; simmer until meat is tender (40 to 50 min.). Add 1½ to 3 cups water. Make Dumplings (p. 2). Drop dumplings on top of hot mixture. Cook. Thicken liquid with Bisquick for gravy. Season. *6 servings.*

Color Note: Add ¼ cup chopped parsley or chives to dumplings.

SALMON RABBIT PIE



- 1-lb. can salmon, drained, boned, and flaked
- 1 cup cooked peas (8-oz. can), drained
- 2 tbsp. finely chopped green pepper
- 1 cup grated cheese (¼ lb.)
- ½ cup milk
- 2 tbsp. mayonnaise
- ⅓ cup milk
- 1 cup Bisquick

Heat oven to 450° (hot). Mix salmon, peas, green pepper; spread in greased 10x6" baking dish. Blend cheese, ½ cup milk; pour over salmon. Mix mayonnaise, ⅓ cup milk, Bisquick with fork. Drop with spoon on salmon mixture. Bake *10 to 15 min.*, until browned. *6 servings.*

CORN AND SHRIMP CASSEROLE

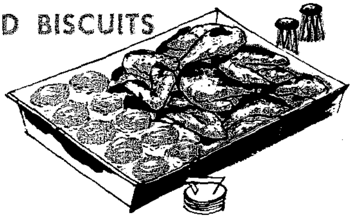
- ⅓ cup chopped green pepper
- 2 tbsp. finely chopped onion
- 2 tbsp. fat
- 2 tbsp. Bisquick
- 1 tsp. salt
- ¼ tsp. pepper
- 2 cups cream-style corn (no. 303 can)
- 1 egg, slightly beaten
- 1½ cups cleaned raw or cooked shrimp

Heat oven to 450° (hot.) Sauté green pepper and onion in hot fat. Blend in Bisquick, salt, pepper. Add corn. Stir until mixture boils. Take from heat; gradually stir mixture into egg. Add shrimp; pour into greased 1½-qt. baking dish. Cover with Meat Pie topping (p. 6). Bake *15 min.* *4 to 6 servings.*

SUNDAY DINNER ON SATURDAY NIGHT

Oven-Crisp Chicken and Biscuits
Broccoli with Lemon Butter
Tomato-Cucumber Salad
Strawberry Glacé Short Pie (p. 9)
Coffee

OVEN-CRISP CHICKEN AND BISCUITS



Biscuits and chicken baked together.

1 cup Bisquick
2 tsp. each salt and paprika
¼ tsp. pepper
½ cup shortening (half butter)
1 cut-up frying chicken

Heat oven to 425° (hot). Mix Bisquick, seasonings in paper bag. Melt shortening in oven in 13x9½x2″ oblong pan. Shake pieces of chicken in a bag a few at a time to coat thoroughly. Lay chicken, skin side down, in single layer in hot shortening. Bake *45 min.*

Make Biscuits (p. 3). Turn chicken and push to one side in pan; set biscuits in single layer on other side. Bake *another 15 min.*, or until biscuits are lightly browned and chicken tender. *4 servings.*

To make gravy, remove chicken and biscuits to serving platter. Add 2 tbsp. Bisquick (saved from dredgings) to drippings in pan. Cook over low heat until mixture is smooth and bubbly. Take from heat; gradually stir in about 1½ cups hot water. Boil 1 min.

TUNA BROCCOLI CASSEROLE

Broccoli right in your biscuits!

1 pkg. frozen broccoli
7-oz. can tuna, drained and broken
10½-oz. can cream of mushroom soup
½ cup milk
dash salt

Heat oven to 450° (hot). Cook broccoli until almost tender. Snip off enough buds to make ¼ cup (save for biscuits). Cut rest into bite-sized pieces, place in greased 9″ square pan. Sprinkle with tuna. Mix soup, milk, salt; pour over tuna. Make Broccoli Biscuit dough (see below) and drop with teaspoon over mixture. Bake *15 min. 6 servings.*

BROCCOLI BISCUITS

Make Biscuits (p. 3)—*except* stir ¼ cup cooked broccoli buds into Bisquick before adding milk.

CRISPY FRIED FISH

You never tasted fish so crisp and good. It's the Bisquick that does it. (Pictured on cover.)

Place 6 serving-sized fish fillets in shallow pan. Add buttermilk to cover and 1 tsp. salt for each pound of fish. Let stand about ½ hr. Drain. Dip each fillet in Bisquick. Fry quickly in ¼ cup hot fat (part butter) until well browned and slightly crisp on one side; turn and repeat on second side. *6 servings.*

CHICKEN OR MEAT PIE

Heat oven to 450° (hot). Make Biscuit dough (p. 3). Pat or roll to fit top of baking dish. (Half recipe fits 8″ dish.) Cut 2 or 3 slits in center. Place on hot cooked mixture. Bake *about 15 min.*

To go with fried chicken . . . as prepared by southern cooks. And try the fruit fritters for dessert. (Pictured on inside of back cover.)

2 cups Bisquick
⅔ cup milk
1 egg
2 cups fruit or cooked vegetables (such as corn kernels, cut-up pineapple, peaches, etc.), drained

Mix Bisquick, milk, egg, until well blended (batter will be lumpy). Stir in fruit or vegetables. Drop by small teaspoonfuls into deep hot fat (360 to 375°). Turn and fry until golden brown on both sides. Drain on absorbent paper. *Makes about 2 doz.*

A new easier way to make real homemade noodles.

Work 1 cup Bisquick into 1 egg, beaten. Roll and stretch dough to paper thinness. Cut into 1½" squares or regular noodle strips. Cover lightly with towel and let dry about 6 hr. or overnight until brittle. Drop into simmering broth or thin gravy. Cover and cook gently about 15 min., or until tender. *4 to 6 servings.*

Breading meat, chicken, sea food, or fish. Simply coat with Bisquick. Or dip in Bisquick, then slightly beaten egg, then Bisquick. Flavor with onion or garlic or celery salt, or your favorite seasonings.

Perfect corn bread batter, and so easy now.

1 cup chopped onion
2 tbsp. fat
1 lb. ground beef
1 tsp. salt
½ tsp. chili powder
1 tbsp. Worcestershire sauce
10½-oz. can tomato soup
1 cup water

Heat oven to 450° (hot). Brown onion in hot fat; add meat and brown until crumbly. Add seasonings, soup, and water; bring just to boiling, stirring occasionally. Pour Corn Bread Batter over meat in skillet. Bake *20 min. 6 to 8 servings.*

Corn Bread Batter: Mix well with fork ¾ cup Bisquick, ¾ cup corn meal, ½ tsp. salt, 1 egg, ¾ cup milk.

(Pictured on inside of back cover.)

1 egg, slightly beaten
¼ cup water
½ cup Bisquick
¼ tsp. salt, if desired
12-oz. box frozen shrimp (about 17) or fresh shrimp

Mix egg, water. Beat in Bisquick, salt. Peel shell from shrimp, leaving last section and tail intact. Cut a slit through center back without severing either end; remove black line. Dry shrimp; dip in batter; fry in deep hot fat (375°) 1½ to 2 min., until golden brown. Drain shrimp on absorbent paper. Serve with tartar sauce or cocktail sauce.

Glamorous desserts to do easily! Find more under "Company's Coming" and "For Lunch or Supper."

Betty Crocker

SUNDAE SHORT PIE

Like "French Pastry" crust, rich and cooky-crisp. Fill cooled shell with ice cream, top with fresh or frozen fruit.

SHORT PIE

- 1 cup Bisquick
- ¼ cup soft butter (½ stick)
- 3 tbsp. boiling water

Heat oven to 450° (hot). Put Bisquick and butter in 9″ pie pan. Add boiling water and stir vigorously with fork until dough forms a ball and cleans the pan. Dough will be puffy and soft. With fingers and heel of hand, pat evenly into pie pan, bringing up dough to edge of pan. This may seem skimpy but will not be when baked. Flute edges, if desired. Bake *8 to 10 min.*

PEACH PINWHEELS

- 2 tbsp. Bisquick
- 1 cup sugar
- ½ tsp. cinnamon
- 1 cup water
- 1 tbsp. lemon juice
- 4 cups sliced fresh peaches

Heat oven to 425° (hot). Mix all together. Pour into 11½x7½x1½″ oblong baking dish. Top with Pinwheels. (See recipe below.) Bake *25 min.* Serve warm with cream. *8 to 10 servings.*

PINWHEELS

Make ½ recipe Fruit Shortcake dough (p. 3). Pat into 6″ square; spread with 1 tbsp. soft butter. Sprinkle with 2 tbsp. sugar, ¼ tsp. cinnamon, 3 tbsp. chopped nuts. Roll as for jelly roll; moisten edge; and press to seal. Cut into 8 to 10 slices.

FRUIT SHORT PIE COBBLER

- 2 tbsp. Bisquick
- 1 cup sugar
- ½ tsp. cinnamon
- 1 cup water
- 1 tbsp. lemon juice
- 4 cups fresh blueberries, peaches, or cherries

Heat oven to 425° (hot). Mix ingredients. Pour into 11½x7½x1½″ oblong baking dish. Make Short Pie dough at left. Divide in 8 parts. Pat into 3½″ squares to cover fruit mixture. Bake *25 min.* Serve warm with cream.

HOT FUDGE PUDDING

The chocolate sauce you love bakes on the bottom. (Pictured on inside of back cover.)

- 1½ cups Bisquick
- ½ cup sugar
- ½ to 1 cup chopped nuts
- ½ cup milk
- ½ cup brown sugar (packed)
- 1½ cups boiling water
- 6-oz. pkg. semi-sweet chocolate pieces

Heat oven to 350° (mod.). Mix Bisquick, sugar, nuts, milk. Turn batter into greased 2-qt. baking dish. Sprinkle with brown sugar. Pour water over chocolate pieces. Let stand 1 or 2 min. until chocolate melts, then stir until blended. Pour over batter. Bake *40 to 45 min.* Let stand 5 min. to cool slightly. During baking, the pudding will rise to the top of the dish and sauce will form at the bottom. Invert servings on plates, dip sauce over each. Serve with cream. *6 to 8 servings.*

CHEESE SOUFFLÉ

Stands up and stays up as hundreds of homemakers have discovered! (Pictured on inside of back cover.)

¼ cup Bisquick
½ tsp. dry mustard
1 cup milk
1 cup grated cheese
3 eggs, separated
¼ tsp. cream of tartar

Heat oven to 350° (mod.). Mix Bisquick, mustard in saucepan. Add small amount of milk to make paste, then rest of milk gradually. Bring to boil; boil 1 min., stirring constantly. Stir in cheese; take from heat. Stir into slightly beaten egg yolks. Beat egg whites and cream of tartar until stiff enough to hold soft peaks. Fold into cheese mixture. Bake in ungreased 1½-qt. baking dish, set in pan of hot water, *50 to 60 min.* or until silver knife inserted near center comes out clean. *4 to 6 servings.*

SALMON, TUNA, OR CHICKEN SOUFFLÉ

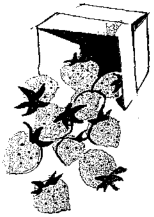
Try 1 cup salmon or tuna, or 1½ cups cut-up cooked chicken, in place of cheese. Add 1 tbsp. lemon juice, 1 tsp. grated onion.

ASPARAGUS SHORTCAKE

Make 6 individual shortcakes (see directions for Fruit Shortcake, p. 3). Split, butter, and put together with asparagus spears. Pour hot Cheese Sauce (p. 16) over top. Garnish with crisp bacon strip or sprig of parsley. *6 servings.*

When Tomatoes are Ripe: Substitute a slice of fresh tomato for the asparagus.

STRAWBERRY GLACE SHORT PIE



An elegant filling for a glamorous crust. (Pictured on cover.)

1 qt. strawberries
1 cup water
1 cup sugar
3 tbsp. cornstarch

Wash, drain, and hull strawberries. For glaze, simmer 1 cup of the berries with ⅔ cup water until berries start to break up (about 3 min.). Blend sugar, cornstarch, remaining ⅓ cup water; stir into boiling mixture. Boil 1 min., stirring constantly. Cool. Pour remaining 3 cups of berries into baked Short Pie (p. 8). Cover with glaze. Refrigerate until firm . . . about 2 hr. Top with whipped cream or ice cream.

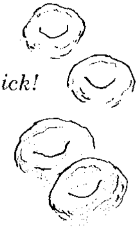
RING-TOPPED CHICKEN SHORTCAKES

Heat oven to 450° (hot). Make Biscuit dough (p. 3). Pat or roll out ¼" thick. Cut half the dough with biscuit cutter; half with doughnut cutter the same size. Place on baking sheet. Bake *10 to 15 min.* Butter plain rounds and cover with Creamed Chicken (p. 16). Set biscuit rings on top and drop spoonful of red jelly into each hole. Garnish with parsley. *8 servings.*

DATE VELVET CRUMB CAKE

Bring 6½-oz. pkg. dates, cut-up (about 1 cup) and 1 cup water to rolling boil; boil 1 min., stirring constantly. Set aside while mixing Velvet Crumb Cake batter (p. 12). Add ¾ cup date mixture to batter and beat ½ min. Pour into pan. Bake *35 min.* Cool slightly; spread with remaining date mixture. Top with chopped nuts.

You wrote us your ideas, we developed the recipes, and hundreds of homemakers helped us test them! Betty Crocker

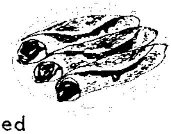


Light, tender doughnuts made with Bisquick!

- 2 cups Bisquick
- ¼ cup sugar
- ⅓ cup milk
- 1 tsp. vanilla
- 1 egg
- ¼ tsp. each cinnamon and nutmeg, if desired

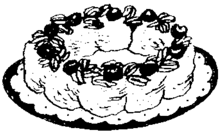
Heat fat to 375°. Mix ingredients until well blended. Turn onto lightly floured surface and knead about 10 times. Roll out ⅜″ thick. Cut with floured doughnut cutter. Fry in hot fat until golden brown, about 1 min. to a side. Take from fat and drain on absorbent paper. *Makes about 12 doughnuts.*

"Old country" flavor without old-time fussing!

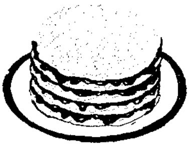


- 1¼ cups Bisquick
- 2 cups milk
- 3 eggs
- ¼ cup butter, melted

Beat together until blended. Lightly grease a 6 or 7″ skillet. Spoon about 3 tbsp. batter into hot skillet and tilt to coat bottom of pan. Cook until small bubbles appear on surface. Loosen edges with spatula, turn pancake gently and finish baking on other side. Lay on towel or absorbent paper; place in low oven to keep warm. Spread each with sugar, jam, applesauce, or whipped cream, etc. and roll up like jelly roll. Serve warm. *Makes about 15.*



Heat oven to 400° (mod. hot). Shape Biscuit dough (p. 3) into 12 balls. Melt ⅓ cup butter and pour about 3 tbsp. of it into a 9″ ring mold. Sprinkle with 3 tbsp. brown sugar, 12 cherries (candied or maraschino), and ¼ cup nuts. Roll balls in rest of melted butter, then in mixture of ½ cup sugar, 1 tsp. cinnamon, 3 tbsp. chopped nuts. Place in ring mold. Bake *25 to 30 min.* Take from pan while warm.



Make Pancake batter (p. 2). Pour about ½ cup batter onto heated griddle for each pancake. Place 1 pancake on warm plate and spread generously with soft butter and jelly. Top with second pancake. Spread and repeat until they are 6 high. Sprinkle with confectioners' sugar. Cut stack into wedges. Serve hot. *6 servings.*

Neat Trick: To keep pancakes hot until all are baked, place between folds of towel in warm oven.

SUNDAY BRUNCH

Fruit Compote
Colonial Jelly Stack
Broiled ham, bacon, or sausages
Coffee

COMPANY'S COMING *For brunch or kaffee klatch*

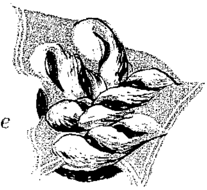
A clever twist of your biscuit dough, a dab of something sweet, you've baked warm, breakfasty treats like these. Betty Crocker

STREUSEL RIBBON COFFEE CAKE

Heat oven to 400° (mod. hot). Make Coffee Cake batter (p. 2). Spread half in greased and floured 10x6″ oblong pan. Sprinkle with half of Streusel Topping. Top with rest of batter, then rest of streusel. Bake *20 to 25 min.*

Streusel Topping: Mix ½ cup brown sugar (packed), 2 tsp. cinnamon, 2 tbsp. Bisquick, 2 tbsp. melted butter, ½ cup chopped nuts.

JAM TWISTS



(*Pictured on inside of back cover.*)

1 egg
½ cup cream or ⅓ cup milk
2 cups Bisquick
2 tbsp. sugar
⅓ cup thick jam or preserves

Heat oven to 450° (hot). Grease brown paper and lay on baking sheet. Blend egg and cream together. Stir in Bisquick and sugar until well blended. Turn out on surface sprinkled with Bisquick. Roll gently to lightly coat dough. Knead 15 times. Roll into a 15x9″ rectangle. Spread with jam. Fold in thirds lengthwise to make a 15x3″ rectangle. Cut in 1″ strips. Holding strip at both ends, twist in opposite directions twice, forming a spiral. Place twists 1½″ apart on greased paper, pressing both ends down. Bake *10 to 12 min.* Dust tops with confectioners' sugar. Remove immediately. *Makes 15.*

CHERRY-RAISIN COFFEE CAKE

(*Pictured on cover.*)

Make Coffee Cake batter (p. 2). Spread in greased 9″ square pan. Sprinkle with mixture of ¼ cup brown sugar, ½ cup raisins, ¼ tsp. cinnamon. Spoon ⅔ cup cherry jam over top. Bake *20 to 25 min.* When still warm, frost with icing made from confectioners' sugar and milk. Serve warm.

ORANGE COFFEE CAKE

Make Coffee Cake (p. 2)—*except* add ¾ cup orange juice in place of milk. Before baking, top with

Orange Caramel Topping: Mix ¼ cup chopped nuts, ½ cup brown sugar (packed), 1 tsp. cinnamon, 2 tbsp. softened butter, and 1 tbsp. grated orange rind.

CINNAMON ROLLS

Heat oven to 425° (hot). Make Fruit Shortcake dough (p. 3). Roll into 16x7″ rectangle. Spread with 2 tbsp. soft butter. Sprinkle with mixture of ¼ cup sugar and 1 tsp. cinnamon. Roll up tightly starting at long side. Cut in 1″ slices. Bake on greased baking sheet, or in greased muffin cups *15 min. Makes about 16 rolls.*

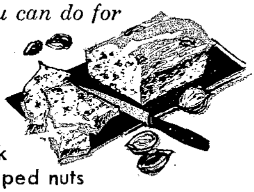
BUTTERSCOTCH PECAN ROLLS

(*Pictured on cover.*)

Mix ½ cup melted butter, ½ cup brown sugar (packed). Spoon into 16 muffin cups with 2 or 3 pecan halves in each. Follow recipe for Cinnamon Rolls. Place one slice in each muffin cup.

NUT BREAD

Nicest thing you can do for tea sandwiches.



- ½ cup sugar
- 1 egg
- 1¼ cups milk
- 3 cups Bisquick
- 1½ cups chopped nuts

Heat oven to 350° (mod.). Blend first four ingredients. Beat hard 30 seconds. Stir in nuts. Pour into well greased 9x5x2½" loaf pan. Bake *45 to 50 min.*, until toothpick stuck into center comes out clean. Crack in top is typical. Cool before slicing.

FRUIT NUT BREAD

Do as above, using ¾ cup sugar, and 1¼ cups orange juice in place of milk. Reduce nuts to ¾ cup and add 1 cup raisins or chopped dried apricots, dates, or prunes. Bake *55 to 60 min.* (Apricot Nut Bread pictured on cover.)

BANANA NUT BREAD

Make Nut Bread using ¾ cup sugar and ½ cup milk. Reduce nuts to ¾ cup, and add 1 cup mashed bananas (2 to 3).

ORANGE NUT BREAD

Make Nut Bread using ¾ cup sugar. Use 1¼ cups orange juice plus 1 tbsp. grated orange rind instead of milk. Reduce nuts to ¾ cup. Bake *50 to 55 min.*

Neat Trick: For dainty rounds, divide batter among 5 soup cans or 3 #303 cans, filling only half full. Bake *40 to 50 min.*

VELVET CRUMB CAKE

- 1⅓ cups Bisquick
- ¾ cup sugar
- 3 tbsp. soft shortening
- 1 egg
- *¾ cup milk
- 1 tsp. vanilla

Heat oven to 350° (mod.). Grease and flour an 8" square or 9" round pan. Mix Bisquick, sugar. Add shortening, egg, ¼ cup of milk. Beat vigorously 1 min. Stir in gradually remaining milk, vanilla. Beat ½ min. Pour into prepared pan. Bake *35 to 40 min.* Cover with Broiled Topping while warm.

Broiled Topping: Mix 3 tbsp. butter, melted or softened; ⅓ cup brown sugar (packed); 2 tbsp. cream; ½ cup Wheaties or coconut, if desired; ¼ cup chopped nuts. Spread on baked cake. Place about 3" under broiler (low heat) until mixture bubbles and browns (3 to 5 min.). Do not burn! Especially good warm.

*In altitudes over 3,500 feet, add 2 tbsp. more milk. Bake at 375° (quick mod.) *25 to 30 min.*

PINEAPPLE STICKY BUNS

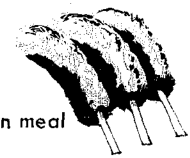
Perfect when the girls drop in to chat and sip.

- ¾ cup drained crushed pineapple
- ½ cup soft butter
- ½ cup brown sugar (packed)
- 1 tsp. cinnamon

Heat oven to 425° (hot). Mix ingredients and divide among 12 large greased muffin cups. Make Fruit Shortcake dough (p. 3). Spoon over pineapple mixture. Bake *15 to 20 min.* Invert on tray or rack immediately to prevent sticking to pans.

BATTER FRANKS

Just what teen-agers ask for—the tastiest, the heartiest, "the most."



1 egg
½ cup milk
1 cup Bisquick
2 tbsp. yellow corn meal
¼ tsp. paprika
½ tsp. dry mustard
⅛ tsp. cayenne
1 lb. frankfurters (8 to 10)

Heat deep fat to 375°. Blend egg and milk. Stir in dry ingredients. Dip frankfurters into batter. Fry until brown, 2 to 3 min.

Neat Trick: Push wooden skewer into end of Batter Frank for eating with fingers.

BAKED HAMBURGER OR SAUSAGE SANDWICH

Heat oven to 400° (mod. hot). Season ½ lb. hamburger or bulk pork sausage with desired amounts of salt, pepper, and chopped onion. Shape into 2½″ patties. Brown in hot fat. Make Fruit Shortcake dough (p. 3)—*except* omit sugar. Roll out ⅛″ thick. Cut into 3″ rounds. Place each browned patty between 2 rounds. Press edges together with fork. Prick tops. Bake on baking sheet *about 15 min.* Serve hot as a finger food or with tomato sauce. *6 servings.*

VELVET FUDGE CAKE

Gooey and rich with frosting baked in the middle.

Make Velvet Crumb Cake (p. 12)—*except* add ⅓ cup cocoa with the Bisquick. Pour half of batter into greased and floured 8″ square pan. Spread with half of Topping. Cover with remaining batter. Bake. Immediately spread with rest of Topping. Serve warm.

Topping: Mix ½ cup (½ pkg.) semi-sweet chocolate pieces, melted, ⅓ cup water, 2 cups finely chopped coconut.

PIZZA BOATS

Heat oven to 400° (mod. hot). Make Fruit Shortcake dough (p. 3). Roll into 15x6″ rectangle. Cut into ten 3″ squares. Place half a wiener, a strip of cheese the same size, and 2 tsp. chili sauce or catsup on each square. Fasten sides of boat to wiener with toothpicks. Bake *15 to 20 min.*

CHOCOLATE NUT WAFFLES

Make Waffles (p. 2)—*except* add ½ cup sugar, 2 sq. unsweetened chocolate (2 oz.), melted, and ½ cup chopped nuts to batter. Serve with whipped cream or ice cream, or dust with confectioners' sugar.

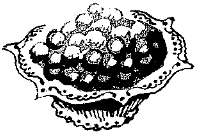
PIZZA PIE

Amaze your guests with an Italian dish as real as if you'd ordered it from Italy. (Pictured on cover.)

2 cups Bisquick
½ cup water
½ cup grated Parmesan cheese
1½ to 2 cups well drained cooked tomatoes or 1 small can tomato sauce
½ lb. nippy cheese, cut in small pieces
one or two 2-oz. cans anchovies, chopped, or 1 can sardines, flaked, or 1 cup chopped salami
pepper
2 tbsp. cooking (salad) oil
½ med. onion, grated

Heat oven to 425° (hot). Mix Bisquick and water. Knead about 1 min. on surface dusted with Bisquick. Roll into a circle ¼″ thick. Place on baking sheet. Pinch edge of dough to make slight rim. Arrange other ingredients on dough in order listed. Bake *20 to 25 min.* Serve in wedges.

CHEESE SNACKS



Nippy tidbits to nibble on.

1 cup Bisquick
½ cup grated sharp yellow cheese
2 tbsp. mayonnaise
about ⅓ cup milk
½ cup chopped parsley or chives
1 tbsp. grated onion

Heat oven to 450° (hot). Blend thoroughly with fork Bisquick, cheese, mayonnaise, and milk. Shape into ½″ balls. Roll in mixture of parsley and onion. Bake on greased baking sheet *8 to 10 min. Makes about 30.*

CINNAMON BISCUIT BALLS

Heat oven to 450° (hot). Make Biscuit dough (p. 3). Shape into small balls and roll in mixture of 2 tbsp. sugar and 1 tsp. cinnamon. Bake on lightly greased baking sheet *8 to 10 min. Makes about 2 doz. biscuits.*

FLAVORTOPS

Serve them hot and tasty, sitting pretty on the salad plate.

1 tbsp. chopped pimiento
1 tbsp. chopped parsley
2 tsp. minced onion
2 tbsp. butter
3-oz. pkg. cream cheese

Heat oven to 450° (hot). Blend ingredients and spread over top of unbaked Biscuits (p. 3). Bake *10 to 15 min. Makes 16 small or 8 large biscuits.*

DEVILED HAM TURNOVERS

Heat oven to 450° (hot). Make Biscuit or Fruit Shortcake dough (p. 3). Roll into 15″ square on surface lightly dusted with Bisquick. Cut into twenty-five 3″ squares. Place on ungreased baking sheet. Spoon a little Ham Filling onto center of each square. Make triangle by folding one half over the other so top edge slightly overlaps. Press edges together with a fork dipped in cold water. Bake *8 to 10 min.*

Ham Filling: Blend two 2¼-oz. cans deviled ham and 2 tbsp. cream.

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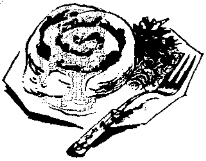
Leftovers are "loved-overs" when you have your Bisquick.



Heat oven to 425° (hot). Mix 2 cups chopped cooked chicken, ham, veal, beef, lamb, or sea food with about ½ cup gravy or White Sauce (p. 16). Make Biscuit dough (p. 3). Roll into 18x9″ rectangle. Spread with meat. Roll up beginning at wide side. Seal edges. Slice 1½″ thick. Place slices in well greased pan (close together for soft sides, apart for crusty sides). Bake *15 to 20 min.* Serve with gravy or sauce. *Makes 12.*

HAMBURGER ROLL-UPS

Follow recipe above—*except* spread dough with Hamburger Filling (sauté 1 med. onion, chopped, in 1 tbsp. hot fat; stir in 1 lb. ground round steak and cook until well browned; mix in 3 tbsp. Bisquick, ½ tsp. salt, dash of pepper; gradually add ½ cup milk, stirring constantly; boil 1 min., cool). Serve with mushroom sauce.

SEA FOOD ROLL

Follow recipe above—*except* use any sea food and do not cut roll in slices. Put sealed edge down on greased baking sheet or pan. Cut slits in top. Bake. Cut into thick slices. Serve with White Sauce (p. 16) to which cut-up hard-cooked eggs, sliced olives, or sautéed mushrooms have been added. Or use condensed cream of mushroom soup diluted with ½ cup milk, heated, for sauce.

BAKED MEAT SANDWICH

Known in Italy as cavatzone, a treat by either name. (Pictured on inside of back cover.)

1 lb. ground lean pork
½ cup chopped onion
¼ cup grated Parmesan cheese
½ cup grated Swiss cheese
1 large egg, beaten
¼ tsp. Tabasco sauce
1½ tsp. salt
2 tbsp. minced parsley

Heat oven to 400° (mod. hot). Cook pork and onion over low heat until no longer pink. (Do not brown. Stir with fork to break up as it cooks.) Cool. Mix rest of ingredients. Add ¼ cup mayonnaise to Biscuit dough (p. 3). Spread half of dough in well greased 8″ square pan. Spread with meat mixture. With fingers, spread rest of dough over mixture. (The top will even out during baking.) Brush with beaten egg yolk for crusty glaze. Bake *25 to 30 min.* Cut in squares or in ½″ slices and serve hot or cold.

TV SUPPER

Baked Meat Sandwich, Tossed Green Salad, Orange Sherbet.

MEAT SHORT PIES

Heat oven to 450° (hot). Make your favorite cooked chicken or meat pie filling. Spoon into oblong casserole or individual baking dishes. Make Short Pie dough (p. 8). Divide into 6 parts. With palm of hand flatten each part into 3 to 4″ rounds on baking sheet. Prick with fork. Bake *about 8 min.* When serving, set baked rounds on hot filling. *6 servings.*

A good (and easy!) way to stir up excitement at lunch or supper.

Betty Crocker

CHICKEN GRIDDLECAKES

Mighty special for your favorite friends, too.

Make Pancakes (p. 2), using about ½ cup batter for each pancake. Spoon ¼ cup Creamed Chicken (recipe below) onto half of each pancake. Fold over. Place on baking sheet. Sprinkle with grated sharp yellow cheese . . . about 1 tbsp. for each cake. Place under broiler or in oven to melt cheese. *8 servings.*

WHITE SAUCE

¼ cup butter
¼ cup Bisquick
½ tsp. salt
¼ tsp. pepper
2 cups milk

Melt butter over low heat. Blend in Bisquick, seasonings. Cook over low heat, stirring until smooth and bubbly. Take from heat. Stir in milk. Bring to boil; boil 1 min., stirring constantly.

CHEESE SAUCE

Stir in 2 cups grated sharp cheese.

CREAMED CHICKEN

Carefully stir in 1 tbsp. lemon juice, 2 cups cut-up cooked chicken, ½ cup sliced mushrooms sautéed in butter, and 2 tbsp. chopped pimiento.

ONION PANCAKES WITH BEEF CRUMBLE

Don't spare the onion, and make lots of Beef Crumble.

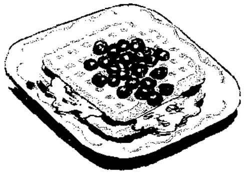
Make Pancakes (p. 2)—*except* add 1 cup minced onion sautéed in 2 tbsp. hot fat. Serve piping hot with

Beef Crumble and Gravy: Brown ½ lb. ground beef and ¼ cup minced onion in 2 tbsp. hot fat. Add 1 tsp. salt, ½ tsp. pepper, ¼ cup Bisquick. Continue browning. Slowly stir in ½ cup milk and 2 cups water.

WAFFLE CLUB RABBIT

Make Waffles (p. 2). Top each one with a slice or more of fresh tomato. Spoon Cheese Sauce (at left) over, then garnish with strips of crisp bacon.

WAFFLE SUPPER ROYAL



Heat 1½ cups whole-berry cranberry sauce until warm. Make Waffles (p. 2). Serve 2 sections of waffle sandwich-style with Creamed Chicken (at left) between. Top with warm cranberry sauce. *6 to 8 servings.*

Are you a Twosome? Most of the recipes in this book can be cut in half for 3 servings.

BREADS *For Lunch or Supper*

The biscuit's the thing—so choose your flavor and make them in just minutes.

Betty Crocker

CHEESE BISCUITS

Just this little touch makes lunch an event.

Make Biscuits (p. 3)—*except* mix ½ cup grated sharp yellow American cheese with the Bisquick.

BACON BISCUITS

Make Biscuits (p. 3)—*except* mix ⅓ cup drained crisply cooked bacon bits (about 4 strips) with the Bisquick.

BACON WHIRLS

Heat oven to 425° (hot). Make Biscuit dough (p. 3). Roll into 16x7″ rectangle. Brush with bacon fat. Spread with ⅓ cup diced crisply cooked bacon. Roll up tightly, beginning at wide side. Seal edge. Slice 1″ thick. Place on ungreased baking sheet or in muffin cups. Brush tops with bacon fat. Bake *10 min. Makes 16.*

> *Neat Trick:* How does your family like biscuits:
>
> Crusty Sides? Place biscuits on baking sheet with spaces between.
>
> Soft Sides? Place biscuits close together on baking sheet or in pan.

DROP BISCUITS

Heat oven to 450° (hot). Make Biscuit dough (p. 3). Drop with spoon on greased baking sheet. Bake *10 to 15 min.*

WHUFFINS

Make richer Muffins (p. 2)—*except* fold 1½ cups Wheaties carefully into batter.

LONDON BUNS

Fruity little muffins for lunch or tea.

Make richer Muffins (p. 2)—*except* add 1 cup raisins or currants and ½ cup candied fruit (3 oz.) to batter.

CELERY CRESCENTS

Heat oven to 450° (hot). Make Biscuits (p. 3). Roll into 12 to 13″ circle. Brush lightly with melted butter. Cut into 16 pie-shaped wedges. Roll up tightly beginning at wide end. Place on baking sheet, point underneath. Shape into crescents. Brush tops with melted butter. Sprinkle with celery seeds and a little salt. Bake *10 to 12 min. Makes 16.*

HOT PIMIENTO CHEESE BISCUITS

Make Biscuits (p. 3). Lay sliced pimiento cheese on top of hot baked biscuits and return to oven for cheese to melt, about 5 min.

FAVORITE LUNCH

Hot Vegetable Soup
Cheese Biscuits
Applesauce
1-2-3 Peanut Butter Cookies (p. 19)

For Lunch or Supper DESSERTS

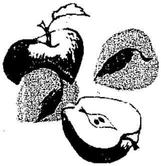
RANCH PUDDING

Makes its own butterscotch sauce as it bakes.

2 cups brown sugar (packed)
2½ cups water
2 tbsp. butter
½ cup milk
1¼ cups Bisquick
1 cup raisins or chopped dates
½ to 1 cup chopped nuts
1 tsp. vanilla

Heat oven to 350° (mod.). Mix in saucepan 1 cup brown sugar, water, butter. Boil 5 min. Pour into 8″ square pan. Mix in bowl, 1 cup brown sugar, milk, Bisquick, raisins or dates, nuts, vanilla. Spoon batter on top of sugar mixture. It will sink into the liquid and spread out as it bakes. Bake *45 min.* Serve warm with plain or whipped cream. *9 servings.*

APPLE OR PEACH CRISP



4 cups sliced peeled apples or peaches
 or no. 2½ can peaches, drained
2 tbsp. water
¼ to ⅓ cup sugar (depending on
 tartness of fruit)
1¼ cups Bisquick
½ cup sugar
½ tsp. cinnamon
1 egg, beaten

Heat oven to 400° (mod. hot). Place fruit in greased 10x6″ baking dish. Sprinkle with water and sugar. Mix Bisquick, sugar, cinnamon and pour egg on slowly, stirring constantly until crumbly. Sprinkle over fruit. Dot with butter. Bake *about 25 min.* until brown. Serve hot or cold with milk or cream. *6 to 8 servings.*

CHOCOLATE PUDDING

½ cup Bisquick
¾ cup sugar
⅓ cup cocoa
1 cup cold water
2 cups milk
1 tsp. vanilla

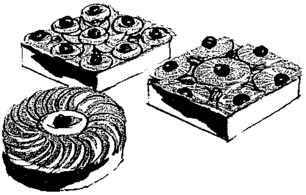
Mix Bisquick, sugar, cocoa. Gradually stir in water and milk. Bring to boil over medium heat; boil 1 min. Add vanilla. Pour into sherbet glasses. Sprinkle with sugar. Cool. Top with whipped cream. *6 servings.*

UPSIDE-DOWN CAKE

Velvet Crumb is a favorite right side up and a double favorite upside down.

Heat oven to 350° (mod.). Melt 2 tbsp. butter in 8″ square pan or 9″ round layer pan. Sprinkle with ¼ cup brown sugar. Arrange over sugar mixture fresh or well drained canned fruit (peach slices, pineapple slices or chunks, or apricot halves). Make Velvet Crumb Cake batter (p. 12). Pour over fruit. *Bake 35 to 40 min.*, until toothpick stuck in center comes out clean. Invert at once on serving plate. Leave pan over cake a minute. Serve warm with plain or whipped cream.

Neat Trick: Dazzle the family with different designs on your upside-down cakes.



EASY COOKIES

All-time favorites for the cooky jar.

- ¼ cup soft butter
- ¾ cup brown sugar (packed)
- 1 egg
- 1⅓ cups Bisquick
- ½ cup chopped nuts
- 6-oz. pkg. semi-sweet chocolate pieces or one or two candy bars cut in small pieces

Heat oven to 375° (quick mod.). Mix well butter, sugar, egg. Stir in Bisquick, nuts, chocolate pieces. Drop with teaspoon 2″ apart on ungreased baking sheet. Bake *about 10 min.* until light brown. *Makes 3 doz.*

CHOCOLATE DROP COOKIES

Use granulated sugar in place of brown, omit chocolate pieces, and blend in 2 sq. unsweetened chocolate (2 oz.), melted. Do not overbake.

COCONUT ORANGE DROPS

Omit chocolate; blend in 1 cup shredded coconut and 1 tbsp. grated orange rind. Do not overbake.

Nice as mother used to make—easier and quicker, too.

- ¼ cup butter
- ¾ cup sugar
- 1 egg
- 1⅓ cups Bisquick
- ½ cup chopped nuts
- 1 cup cut-up dates

Heat oven to 350° (mod.). Mix thoroughly butter, sugar, egg. Stir in Bisquick, nuts, dates. Bake *25 min.* in greased 8″ square pan. Cool about 1 hr. Cut in bars. Roll in confectioners' sugar.

- 1 cup peanut butter
- ¼ cup shortening
- 1 cup granulated sugar or brown sugar (packed)
- ½ cup boiling water
- 2 cups Bisquick

Heat oven to 400° (mod. hot). Blend peanut butter, shortening, sugar, water with rotary beater or spoon until smooth. Stir in Bisquick. Drop small teaspoonfuls on lightly greased baking sheet. Flatten with bottom of glass dipped in Bisquick or press with fork dipped in Bisquick. Bake *8 to 10 min. Makes about 6½ doz.*

- ¾ cup Bisquick
- 1 pkg. instant pudding mix
- ¼ cup cooking (salad) oil
- 1 egg

Heat oven to 350° (mod.). Mix ingredients until dough forms a ball. Shape into balls, using 1 teaspoon dough for each ball. Place on ungreased baking sheet. Flatten to about 2″ with hand. Bake *8 min. Makes 2½ to 3 doz.*

- 2 eggs, beaten
- 1¼ cups brown sugar (packed)
- ½ tsp. vanilla
- 1 cup Bisquick
- ½ cup chopped nuts
- ½ cup shredded coconut, if desired
- 1 cup Wheaties

Heat oven to 350° (mod.). Grease a 9″ square pan. Blend thoroughly eggs, brown sugar, vanilla, Bisquick. Mix in nuts, coconut. Fold in Wheaties. Spread in pan. Bake *30 to 35 min.* Cut in 2″ squares while warm. *Makes 16.*

PANCAKES & WAFFLES

These are frankly fancy—for just good plain pancakes see p. 2.

Betty Crocker

PUFF PANCAKES

- 2 eggs
- 1 cup milk
- 2⅓ cups Bisquick
- 2 tbsp. sugar
- ¼ cup cooking (salad) oil or melted shortening

Beat eggs until soft peaks form. Blend in milk. Add Bisquick and sugar. Mix just until thoroughly dampened. Fold in oil. Spoon onto medium-hot griddle. Grease griddle, if necessary. When puffed up, and bubbles begin to break, cook on other side. *Makes 15 to 20.*

PUFF WAFFLES

Follow recipe above—except bake in preheated waffle baker.

Neat Trick: Serve Puff Pancakes or Waffles for dessert topped with fruit and whipped cream.

WAFFLES WITH PINEAPPLE

Perfect match for smoked ham.

- 2 cups crushed pineapple (#2 can)
- ¼ cup brown sugar (packed)
- 2 tbsp. butter

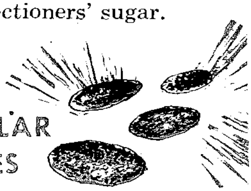
Mix pineapple, sugar, butter. Bring to boil, then simmer 3 min. Add a little water if too thick. Spoon warm over crisp baked Waffles (p. 2).

P.S. Griddle is right temperature for baking when a few drops of water sprinkled on it jump around.

BLUEBERRY PANCAKES OR WAFFLES

Topped with honey or hard sauce they double for dessert.

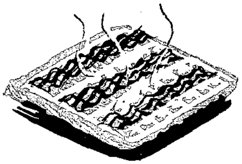
Make Pancakes or Waffles (p. 2)—*except* add 2 tbsp. sugar to the batter; then gently fold in 1 cup fresh, or drained frozen or canned blueberries. Dust with confectioners' sugar.



SILVER DOLLAR PANCAKES

How to be special to the children.

Make Pancake batter (p. 2). Thin with a little milk. Then spoon out a tablespoon at a time to fill your griddle with tiny mouthfuls of "silver dollar" pancakes. Serve several on each plate.



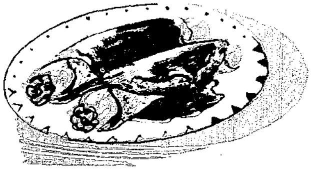
BACON WAFFLES

Lay short strips of bacon over grids of heated waffle iron. Close and bake about 1 min. Make Waffle batter (p. 2)—*except* omit shortening. Spoon batter over bacon. Bake.

PECAN PANCAKES AND WAFFLES

Add ¾ to 1 cup finely chopped pecans to Pancake or Waffle batter (p. 2). Bake. Serve with syrup or ice cream.

SAUSAGE ROLLS WITH MAPLE GLAZE



Make Pancakes (p. 2). Roll a fried pork sausage link in each pancake. Top with

MAPLE GLAZE

1 cup maple or maple-flavored syrup
1 tbsp. butter
2 tbsp. cream

Mix and cook gently without stirring until slightly thickened (*about 5 min.*).

SPICY PANCAKES

Keep these in mind for dessert, too.

Add 1 tsp. cinnamon, ½ tsp. *each* allspice, cloves, and nutmeg to Pancake batter (p. 2). Bake. Serve with Spiced Cherry Sauce.

SPICED CHERRY SAUCE

¾ cup sugar
3 tbsp. cornstarch
¼ tsp. cinnamon
⅛ tsp. salt
1 cup chopped fresh cherries (or #2 can)
1 tbsp. strained lemon juice
1 cup juice from cherries or water

Mix sugar, cornstarch, cinnamon, salt in saucepan. Add rest of ingredients. Bring to boil, stirring constantly. Boil 1 min. Serve hot over plain or Spicy Pancakes (above).

APPLE PANCAKES

Add 2 cups grated unpeeled apple, 1 tbsp. lemon juice, and 2 tbsp. sugar to Pancake batter (p. 2). Bake. Serve with syrup.

TROPICAL PANCAKES

Make Pancakes (p. 2). Top each stack with a pineapple slice. Serve with fresh orange syrup made by boiling together until slightly thickened 1 cup orange juice, ⅓ cup sugar, and ¼ cup water.

SOUR CREAM PANCAKES

Make Pancakes (p. 2)—*except* use 1 cup water and ⅔ cup sour cream in place of milk.

CORN MEAL PANCAKES OR WAFFLES

Make Pancakes or Waffles (p. 2)—*except* use ½ cup corn meal in place of ½ cup of the Bisquick.

Neat Trick: To use up Leftover Pancake Batter:

French Toast: Dip slices of day-old or stale bread in leftover batter. Sauté in hot shallow fat until brown, turn and brown on other side. Serve with syrup or jelly and confectioners' sugar.

Meat Mates: Dip apple rings, pineapple slices, cooked baby carrots, or cooked parsnips in leftover batter. Sauté as above.

Like doughnuts but you twist them and bake them—the holes, too.

- 2 cups Bisquick
- 2 tbsp. sugar
- 1 tsp. nutmeg
- ⅛ tsp. cinnamon
- ⅔ cup cream or top milk or ½ cup milk
- 1 egg

Heat oven to 400° (mod. hot). Mix Bisquick, sugar, spices. Add cream, egg. Mix well. Dust hands and board lightly with Bisquick. Knead 2 or 3 times. Keep dough soft.

Roll out ½" thick. Cut with doughnut cutter dipped in Bisquick. Save "holes" to bake. Hold opposite sides of ring with fingers, twist to make figure 8. Pat scraps together, reroll and cut. Place on baking sheet. Bake *10 to 12 min.*, until golden brown. Melt ¼ cup butter. Measure ½ cup sugar into small bowl. Immediately after baking, dip each quickly in butter, then in sugar, coating all sides. Serve warm. *Makes about 10.*

Spoon above dough into greased muffin cups, filling each ½ full. Bake *about 15 min.* Dip in butter and sugar.

(*Pictured on cover.*)

Drop into each of 12 greased medium muffin cups ½ tbsp. butter, ½ tbsp. brown sugar, 2 or 3 pecan halves. Fold 1 cup cut-up dates into Muffin batter (p. 2). Spoon into prepared muffin cups. Bake.

BACON-CHEESE MUFFINS

Make Muffin batter (p. 2)—*except* fold in 2 tbsp. crisp, cooked diced bacon and ½ cup grated, sharp, yellow cheese. Bake.

[illegible]

Make Coffee Cake batter (p. 2)—*except* sprinkle 2 tbsp. melted butter and ¼ cup white or brown sugar over batter (for prune topping, use ¾ tsp. cinnamon). Arrange over top 1 cup chopped, drained cooked prunes or apricots or 1 cup drained crushed pineapple. Bake. Serve hot.

Make Coffee Cake batter (p. 2)—*except* add 1 cup mashed, fully ripe bananas in place of milk. Bake.

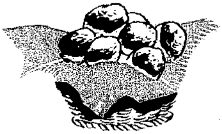
Make Coffee Cake batter (p. 2). Melt 1 tbsp. butter. Mix in ½ cup sugar and 1 tbsp. grated lemon rind. Sprinkle over batter. Bake *25 min.*

COOKING FOR A CROWD

Big things to do easily and quickly when you're helping at church suppers, school banquets, club meetings, weddings, or summer camp.

Betty Crocker

BISCUITS



FOR 60 MEDIUM. Serves 30.
- 10 cups Bisquick (40-oz. pkg. or 2 20-oz. pkg.)
- 3⅓ cups milk

FOR 100 MEDIUM. Serves 50.
- 17 cups Bisquick
- 5⅔ cups milk

Follow directions for Biscuits (p. 3).

Neat Trick: In a hurry? Simply pat out biscuit dough on baking sheet. Cut in squares with sharp knife. Quick! No scraps!

FRUIT COBBLER

Heat oven to 400° (mod. hot). Make biscuit dough, adding 1 tbsp. sugar for each cup of Bisquick. Drop by spoonfuls on hot prepared fruit. Bake *20 min.*

PANCAKES

FOR 60 PANCAKES. Serves 15.
- 10 cups Bisquick (40-oz. pkg. or 2 20-oz. pkg.)
- 8⅓ cups milk
- 5 eggs

FOR 100 PANCAKES. Serves 25.
- 17 cups Bisquick
- 3 qt. + 2 cups milk
- 8 eggs

Add milk and eggs to Bisquick. Beat with rotary beater until smooth. Follow baking directions on p. 2.

VELVET CRUMB CAKE

- 2⅔ cups Bisquick
- 1½ cups sugar
- 6 tbsp. soft shortening
- 2 eggs
- *1½ cups milk
- 2 tsp. vanilla

Follow mixing directions on p. 12. Bake in 13x9½x2″ oblong baking pan *35 to 40 min.* Cover with Broiled Topping while warm. *Makes 24 2″ squares.*

Broiled Topping: Mix ⅓ cup soft butter, ⅔ cup brown sugar (packed), ¼ cup cream, 1 cup Wheaties or coconut, ½ cup chopped nuts. Spread on warm cake. Place about 3″ under broiler (low heat) until mixture bubbles and browns (3 to 5 min.). Do not burn!

*In altitudes over 3,500 feet, add ¼ cup more milk. Bake at 375° (quick mod.) *25 to 30 min.*

BACON AND SAUSAGE THE EASY WAY

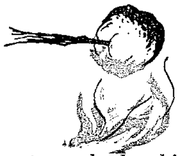
Bake bacon or pork sausages in 400° (mod. hot) oven. More can be done at one time, there's no need to watch, and the top of the range is free for other things. Bacon takes *10 min.*, pork sausages *20 to 30 min.*, turning once.

Outdoor Cooking OVER THE FIRE

Everybody's cooking outdoors, and these ideas will work perfectly, whether you're camping out or cooking in the backyard.

Betty Crocker

STICK BISCUITS



An age-old way to make hot biscuits.

Pour several cups of Bisquick into plastic bag. Roll down sides to make cuff. Take end of long, peeled stick (thickness of little finger) and push away Bisquick in center to make a well. Pour in about 1 tbsp. milk or water. Stir gently with stick until liquid picks up enough Bisquick to form soft ball around end of stick (about 1″ across). Secure ball on stick by pressing gently with hand. Hold stick over coals, turning slowly to bake ball through and brown evenly (*about 7 min.*). Eat piping hot with butter, jam, or jelly.

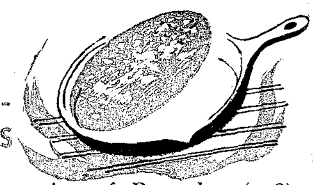
STICK TWISTS

Make ball of dough as above. Dust hands generously with Bisquick. Slip ball from stick. Roll between palms into a 4 or 5″ strip. Wind strip spirally around end of stick, pinching tightly at ends to secure. Bake as above (*about 5 min.*). Slip off stick. Fill center with strip of cheese or cooked meat or spoon in jelly, jam, or honey. Eat piping hot.

CHEESE TOPPERS

Follow directions for Stick Biscuits —*except* secure a ¾″ cube of cheese on end of stick. Finish as directed. Also good with canned meat.

FLAP-JACKS



Big-size version of Pancakes (p.2). Fit them into out-door appetites with exciting flavors.

1. Follow suggestions for Apple or Corn Meal Pancakes (p. 21) or Blueberry Pancakes (p. 20).
2. Layer a stack of Flapjacks with jelly or jam, cut into quarters to serve 4.
3. Add 1 cup drained whole kernel or fresh corn to batter.

HUSH PUPPIES

An old-time favorite in the Deep South now brought up to date.

Mix 1 cup corn meal, 1 cup Bisquick, 1 tsp. salt, 1 egg, and 1 cup milk. Drop with spoon into hot fat, fry until golden brown on both sides, turning only once. Serve hot. *Makes 15 to 20.*

DOG-IN-A-BISCUIT

Form Stick Twists as directed at left. Wind strip of dough around roasted frankfurter or fried pork sausage, stretching to cover completely. Finish same as for Stick Twists.

Neat Trick: For the crispiest coating you ever tasted, roll fresh fish, sea food, chicken, or meat generously in Bisquick. Fry in a small amount of fat until golden brown on both sides. Turn only once.

Carry these good things from the kitchen into your own back yard or try them at camp. (*Never go on a camping trip without your box of Bisquick!*)

Betty Crocker

MEAT TURNOVERS

Mix thoroughly 2 cups Bisquick, ½ cup milk or water, ¼ cup melted shortening or drippings. If batter is too soft, add Bisquick. Divide into 8 pieces. Pat out to make 5″ square. Place slice of cooked or canned meat on half of square. Spread with chili sauce or pickle relish. Fold dough over meat and seal edges with fork. Slit top. Bake *15 to 20 min.* in hot oven.

Neat Trick: Put 1 piece of dough at a time in plastic bag dusted generously with Bisquick. Pat between hands to make a 5″ square. To remove, gradually turn bag inside out, loosening dough from sides with dull knife.

CRISPY CORN BREAD

Make Muffin batter (p. 2)—*except* add ¾ cup corn meal and use only 1¼ cups Bisquick. Turn batter into sizzling hot pan. Bake *about 15 min.* in hot oven until brown and crusty.

BLUEBERRY TRAIL BISCUITS

Make Drop Biscuits (p. 17)—*except* add 1 cup blueberries and 2 tbsp. sugar to dough.

CAMPFIRE STEW WITH DUMPLINGS

Use canned or homemade stew. Make Dumplings (p. 2).

SWEET CINNAMON BALLS

Make Biscuit dough (p. 3). Drop small spoonfuls into mixture of cinnamon and sugar. Roll to coat surface. Bake *8 to 10 min.* in hot oven. *Makes 24.*

FRUIT DUMPLINGS

Heat no. 2 can canned berries or fruit (2½ cups) to boiling. Sweeten fruit, if necessary. Then make half recipe for Dumplings (p. 2) and cook on fruit.

NEIGHBORHOOD BARBECUE

Meat Turnovers
Baked Beans
Sliced Bermuda Onions, Tomatoes
Velvet Crumb Cake (p. 12)
Coffee

A NOTE FROM THE AUTHOR

When you use our Bisquick recipes you can be sure each baking will be easy to do and good to eat. That's because after careful testing in our kitchens hundreds of homemakers have tried them in their own home kitchens and served them to their families.

Only the recipes rated tops by homemakers are passed along to you. That's why I know you'll be happy with every one!

Betty Crocker

INDEX

- *Basic Bakings..............2-3
  - (Also on your Bisquick box)
  - Dinner..................4-8
  - Company's Coming.........9-14
  - Lunch or Supper..........15-19
  - Breakfast................20-22
  - Cooking for a Crowd.........23
  - Outdoor Cooking..........24-25

BREADS

- Bacon Whirls................17
- *Biscuits..................3, 23
  - Bacon....................17
  - Blueberry Trail............25
  - Broccoli....................6
  - Buttermilk..................4
  - Cheese....................17
  - Dinner......................4
  - Drop.......................17
  - Herb........................4
  - Hot Pimiento Cheese.......17
  - Stick......................24
- Breakfast Ring..............10
- Butter Sticks.................4
- Buttons and Bow Knots......22
- Celery Crescents............17
- Cheese Bread.................4
- Cheese Snacks..............14
- Cheese Toppers.............24
- Cinnamon Biscuit Balls.......14
- *Coffee Cake..................2
  - Banana....................22
  - Cherry-Raisin.............11
  - Lemon.....................22
  - Orange....................11
  - Prune, Apricot, or Pineapple..............22
  - Streusel Ribbon...........11
- Corn Sticks...................4
- Crispy Corn Bread...........25
- Doughnuts...................10
- *Dumplings....................2
- Flavortops..................14
- French Toast................21
- Hush Puppies................24
- Jam Twists... 11
- London Buns................17
- *Muffins......................2
  - Bacon-Cheese.............22
  - Butterscotch-Date-Pecan...22
  - Corn........................4
  - Cranberry...................4
  - Herb........................4
  - Whuffins...................17
- Nut Bread...................12
  - Banana....................12
  - Fruit......................12
  - Orange....................12
- *Pancakes................2, 23
  - Apple......................21
  - Blueberry..................20
  - Colonial Jelly Stack........10
  - Corn.......................24
  - Corn Meal..................21
  - Flapjacks..................24
  - Jelly.......................24
  - Onion......................16
  - Pecan......................20
  - Puff........................20
  - Sausage Rolls with Maple Glaze............21
  - Silver Dollar...............20
  - Sour Cream.................21
  - Spicy......................21
  - Swedish....................10
  - Tropical...................21
- Pineapple Sticky Buns.......12
- Rolls
  - Butterscotch Pecan........11
  - Cinnamon.................11
  - Quick Parkerhouse.........4
  - Sweet Cinnamon Rolls.....25
- Stick Twists................24
- Sugar Buns.................22
- *Waffles.......................2
  - Bacon......................20
  - Blueberry..................20
  - Brownie Nut...............13
  - Corn Meal.................21
  - Pecan......................20
  - Puff.......................20
  - Waffle Club Rabbit.........16
  - Waffle Supper Royal.......16
  - Waffles with Pineapple.....20

CAKES

- Date Velvet Crumb Cake......9
- Upside-down Cake...........18
- Velvet Crumb Cake.......12, 23
- Velvet Fudge Cake...........13

COOKIES

- Bisquick-Wheaties Squares...19
- Chocolate Chip Cookies.......19
- Chocolate Drop Cookies......19
- Coconut Orange Drops.......19
- Date Bars...................19
- 1-2-3 Peanut Butter Cookies..19
- "Pudding" Cookies..........19

DESSERTS

- Apple or Peach Crisp........18
- Chocolate Pudding...........18
- Fruit Cobbler...............23
- Fruit Dumplings.............25
- Fruit Short Pie Cobbler........8
- *Fruit Shortcake..............3
- Hot Fudge Pudding...........8
- Peach Pinwheels.............8
- Ranch Pudding..............18
- Short Pie....................8
  - Strawberry Glacé..........9
  - Sundae.....................8

MAIN DISHES

- Baked Bacon or Sausage.....23
- Baked Hamburger or Sausage Sandwich.........13
- Baked Meat Sandwich.......15
- Batter Franks...............13
- Bisquick Noodles............7
- Breaded Meat, Chicken or Fish.7
- Campfire Stew with Dumplings...............25
- Chicken and Biscuits, Oven-crisp.................6
- Chicken Griddlecakes........16
- Chicken Pie............. 6
- Chicken Pot Pie.............5
  - Double....................5
- Coating Fish or Meat.........24
- Corn and Shrimp Casserole....5
- Crispy Fried Fish............6
- Deviled Ham Turnovers......14
- Dog-in-a-Biscuit............24
- Fritters.....................7
- Hamburger Roll-ups.........15
- Meat Pie....................6
- Meat Short Pies.............15
- Meat Turnovers.............25
- Mexican Dinner.............7
- Pizza Boats................13
- Pizza Pie..................14
- Pork and Dumplings, Favorite..5
- Roll-ups...................15
- Salmon Rabbit Pie...........5
- Sea Food Roll..............15
- Shortcakes
  - Asparagus.................9
  - Ring-topped Chicken........9
  - Tomato....................9
- Shrimp, Batter Fried.........7
- Soufflés
  - Cheese....................9
  - Chicken...................9
  - Salmon....................9
  - Tuna......................9
- Tuna Broccoli Casserole.......6

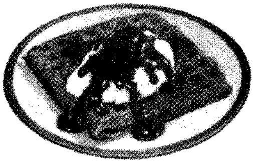
SAUCES AND GRAVIES

- Beef Crumble and Gravy.....16
- Cheese Sauce...............16
- Creamed Chicken............16
- Spiced Cherry Sauce.........21
- White Sauce................16

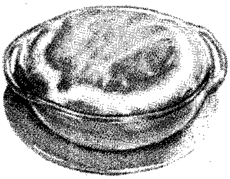
MENUS

- Dinner...................4, 6
- Favorite Lunch..............17
- Neighborhood Barbecue......25
- Sunday Brunch..............10
- TV Supper..................15

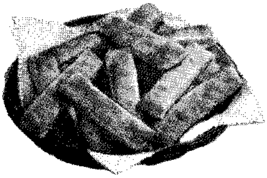
Biscuits..............Page 3



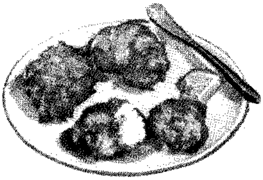
Brownie Nut Waffle....Page 13



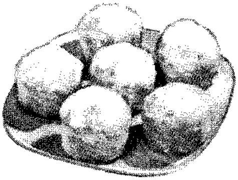
Cheese Souffle.......Page 9



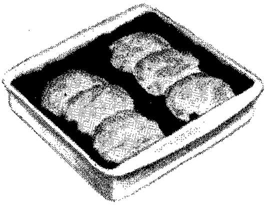
Butter Sticks..........Page 4



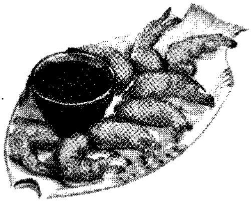
Fritters..............Page 7



Sugar Buns...........Page 22



Fruit Cobbler..........Page 8



French Fried Shrimp...Page 7

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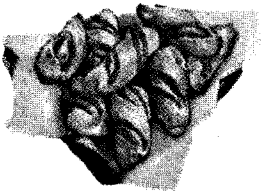
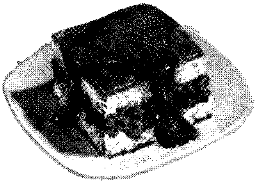
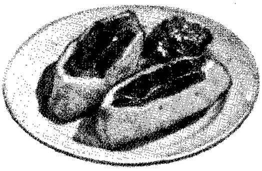


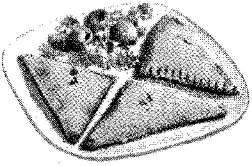
Jam Twists...........Page 11



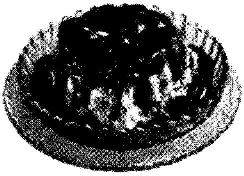
Baked Meat Sandwich..Page 15



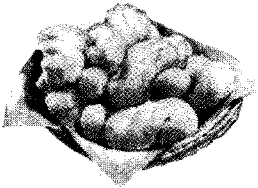
Pizza Boats...........Page 13



Deviled Ham Turnovers.Page 14



Hot Fudge Pudding.....Page 8



Buttons and Bowknots..Page 22

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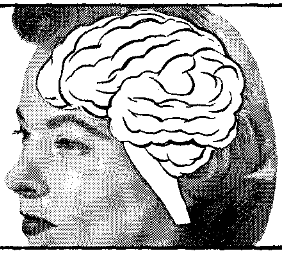

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MIGNON G. EBERHART
GEORGES SIMENON

❶ **The Case of the Demure Defendant**
By ERLE STANLEY GARDNER

Nadine Farr, "confesses" that she *poisoned* Higley. But Perry Mason finds that the old man died a *natural* death. Then police find a bottle of cyanide in the lake—*where Nadine said she threw it!*

❷ **The Case of the Terrified Typist**
By ERLE STANLEY GARDNER

Perry Mason has an ace up his sleeve—a surprise witness he's counting on to save his client from the chair. But she DISAPPEARS. Then she turns up at the trial—as the star witness for the *prosecution!*

❸ **The Case of the Nervous Accomplice**
By ERLE STANLEY GARDNER

Sybil Harlan is fighting for her life. The D. A. produces one damaging witness after another. And all Mason offers in defense is—*a wheelbarrow filled with scrap iron!*

❹ **Death Keeps A Secret**
By CLARENCE B. KELLAND

You've just had dinner with a beautiful woman. She goes to her bedroom. Fifteen minute pass. You knock on her door. No answer; you walk in. She's MURDERED! You're "dead"—unless you find the KILLER!

❺ **Postmark Murder**
By MIGNON G. EBERHART

LAURA MARCH admits being at the apartment of a man who was murdered. She says she FOUND him that way. The police say she killed him. Then they find *another corpse*—and Laura's scarf next to the body!

❻ **Inspector Maigret and the Burglar's Wife**
By GEORGES SIMENON

"My husband is hiding. He discovered a murder; doesn't want to be involved," said Ernestine. "Isn't he involved already," Maigret asks, "as a CORPSE"?

—*Continued On Next Page*

—Continued From Opposite Page

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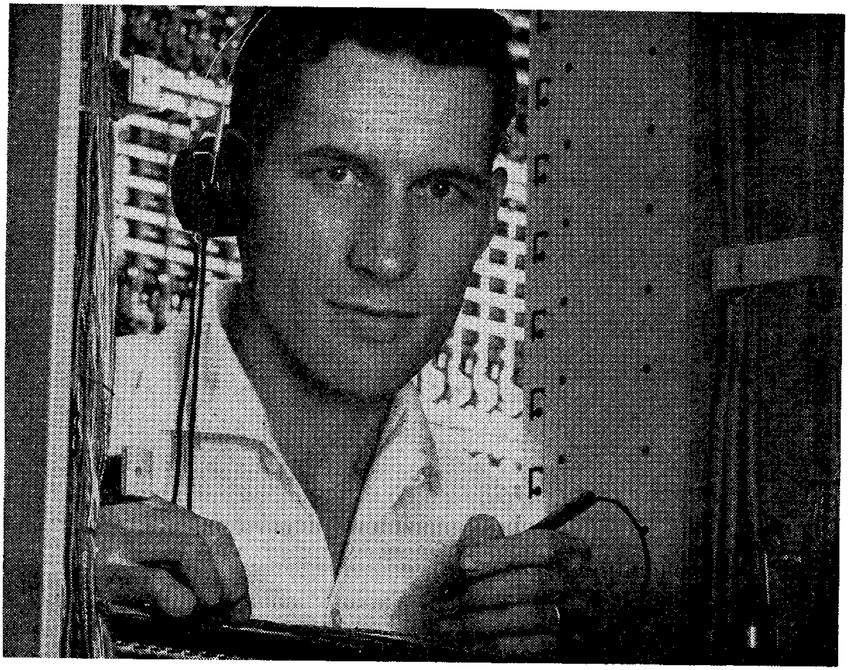

Helping to speed your telephone call. Telephone man Byron Jensen tests the intricate equipment that gets your number quickly and accurately.

He keeps an electric brain thinking clearly

You benefit from skills like his whenever you use the telephone

Every time you make a call over a dial telephone, you start an electric brain "thinking" in one of our offices.

First, it tells you when to start dialing by means of a tone. Selects your number automatically from many thousands or millions. Then rings your party or tells you the line is busy.

Such equipment is indeed remarkable. But with all its electronic magic, it still needs the help of people. Day and night, there is continuous checking and maintenance by telephone office craftsmen like Byron Jensen.

"Big part of the job," he says, "is to keep trouble off the lines. For every one of those calls is important to someone. And some can be very important.

"Not only personal calls, but fire alarms, burglar alarms, radio programs and even newspaper pictures go through this same equipment."

Each Sunday Byron teaches a class for boys. Many evenings and week ends are devoted to Boy Scout work.

For a person who enjoys helping others, he finds his telephone work particularly satisfying.

"Whenever I watch those dial switches work," he says, "I get the feeling I'm at the nerve center of the community." **BELL TELEPHONE SYSTEM**

Dear Reader:

UNTIL he began writing this month's special picture story of Marilyn Monroe, author James T. Farrell wasn't too acquainted with either Miss Monroe or picture stories. He soon discovered both were intriguing. Accustomed to relying on words alone, the author of the classic 1,100-page trilogy *Studs Lonigan* and 25 other fine books was immediately impressed by how much could be done with pictures. Looking over the layout, he exclaimed, "Why, this can be a novel in 800 words!"

As for Marilyn herself, Mr. Farrell quickly discovered he had much in common with her. In fact, he had been writing books about people with problems similar to hers most of his 52 years; and, like Marilyn, he himself had to overcome a difficult, poverty-ridden environment before he could get started on the road to fame. "Which shows," Mr. Farrell says, "that you can never tell in the beginning how a kid will turn out."

And what makes Marilyn so popular? Well, according to Mr. Farrell: "American men are relatively naïve about women, and thus more likely than the men of other countries to be swept off their feet by a glamor queen."

Since the key scenes of Marilyn's early life were, of course, never photographed, they had to be "re-created" by our photographer, Carroll Seghers II. This meant a long search for girls resembling Marilyn as she might have looked at various ages. It also meant special hairdos, and rounding up clothing, furniture and other props to make the photographic settings authentic. The story starts on page 64. Reading it, we think you will find that Mr. Farrell's words, with the unusual pictures, give new insight into the once homeless waif who grew up to reign as Hollywood's golden goddess.

The Editors

Subject: Marilyn Monroe

Author: James T. Farrell

P.S. You'll be interested in another precedent-setting feature. It is the new 28-page *Betty Crocker Cookbook,* specially bound so that the family chef can easily detach it, save it, and start using its 157 wonderful, mouth-watering recipes.

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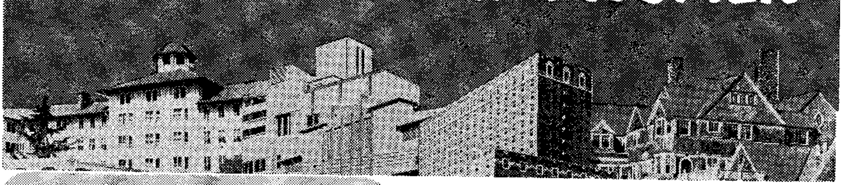

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Contents for January, 1957

Vol. 41, No. 3, WHOLE No. 243

Articles

Grandfather Laid Down His Six-Gun . . WILLIAMS FORREST 29
Farmers' Idea Factory . . . . MARTIN L. GROSS 36
A Great Author Faces Up to Death
AN INTERVIEW WITH JOYCE CARY BY GRAHAM FISHER 41
His Flat Tire Uncovered History . . . . ALEX HALEY 45
Bamboo Bends with the Wind . . . . YUKI SHELDON 58
The Kids Fight Back . . . . JOSEPH N. BELL 86
Over Seventy . . . . P. G. WODEHOUSE 90
Around the Horn . VITO DUMAS AS TOLD TO MICHAEL DUBALL 94
Up to Snuff . . . . GIVEN ROCKY 98
How to Look Ten Pounds Thinner . . . . ANNE SCHOTT 100
The Miracle of Vision . . . . JOHN PFEIFFER 105
The Senate's Watchdog of the Treasury . . . PETER WYDEN 109
The Incredible Crab . . . . REED MILLARD 122
Hookerton's Grounded Steeple . . . . HAROLD HELFER 134
The Cancer Victims We Can Save *Now*
NORMAN M. LOBSENZ 136
New England's Madcap Mountain . . . . NORMAN CARLISLE 142
The Remarkable, Musical Mr. Bernstein
DAVID R. LINDSAY 145
A Matter of Love and Death . . . . ARTHUR LARSEN 149
Manhattan's Oldest Kettle of Fish
LEONARD LOUIS LEVINSON 150
The Angel of Marye's Heights . . . . . CHESTER B. GOOLRICK 154

Pictorial Features

Beautiful Ohio
TEXT BY GEROLD FRANK, PHOTOGRAPHS BY CORNELL CAPA 46
Waif to Woman . . . . JAMES T. FARRELL 64
Spanish Fiesta . . . . PHOTOGRAPHS BY INGE MORATH 114

Service Features

Products on Parade 22a
Coronet Family Shopper 156
Coronet Shopping Guide 159
Coronet School and College Directory 162

Departments

Dear Reader 5a
A Nest Egg of Talent Is Hatched . . . . MOVIES 12a
You 18a
Matters of Opinion . . . . MILTON WAYNE 35
Grin and Share It . . . . HUMOR 84
It's All Relative . . . . A CORONET QUICK QUIZ 93
Merry Mix-Ups . . . . HUMOR 141
Silver Linings 157

Book Condensation

The Story of a Man and Boy . . . . NED ARMSTRONG 125

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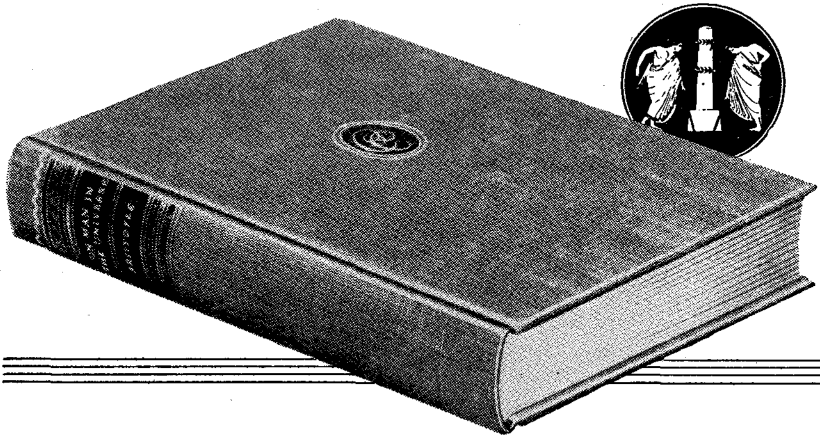

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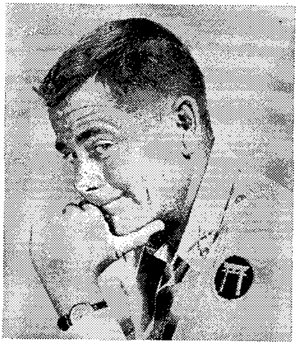
Glenn Ford: An "ugly duck" in fine feather



A Nest Egg of Talent Is Hatched

ONE of Hollywood's most successful actors today is a dark, soft-spoken man who plays poker every Wednesday night with the same partners he's had for 14 years, writes scripts for his wife's Sunday School TV show, wears his brown "lucky tie" in every picture, and rehearses his lines on a tape recorder. He's 6′1″, 165-pound Glenn Ford, 39.

Oddly enough, his current standing is not due to a long record of fine performances. Ford has shuffled his feet and grinned bashfully through 50 mediocre pictures. Only a handful of his films could be rated top-notch.

A victim of stereotyped scripts, he was usually called on to perform in a shy, self-conscious style. He was completely hampered by the hackneyed, one-dimensional aspect of the characters he portrayed.

This month, however, Ford stars in *Teahouse of the August Moon,* and comes through with a clever, adult performance that shows his real versatility.

Few of Ford's screen mannerisms carry over into his private life. An introverted, seemingly calm man, he is known for his business acumen. Without manager or agent, he negotiates contracts and dictates the small print personally. He also insists on doing his own stunts in his he-man action films. "The customers are entitled to their money's worth," he says.

This attitude stems from his near-miss as an actor. Canadian-born, Gwyllyn Ford migrated with his family at eight to Santa Monica, California. His single ambition was acting, but his father, a railroad construction man, taught him carpentry "just in case." Difficult to cast because, as Ford recalls, "I was an ugly duck," he swept stages for a local group, then later played character-juveniles. For several years movie scouts passed him up as "unphotogenic," but strong performances finally won him a film contract.

In 1943, while a Marine, he married Eleanor Powell. She gave up her dancing career to manage the Ford household and teach a Presbyterian Sunday School class, which is now being televised. Methodist Glenn likes to tease his wife about being a "missionary," but her religious work has brought them closer together. Ford shares his leisure with his son Peter, 11, in horseback riding, hunting and fishing. Often called "Hollywood's richest actor," Ford rejects lucrative TV contracts. "Why compete with yourself?" he asks.

(*Continued on page 14a*)

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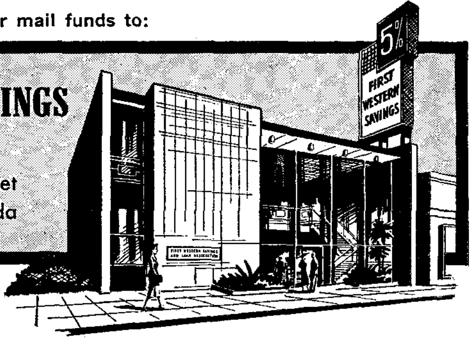


He-men agin love-starved gals: two horse operas go thataway

THE KING AND FOUR QUEENS almost becomes a game of strip-poker as Clark Gable matches wits with four man-hungry women in this lively Western.

The plot has a unique twist: four bandit brothers steal $100,000 in gold—but only one escapes a dynamite-hurling posse. Which one?

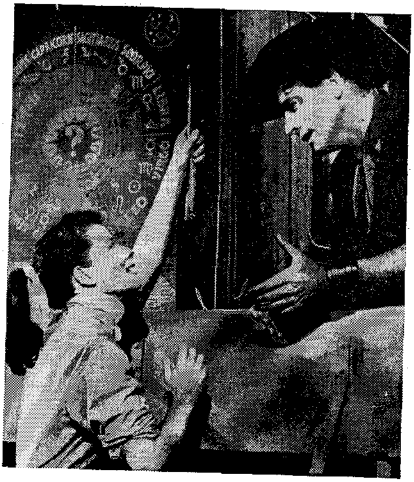
Four wives (Eleanor Parker, Sara Shane, Jean Willes, Barbara Nichols) wait and yearn for the man who will free the others—but two years pass. Their tough mother-in-law (Jo Van Fleet) holds the fort nervously.

Into this love-starved household drops Clark Gable, a dude gunman who schemes to ferret out the gold by playing the women against each other. Who wins? Well, it's a Gable movie.

THE RAINMAKER, based on the Broadway comedy hit, re-dresses the ugly duckling story in blue jeans and Western boots. The ingredients—as proved in *Born Yesterday* and *My Fair Lady*, to mention only two other versions—are still sure-fire entertainment.

Plain Lizzie Curry (Katharine Hepburn) tends the hearth of her father's ranch, goaded by brother Noah (Lloyd Bridges) to face spinsterhood. Her only prospect, a wrinkle-browed sheriff (Wendell Corey), has no gumption.

An itinerant charlatan (Burt Lancaster) bursts into this drought-dry, romance-parched landscape. With flamboyant showmanship, he promises to produce rain for only $100. He delivers much more.—Mark Nichols.



IF ONE PICTURE

is worth more than ten thousand words, then what can we tell you of Viola—? That she is cold and needs a coat—that her little face and hands are swollen from frostbite—that she has never known the warmth of a fireside, of a wool blanket, of adequate shelter, the well-being of a full tummy. Her clothes, a mass of ragged patches somehow held together, tell the story of her wretched little life—not enough—of anything. One of two children, she lives with her parents in Monteflavio, Italy, a cold mountain village only one hour from Rome. Her father's income is $80.00 per year—there is little work. Crushed and broken with heartache for their little ones, the sad parents, look on desperately. Help to Viola means help to a whole family—hope instead of despair, a chance to live, a bulwark against negative indoctrination. Won't you help a distressed child like Viola who cannot subsist for long this way—or the many others without one or both parents? These children can only look to you.

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The tiny device is sold for home use. This relieves the user from the cost and time usually spent in salons. Demonstrations are given, at no cost, in the company's salons or, by appointment, in the home. Expertly trained consultants are available for both men and women.

(ADVERTISEMENT)

Relax-A-cizor gives no-effort beautifying exercise to trim away excess inches from hips, waist, thighs...while the user rests at home.

COSMOPOLITAN

Users Report Results

Users' reports are enthusiastic. Mrs. Evelyn Brantweiner of Allentown, Pennsylvania, recently wrote the manufacturers: "I've lost 4 inches from my waist, 3 inches from hips and 2 inches from my thighs in 3 months." Mrs. Caglia of San Jose, California, wrote: "After about 3 weeks I took my hips down from 46″ to 37½″, waistline from 33″ to 26″." She says that she did not diet. Mary A. Moriarty, New Bedford, in 1 month lost 3 inches around her waist and her hips; her dress size went from 20½ to 18.

The machine is used for only 30 minutes per day. However, as a "test case" Mrs. E. D. Serdahl used the machine for 8 hours a day for 9 days. She did not become tired...and reports the following reductions: Waist 2″, Hips 3″, Upper Abdomen 1″, Upper Thigh 2″, Knee 1½″, Calf 1″. She says: "I felt no muscular or physical fatigue...In fact, the after-effects were all good."

National Magazines Praise

"Vogue" magazine wrote: "Wonderful new machine...whittles away excess inches while you relax." "Glamour" says: "Safe, passive exerciser. It removes inches." "Mademoiselle" praised it in a double-page editorial story.

"IT BUZZES AWAY THE BULGES"

This is the Relax-A-cizor you read about in the editorial article, "It Buzzes Away the Bulges" in October CORONET

Has Many Uses

Relax-A-cizor has uses for the entire family. Husbands use it to trim down their bulging waistlines...and, also to exercise back muscles that become weary and aching after a day of bending over a desk. High school sons use it to exercise sore throwing arms. Big sister finds it helpful for exercise of chest muscles. Grandfather uses it for soothing, massage-like exercise of back, feet and leg muscles.

I suggest that if you are really serious about having a more attractive figure that you mail the coupon or telephone one of the numbers listed below. There isn't any cost or obligation, of course.

TELEPHONE: New York MU 8-4690; Newark MA 3-5313; Philadelphia LO 4-2566; Boston KE 6-3030; Detroit WO 3-3311; Chicago ST 2-5680; Cleveland PR 1-2292; San Francisco SU 1-2682; Los Angeles OL 5-8000; Honolulu 9-5276; Mexico City 25-18-34; La Cresta, Panama 3-1899.

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YOU

Hypnotic sleep, your dominant eye, housewives' heart disease

SLEEPNOSIS: If you find yourself rushing out to buy your wife a fur coat—when you really had no intention of doing so—maybe the little woman herself planted the idea while you were asleep. For Dr. Theodore X. Barber of American University has discovered that persons sleeping lightly are actually more suggestible than those who are hypnotized. Dr. Barber whispered to 22 sleeping student volunteers, "Clasp your hands." All did, within ten seconds. Later, the sleepers carried out other suggestions. Some of the students, under hypnosis, responded less readily than they had in their state of "sleepnosis."

PRIVATE EYE: People who are lost may tend to travel in circles because, without knowing it, they depend on one eye more than on the other. You can find out which one of your eyes is the more dominant, says the Better Vision Institute, by a simple experiment. Quickly point at an object and hold your arm steady. Close first the right eye, then the left. The eye that sees your finger lined up with the object, or closer to it, is your dominant eye. You acquired this difference in your eyes in childhood, by using one eye more than the other when performing tasks that required close scrutiny. Thus those who are lost, Institute experts speculate, may unconsciously veer in the direction of their dominant eye.

HOUSEWIVES' HEARTS: The hard-working executive is a more frequent target of coronary heart disease than men in other occupations. But with women, there's a startling difference. Preliminary research based on a study of 13,000 heart deaths made by Dr. Jeremiah Stamler of Michael Reese Research Institute indicates that

(*Continued on page 20a*)

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Still, wouldn't it be worth your while to sacrifice some of your leisure in favor of interesting home study—over a comparatively brief period? Always provided that the rewards were good—a salary of $4,000 to $10,000 and up?

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Do you feel that such things aren't for you? Well, don't be too sure. Very possibly they *can* be!

Why not, like so many before you, investigate LaSalle's modern Problem Method of training for an Accounting position?

Just suppose you were permitted to work in an accounting firm under the personal supervision of an expert accountant. Suppose, with his aid, you studied accounting principles and solved problems day by day—easy ones at first—then more difficult ones. If you could do this—and could turn to him for advice as the problems became complex—soon you'd master them all.

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YOU

Women drivers; chemistry of tears

(*Continued from page 18a*)

professional women have a far lower death rate from heart disease than housewives. Not that the housewife is under more strain; it's simply that she doesn't eat right. Not having to watch her figure as professional women do, she eats too much rich food, and too often neglects getting enough protein, vitamins and minerals.

TERRIBLE TEACHER: Women drivers are just as good as men, traffic authorities agree. But it's a sheer wonder that they are, declares Alfred L. Moseley, a consulting psychologist to an insurance company. Trouble is, he says, that many women drivers are taught by their husbands, a nerve-wracking experience from which many never recover. As a teacher, hubby flunks dismally, a discovery Moseley made by listening to tape recordings of driving lessons. The worst mistakes made by husband-teachers are assuming the wife knows more about driving than she does, letting her drive too fast while learning (many husbands actually urge their pupils to get moving), hazy directions in terms the wife doesn't understand, and general browbeating which keeps the intimidated little woman from asking questions that would help her.

TEARJERKER: Tears aren't just tears. Those you shed in pain, sorrow or anger are different chemically from those triggered by something in your eye or the fumes from an onion. This is the unexpected discovery of Dr. Robert Brunish of UCLA, who has been going around getting people to cry for him. His purpose, when he started out, was to see if he could learn just what it is in Los Angeles smog that makes people shed tears. Now he has a new mystery: why do "emotional" tears have a different chemical composition than "mechanical" ones? Whatever your reason for crying, incidentally, the act may be good for you. Tears disinfect your eyes. They contain lysozyme, an antiseptic that is so powerful it can kill bacteria when it is diluted thousands of times.

Morality isn't enough?

During the first century after Christ, there was a Roman captain in the occupation army in Palestine. He was "a devout man, and one that feared God with all his house, which gave much alms to the people, and prayed to God always." (Acts 10:2)

Yet, strange as it seems this "good" moral man, Cornelius, needed something more. Morality isn't enough to save a man. God told Cornelius to send for Peter, "who shall tell thee words whereby thou . . . shalt be saved." (Acts 11:14) *Cornelius needed Christ to save him.* Jesus said: "I am the way, the truth, and the life: no man cometh unto the Father, but by me." (John 14:6)

Peter came to Cornelius' house and found his kinsman and near friends ready "to hear all things that are commanded thee of God." Peter preached Christ as the Son of God, the Saviour of the world. He told how Jesus had lived a perfect life, and died for man's sin on the cross. He called on all to believe in the Lord Jesus. They believed and Peter asked: "Can any man forbid water, that these should not be baptized . . . and he commanded them to be baptized in the name of the Lord." (Acts 10:47-8) *Faith in Christ leads* one to obey Christ, to "repent and be baptized" for the forgiveness of sins. (Acts 2:38) Jesus said: "He that believeth and is baptized shall be saved . . ." (Mark 16:16)

Millions today, like Cornelius, are generous, and morally "good," but they need Christ. Even at his best, man is still a sinner. If you have not obeyed the gospel of Christ as Cornelius did, You need the blood of Christ to save you from your sins (I John 1:7). You need to believe in Christ as God's Son, repent of your sins, and be baptized into Christ for the forgiveness of your sins. *When you obey Christ in baptism God will add you* to the undenominational church of Christ. We urge you to become a Christian today!

Are you willing to follow this *wonderful* example of Cornelius? Here are five facts you need to face:

1. **Man is lost without Christ and cannot save himself. Romans 3:10, Jeremiah 10:23**
2. **Christ alone can save man. John 14:6**
3. **Christ died on the cross to make salvation available to all. Matthew 11:20, 30, 1st John 1:7**
4. **Man must believe in Christ as God's Son and obey the commands of Christ. Mark 16:15-16, Acts 22-16, "He became the author of eternal salvation unto all them that obey Him." Hebrews 5:9**
5. **You can be just an undenominational Christian like the Ethiopian.**

If you would like to know more about Jesus Christ and his Church or Kingdom, read your Bible, especially your New Testament. Let us all unite in Christ through the restoration of pure New Testament Christianity. Write for your free copy of the valuable booklet, "Understanding the Bible."

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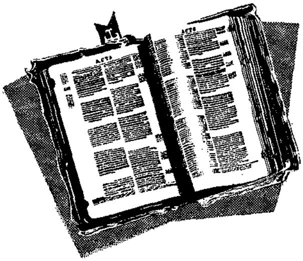

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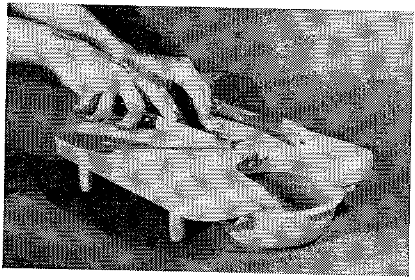
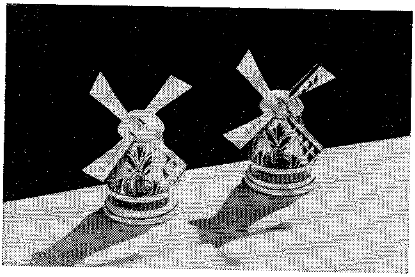
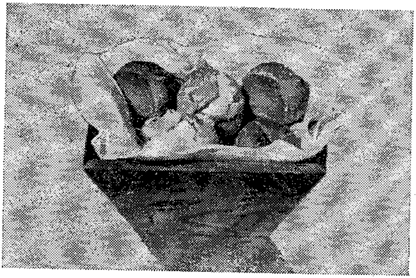


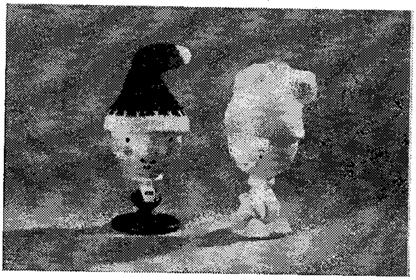
PREPARE your meats, vegetables and salads conveniently on this "Easy-Cut" hardwood chopping board with non-skid feet. Unbreakable plastic bowl is designed to slide easily in and out of set slots. Measures 10″ x 14″. $2.98 pp. Old Salt Arts & Crafts, Dept. C., 496 Washington St., Gloucester, Mass.



REALLY different are these salt and pepper shakers in the shape of windmills, with shining blades that actually turn. Imported from Holland and hand-painted in delicate blue on white china. 3″ high. Set of 2 shakers, $2.75 pp. Trader Coleman, International Airport, Box 5-CO., San Francisco, Calif.



RED ceramic brick pre-heated in oven keeps up to a dozen rolls warm for an hour in this Hot Roll Server made of antique pine-finish wood. Makes ideal centerpiece for fruits or plants when not in use. Server and brick, $3.50 pp. Sturbridge Yankee Workshop, 35 Brimfield Turnpike, Sturbridge, Mass.



PIXIE-FACED wooden egg cups start your day with a smile and serve your eggs piping hot! Hand-carved and hand-painted in Italy, each has a stocking cap to keep the egg warm until eaten. Will please even the grumpiest riser. Pair $1.98 pp. Mastercraft, 212C Summer Street, Boston 10, Mass.

(Continued on page 24a)

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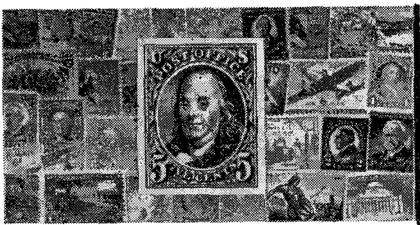

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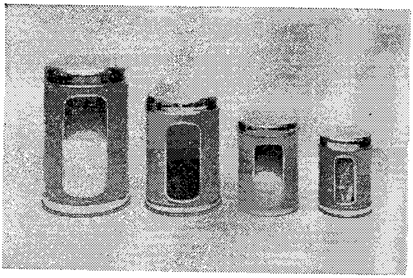

SEE-THRU canisters tell at a glance when you're running low on flour, sugar, etc. Made of highly polished tin plate with heavily enamelled body in red, yellow or white. Set of 4, 4½″ to 6½″ high, $6.95 pp. Set of 4, one size, 4½″ high, $5.95 pp. Mansfield House, Box CO., 38 Water St., N. Y. 4, N. Y.

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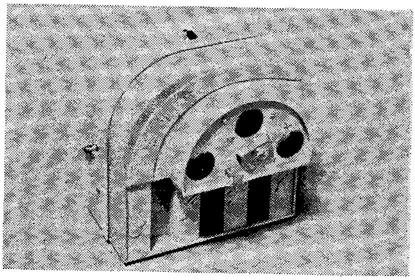
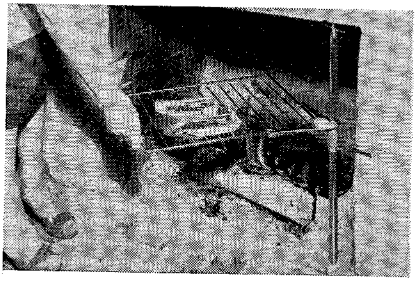


DREAM LITE projects, in color, children's stories on the nursery wall or ceiling to musical accompaniment of Brahms' lullaby. Included are "Wizard of Oz," "Cowboys and Indians," "Alice in Wonderland," and "Mother Goose." $9.95 pp. Martin L. Scherer, Dept. CO., 15 Maiden Lane, N. Y., N. Y.



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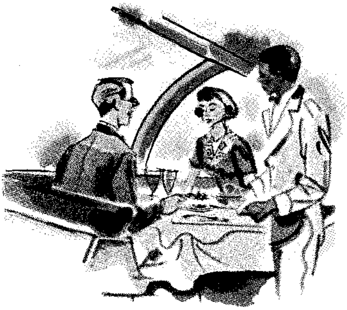

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TWENTY-FIRST YEAR Coronet JANUARY 1957

Grandfather Laid Down His Six-Gun

by WILLIAMS FORREST

A sharpshooter and gambler, he stacked the cards for decency—and made the devil pay

IT WAS a small trip of remembrance, in October of 1940. We drove through the slums of a large eastern city to where a grim, red, brick-walled building had been located. It had been called the Newman Home, a sanctuary and rehabilitation center for homeless men and misfits.

George, scar-faced, huge, got out of the car and stood quietly, in an attitude of respect, remembering the long-ago night when he'd been dragged here by a small lithe man with steely gray eyes.

George (now retired owner of a large hardware business) had been a brawling bum. One wild night shortly after the turn of the century, he had been accosted on the street by "a man you wouldn't think could lick a stamp," and had been deliberately and soundly trounced "without him getting his cuffs dirty."

The man who had done this was my grandfather—whose funeral we had just attended. Grandfather had heard of George, a respectable blacksmith before he went wrong; and had made a purposeful expedition to capture him "and bring him home."

George awakened in the Newman Home next morning, his gross body clean and Grandfather standing over him ready to discuss the future.

"Where am I?" asked George.

"Home. Where you'll stay until you're decent enough to look at the world again."

George reared up, to fight his way out. But Grandfather put him back on his cot with a painful detaining hold. And Grandfather said, "If you leave here, I'll go and get you, George. I felt a call to go and get you, and nothing will stop me."

George remained. . . .

"We weren't all like that," George has told me. "Some guys went in on their own. The police dragged some in, to get them off their hands. The funny thing was, they could walk out if they wanted to. Some said the Reverend (as Grandfather was called, although he was never ordained) threatened them. Well, maybe he did, in a way. But you had an idea he might be able to do something for you. And we all knew he had been one of us, before."

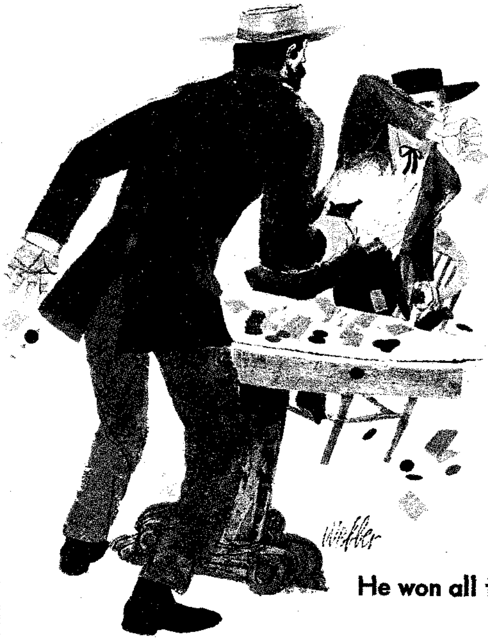
Lone-wolf gambler, pistol in his waistband, Grandfather had ranged the south, west and midwest earning a fierce living. "I don't know why," Grandfather told me. "I came from decent people." His father was the postmaster of Lewisburg, Pennsylvania, his mother an ardent churchwoman.

One day in 1870, when he was 16, Hy Henry's Minstrels came to Lewisburg and played the Town Hall. Young Edgar Marsh Forrest was enchanted.

Ned Forrest ran away from home the night the troupe entrained for their next stop. He followed them and by sheer persistence forced the company to hire him as a roustabout. He worked at this for a year and learned to be a minstrel man. He also learned poker, and learned it just as well.

"When I made people laugh," he said, "it was my angel at work. When I played poker—and we were always playing poker on the boats and trains—I found my devil."

In a hotel room in Natchez, Mississippi, he entered a game with five other men, and won their money



He won all their money—and almost lost his life.

and was shot. It was a chest wound, near the heart. Grandfather lingered between life and death for many weeks, his wish to live only to kill the man who had shot him.

A circuit rider, an itinerant Methodist minister whose name does not come down to us, visited Ned in his sickroom. "I have come to save you, God willing," he said. "I will sit by your side, without food, drink or sleep, until I gain your soul for God."

Grandfather was not one to let another pull a bluff. He had played too much poker for that. "I let him sit there in a hard chair, day after day. I ate, I drank, I slept. He was true to his word. He did not."

"What happened?" I asked him many times.

He would only nod his head and say, "I decided for God."

HE LAID his pistol aside for a Bible and, as the first of the stormy revivalists, called many sinners down the sawdust path to declare for Jesus Christ. (He is known as the man from whom Billy Sunday learned many of his techniques.) During his wanderings he met and married the daughter of the pastor of a church in Missouri.

In 1901, Grandfather was invited to take over administration of the Newman Home. He agreed to look the situation over.

On a tour of the district, Grandfather paused when he saw a man floundering in the gutter like a fish on land. The man was filthy and people had thrown garbage over him.

A passer-by kicked at the man's hand when it flailed out from the gutter and brushed his trouser leg. Grandfather was shocked. He picked up the man in the Indian-carry, and took him the four blocks to the Home. In front of the forbidding 15-foot-high gates, he said, "Open them up. This man and I are home."

When Grandfather said that *he* was *home*, he meant it. And he meant that it would be home for his whole family, which consisted of his wife and a 12-year-old son and teen-age daughter.

When friends and relatives remonstrated with him for making his son and lovely young daughter live in the Home, surrounded by criminals and alcoholics, Grandfather said staunchly that home atmosphere would be good for his "guests" and that tolerance, grace and kindness toward these old husks of humanity could not possibly harm the children.

One winter, an indignant local banker friend came to Grandfather and said, "Ned, your bookkeeper tells me, confidentially, that when they think they won't be observed your son and some criminal go into the office and practice opening the safe."

Grandfather nodded complacently. "So they do, so they do."

"You know?"

Grandfather gave vent to his famous temper; he hated interference. "Yes, I know!" he cried. "That little safecracker is a timid man, and he wants respect. He has only one skill in the world, opening safes. He just wants to impress someone with it. He has selected my son—which I think is an honor."

"You're crazy, Ned," said the banker.

In reply, Grandfather drew his savings from his doubter's bank, and put them in the safe. Then he fixed a thread across the safe door, in the banker's presence. He did this three times, and each time the broken thread showed that the safe had been opened—but not a dollar was touched.

The banker, awed, loaned the safecracker money to go into business as a legitimate safe expert; and today, the little safecracker's son is an executive of that same bank.

One sultry day in the summer of 1906, city police surrounded the Newman Home. Grandfather was summoned from his office and told that a killer was in his custody.

Since no man who applied for entrance was ever refused, and since none was ever checked, the place often had wanted men in its halls. But this wanted man was a cop killer.

The buildings and grounds were searched, and at last there was only one place where he could be—a woodshed at the rear of the big main yard. The police called for the killer to surrender. He answered with a fusillade of shots.

Grandfather and the chief of police stood at the far end of the yard, protected by an outcropping of the wall. Grandfather was deep in thought.

"That is John," he said finally. "John was very surly when he came in here for sanctuary. A hard man. Yes, I think John is the hardest man I ever admitted to the Home."

"We'll get him, Mr. Forrest," the chief said, and hatred was in his voice, "and then he won't be so hard. But—but someone will be hit, getting him out."

Grandfather turned to Packer, his aide. "Get Willie," he said.

Packer stared. "Little Willie?"

"Yes, get my son," said Grandfather.

And when my father came to the place where Grandfather and the chief were standing, Grandfather said quietly, "John's a killer. He's in the woodshed. Go get John."

Awkwardly, but with confidence, big-limbed, big-wristed Willie started across the open space to the woodshed. He walked slowly in the hot, still air. When he was ten feet from the door of the shed, it opened. A huge hand reached out around the side of the door. When Willie got close enough, the hand took hold of his wrist. Then John followed his hand outside, and stood in the glaring light, blinking, his pistol at his side. He allowed the gun to drop to the dirt.

Together, the two retraced Willie's steps across the yard. John smiled at the police. "I'm ready, boys," he said—and they took him away.

Some people found it hard to forgive Grandfather for seemingly putting his son in great danger.

"All men love something . . . even a man like John," Grandfather explained later. "Willie was big, but awkward. We lived in one of the toughest neighborhoods in the world. When he was 17, a gang began to harass him. Day after day, he would come home with blood on his face, after a fight. But he always walked proudly, and he never ran.

"I saw John begin to watch for him. He'd be caning chairs, and when the time came for Willie to come home he'd get so nervous he couldn't stand still. And when, at last, he saw Willie come through the gates, bloody but unbowed, he would expand his chest and lift his head . . . as if he, not I, was the father."

When World War I came, Grandfather looked around at the 400 or so men for whom he was caring, and a steely glint came into his gray eyes. He began to leave the Home early in the morning, taking one or two of the most fit with him. When he came back, he was alone.

With merciless patriotic fervor, Grandfather was putting these men to work in jobs that could help the war effort. His method was swift and simple. He would take the men to a job and approach the boss, who usually knew him. Rarely did a boss want the derelicts he brought. But Grandfather would not be put off. He would give a week's wages from his own pocket to each of the vagrants, and then firmly face the boss.

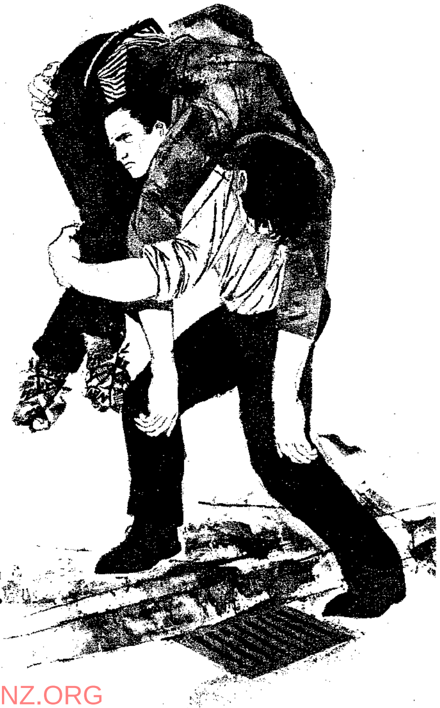
"I haven't been a gambling man for many years . . . but I'll gamble on our country winning the war, and I'll gamble on these men helping to do the job. They'll pay me back at the end of the week."

Well over half of the men for whom he obtained jobs stayed with them. Several who defected and spent the money paid it back over a year's time. One paid it back five years later. Only four took the money and vanished.

At war's end, Grandfather was literally gasping for breath from severe asthmatic attacks and had to leave the Home. Its lights winked out within a year, and Grandfather wept when he heard that the huge gates were closed to those who had no place else to go. . . .

Only once, as far as I have heard, did Grandfather take to his sinful ways after he had renounced them. It happened in 1939, a year before his death. I was home from college and paid him a week-end visit. We were in his room playing dominoes.

"I broke a vow," he told me hap-



Shocked at seeing the man in the gutter, Grandfather carried him to the Home.

pily. "After more than 50 years, I broke a vow."

"What did you do?"

There was a hard and strangely joyous glint in his eyes. "On a train about two months ago I saw a criminal!"

Grandfather was sitting in the club car, his hand cupped around a large ginger ale. At one and the same time he was dreaming—and seeing sharply everything that was going on around him. At the table for four opposite him, three men were playing poker. Grandfather saw almost at once that one of the three was a professional.

"And he was handling himself very well," said Grandfather. "He was feeding them the smaller pots, and an occasional large one, with what I considered perfect timing."

Soon he noticed that the two victims were beginning to look sick. "They had been drawn into the net to the point where they *had* to win their money back." He shook his head, a look of pain on his face. "That's when they belong to you."

Grandfather got up, crossed the swaying aisle and said that the game looked very interesting, and could he sit in? The gambler looked him over—old but keen, perfectly dressed—and sensed money but no competition from such a man.

"If it's agreeable with these gentlemen," he said. It was.

As soon as Grandfather sat in, things took on a complexion that made the professional blanch. "I tried to keep my own winnings to a minimum," said Grandfather, "and succeeded. But those other two never had such luck in their lives before. . . ."

Grandfather sat quietly, looking at his lineup of dominoes. "Later, I explained to the two men what had happened. I didn't want them to think they could play that well, and try again."

I hesitated a moment, and then protested, "But—but you must have been out of practice, after all that time—"

Grandfather frowned, and anger went across his face, as if I were doubting him. "In the bottom drawer of my dresser, under the pile of sermons on the left. Get the cards."

His hands were long and white, but bent like twigs by age. Yet they were deft and incredibly fast. The shine from a diamond ring and a great black ring on them seemed to keep you from seeing what was happening.

The cards snapped on the table. Then Grandfather said gently, "Take your hand."

I did. A royal flush, the best poker hand there is.

"May all your life be as good," he said. "That's my wish."

KNOW YOUR MONEY

Helpful

THE TREASURY DEPARTMENT has a wry sense of humor. It circulates a little pamphlet entitled, "Know Your Money," and then takes the stuff away from us before we can get acquainted with it. —*Wall Street Journal* *by* MILTON WAYNE

A VERY PRETTY American woman driving in Paris was caught in the mad, whirling circle of traffic around the Arc de Triomphe, and couldn't find her way out via one of the many streets leading away from the Arc. She drove around and around. Finally, seeing a policeman, she stopped her car and all traffic behind her.

"Please," she begged him, "get me out of this!"

The policeman smiled and pointed ahead.

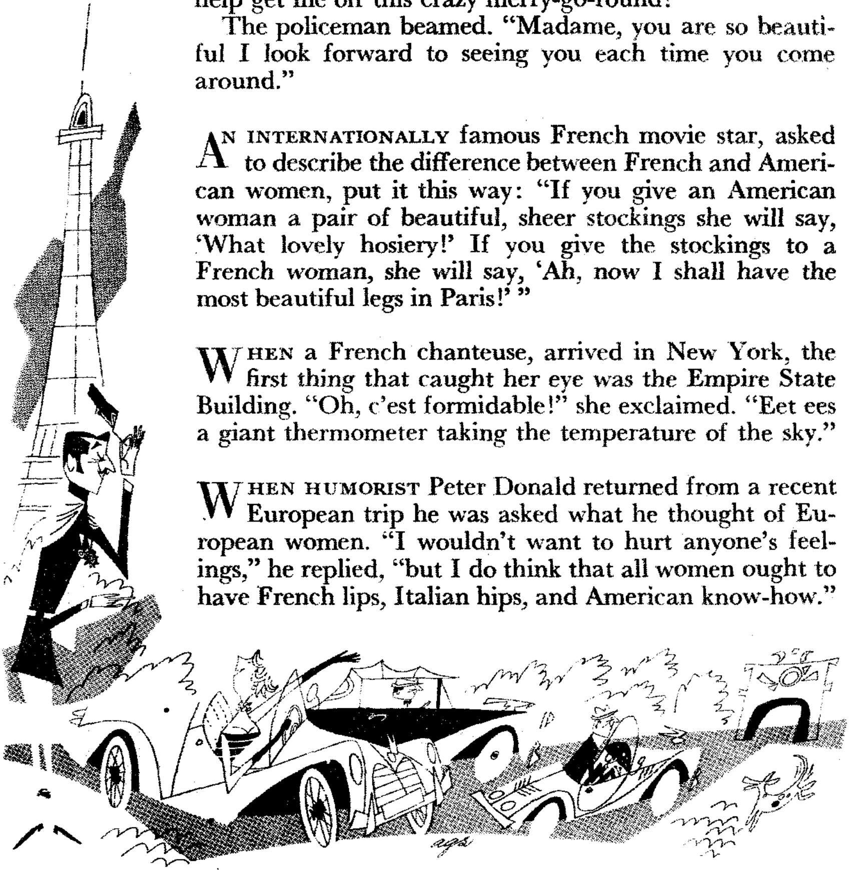
She drove around a few more times. Then she stopped again, and this time demanded angrily: "Why don't you help get me off this crazy merry-go-round?"

The policeman beamed. "Madame, you are so beautiful I look forward to seeing you each time you come around."

AN INTERNATIONALLY famous French movie star, asked to describe the difference between French and American women, put it this way: "If you give an American woman a pair of beautiful, sheer stockings she will say, 'What lovely hosiery!' If you give the stockings to a French woman, she will say, 'Ah, now I shall have the most beautiful legs in Paris!' "

WHEN a French chanteuse, arrived in New York, the first thing that caught her eye was the Empire State Building. "Oh, c'est formidable!" she exclaimed. "Eet ees a giant thermometer taking the temperature of the sky."

WHEN HUMORIST Peter Donald returned from a recent European trip he was asked what he thought of European women. "I wouldn't want to hurt anyone's feelings," he replied, "but I do think that all women ought to have French lips, Italian hips, and American know-how."



Farmers' Idea Factory

by Martin L. Gross

On a sprawling 11,000-acre farm at Beltsville, Maryland, Government scientists are revolutionizing American agriculture.

This fabulous "farm"—actually the Agricultural Research Center of the U.S. Department of Agriculture—is known affectionately as "the farmers' idea factory." For in its miles of greenhouses, orchards, farmland and laboratories some 15 miles northeast of Washington, D. C., horticulturists, agronomists, animal husbandmen, plant pathologists and geneticists are solving the problem of keeping American food production ahead of our rising population, as well as bringing hundreds of new and better foods to the housewife's table.

Beltsville genius has given us the amazing new *zoysia* grasses, seedless tomatoes, built-in insecticides that grow with the plant and kill insects that feed on it, and flowers that bloom at any time of the year.

Beltsville traces its origin back prior to World War I, but it was not until the mid-1930s, when President Roosevelt ordered the construction of a vast agricultural research center there, that it assumed its present character. It operates on a modest $12,000,000 annual Federal budget, which it repays the taxpayers in a few days of research in fields and barns.

Beltsville is well known to farmers throughout the world (some 18,000 visited it last year alone), but most people are probably familiar with it through the famous Beltsville Small White Turkey developed there several years ago. American turkeys had always been very large, and were generally eaten only at Thanksgiving and Christmas. Why not, thought Beltsville turkey experts, design a small five- to ten-pound turkey that could be eaten year-round by the average family?

They visualized the ideal bird as short and squat, with a heavy breast of white meat and small plump drumsticks. Beltsville breeders used White Holland for color, the American wild turkey for size, the Broad-breasted Bronze for expansive chest. By selecting the best and smallest birds generation after generation, the Beltsville Small White Turkey was developed and eggs sent to breeders throughout the country. Today it accounts for one of every

Chicken-sized turkeys . . . de-larded pigs . . . plants that kill bugs . . . Beltsville's agricultural magic means money for farmers and new foods for America's tables

U.S.
DEPARTMENT
OF
AGRICULTURE
AGRICULTURAL
RESEARCH CENTER

three turkeys sold to housewives and has provided a needed boost to turkey raisers.

Made-to-order farm animals are a Beltsville specialty. A visitor driving down one of the research center's 55 miles of roads will see a strange Oriental-like humpbacked cow in a meadow with milking Jerseys. This is the result of a project to create a good hot-weather cow for the humid Gulf States. where sweltering Bossy produces much less milk than her northern cousins.

Humped Red Sindhi cows from India, good milk producers by Asian standards, were cross-mated with milking Jerseys. More experiments were then carried out by Southerners.

"We're trying to find the best cross for the southern states," says one dairyman. "First we have to find out what makes the Sindhi able to function in high temperatures so that we can breed it into our cows most easily."

Two of Beltsville's most important custom-made animals are the Beltsville No. 1 and No. 2 pigs, long streamlined-bodied animals, more than half of whose weight is in good lean meat. These new pigs are economical for both the farmer and housewife, who doesn't have to pay for excess fat.

Geneticists also have developed dual-purpose sheep and cows—sheep that will produce both high quality wool and lamb, and cows good for both Grade A milk and Choice T-bone steak.

Suburban home-owners recently cheered the discovery of Zoysia 52 grass. which thrives in nearly every type of soil with little water, tolerates close mowing, eventually crowds out weeds and crab grass. It was discovered by Beltsville plant explorer Frank N. Meyer in China.

Zoysia's only failing is that it turns brown in the northern winter. But "The Combination," a mixture of Zoysia and Merion bluegrass, gives a greener lawn all year. The new "Emerald Zoysia" is a recent improvement of the original discovery.

Several explorer-scientists attached to the Plant Introduction Service at the research center travel around the world, reaching jungles and uncharted primitive areas, seeking new plants to enrich our agriculture. They are presently working to save our chestnut trees from extinction with the help of one of these imported plants.

After the giant hardwood chestnut trees of our eastern forests had been almost completely destroyed by a blight that ravaged from Canada to the Gulf of Mexico, Beltsville pathologists noticed that Chinese chestnuts brought in by Plant Introduction were immune to the blight. They fertilized thousands of Chinese seedlings with pollen from remaining American chestnut trees, then bred the Chinese-American offspring that most closely resembled our beloved American tree.

BELTSVILLE scientists lose little time in applying the latest medical research on humans to their animals and plants. Streptomycin and other antibiotics, which move through the plant sap system somewhat as they do through human blood, have been found effective against many diseases including blight of peaches and apples.

Many a newborn pig and calf owes his life to Beltsville's work with antibiotics. "On the average, about 10 per cent of the calves born each year don't survive," says a Beltsville husbandman. "But by mixing aureomycin in their feed, we can save many calves that would otherwise die." Beltsville researcher N. R. Ellis reports that antibiotics fed to a mother sow during pregnancy produce an extra pig or two per litter.

Beltsville entomologists have made brilliant discoveries in the field of insecticides. But aphids, bollworms, Japanese beetles and other insects still devour over $2,000,000,000 a year in crops and fruits. What they needed, Beltsville scientists realized, was a revolutionary new theory of insect control.

They may have the answer in two new dramatic discoveries—systemics, or built-in insecticides; and mass bacteriological warfare against insect pests. Systemics are special insecticides (usually phosphorus compounds) which grow with the plant by traveling through its sap system. In successful field trials this year, systemics were applied to cotton *seeds* before planting. The built-in insecticides killed the unsuspecting boll weevils and cotton leafworms as they chewed on the young plants.

Like humans, insects get sick and die. Beltsville entomologists hope to hasten the process by spreading virus and bacteria epidemics among harmful insects. Someday the common housefly may fall victim to such a fungus disease.

The most recent product of Beltsville genius is "growth chemicals." Frank P. Cullinan, chief of Horticultural Crops Research, explains these miracle workers as "similar in make-up to 'auxins' or plant hormones. We don't know exactly how they work but they have an amazing control over plant functions. A teaspoonful of one in 100 gallons of water will keep apples from falling off the tree before they are ready for picking."

Like the pituitary and other ductless human glands, these growth chemicals can play strange tricks, like creating abnormally tall stems or freak triple root systems. One hormone-like chemical, 2,4-D (2,4-dichlorophenoxy acetic acid) has created seedless tomatoes. A spray of the same chemical also ripens bananas, a job previously done by hazardous ethylene gas.

Suburbanites have learned to swear by the cryptic symbol "2,4-D." The discovery, which Beltsville researchers aided in, is now being sold commercially as a miracle weed killer that destroys broad-leaved weeds, including poison ivy, without harming grass. During its early stages of development, the strange property (it causes weeds to turn brown and shrivel up) was sprayed on a dandelion-choked Beltsville lawn and the results turned out to be amazing.

When it was proven safe (Dr. J. Ezra Kraus ate it), it was released to the public. Mixed with the soil, seed and fertilizer, it works as a "pre-emergent," killing weeds before they ever come up in millions of acres of cultivated land.

The foods we buy today are, in all likelihood, not the same varieties our parents ate 20 years ago. Beltsville researchers are constantly making "super" foods that better meet the needs of farmers and consumers. These include sweet potatoes that resist black rot, hybrid onions with a more pleasant odor, and cheddar cheese produced in half the time.

Among their most important research on new foods was a feverish crash program to create a new wheat to replace the thousands of acres of durum wheat devastated in North Dakota by a fatal plant disease, Rust 15B. Durum wheat is used to make semolina flour for cookies and macaroni products.

Twin steers, Bill and Phil, were part of Beltsville feeding tests.

Working with state agriculturists in North Dakota, researchers created a new rust-resistant wheat in six years instead of the usual ten or 15. Dr. Martin Weiss, Chief of Field Crops Research, says, "We tested 13,000 different wheats from our World Wheat Collection for rust resistance, and by 1953 had it narrowed down to four varieties. A man even flew to Ethiopia to check one there.

"By raising five crops of the new strains each year for three years—one in Arizona, another in California and three in North Dakota—we had sufficient seed to plant 100,000 acres of the new wheat."

Beltsville research in the secrets of photoperiodism, one of the forces that makes some plants bloom at a certain time, recently uncovered a great new concept. Scientists previously thought the length of day triggered a plant's flowering, but Beltsville work has now determined that for some it is the length of the *night.*

Chrysanthemums, a fall flower, need a long night to bloom. By breaking the night with only a few minutes of artificial light, Beltsville scientists fooled the plants into behaving as though it were *two short nights* and they would not bloom. Commercial nurseries have already applied the research to delay chrysanthemum blooming until the Christmas holidays, and to bloom many other flowers almost at will the year round.

All Beltsville discoveries are freely imparted to the American farmer. Seeds of new plants are sent to seed growers. Information on how to derive better poultry types (like the new meaty Beltsville Broiler soon to be placed on the market) is sent to breeding houses; cuttings from trees and bushes and new seedlings go to nurseries. Every bit of completed research is published in pamphlets or other publications available to everyone.

Last generation's school children were weaned on the skeptical warnings of the Malthusian theory which predicted that we were doomed to eventual starvation because the world's population would grow quicker than its food supply. But obviously English economist Robert Thomas Malthus had not reckoned on the genius of the Agricultural Research Center at Beltsville, which has been the guiding force in making America's cornucopia of food one of the great wonders of the modern world.

Good Judgment

VIENNESE have been warned against swallowing their dentists' drills. The warning came in a recent court decision that a local patient and not the dentist had to pay the cost of the operations that were necessary to recover the drill.

A CLEVELAND, OHIO, MAN was excused from jury duty because his 425 pounds and 60-inch waistline just wouldn't fit into a juror's chair.

IN WANNE-EICKEL, GERMANY: The reason that he stole the water meter, then reported the theft to police, the man told the court, was because he had eight children and wanted to go to jail to "get some peace and quiet."

"Four months," the judge said —then suspended the sentence "in view of this man's responsibility toward his large family."

AN OMAHA JUDGE excused a woman from jury duty when she explained: "I know the little words OK, but not the big ones. And you know these lawyers . . ."

WHEN A MAN in Oxnard, California, pleaded guilty to a drunk driving charge, the judge disqualified himself from passing sentence because on his driving spree, the driver crashed into the judge's car.

—EDITH ROBERTSON

A Great Author Faces Up to Death

An interview with JOYCE CARY
by GRAHAM FISHER

Doomed by a progressive paralysis, novelist Joyce Cary calmly ponders what makes life worth living as his own days draw to a close

At his home among the colleges and spires of Oxford, the distinguished English novelist Joyce Cary is dying. Scholar, soldier, thinker, as well as one of the outstanding writers of our day, his books include "The Horse's Mouth," "Herself Surprised," "Prisoner of Grace," "Not Honour More," as well as many others.

Now, at 68, he has been stricken with a progressive paralysis. His left arm is almost useless. His right will last out another three months, with luck.

His expectancy of life is about two years. The most he can hope for is five.

How does this reasoning man face up to death? Here is what he told me:

I HAD ALWAYS HOPED to die suddenly, as with a bullet through the head. But in a way, this illness of mine might be regarded as lucky; I might have had a galloping cancer. This thing gives me some more years for work, is almost painless, and doesn't affect the brain.

Solace? I don't need any solace. I've got my faith and I've got my work. I don't see why anyone should moan when he's had his life. Life is given to us. It is a free gift. We do nothing to merit it.

I've had a good life, a happy marriage, a happy home, devoted friends. I've been a very lucky person and I have nothing to complain of now.

This thing started immediately after the Viscount crash at London airport last year. The Viscount I was on took the wrong runway and hit a lot of building material just as it was leaving the ground.

No one was really hurt. I didn't feel hurt at all at the time and went on by the next plane.

I first noticed something wrong while I was out in Greece and Cyprus. I had two small falls, though I didn't pay much attention to them at the time. I was told by my doctors that I had temporary brain damage which would pass off, the sort of thing a jet pilot gets if he pulls out of a dive too quickly.

But when the disability increased, specialists revised this opinion and said that what I had was disseminated neuritis and I must have had it a long time before it began to show its effect. This is a form of paralysis which, at least at present, has no cure. It is progressive, but varies in the speed of its progression.

I had started on a novel in 1954, "The Captive and the Free," before this thing began. I am going on with that now.

Will what has happened affect what goes into it? The main lines of this novel have been laid down for years and all the chief scenes are already written, so that if recent events affect it, it can only be in detail. The novel is about religion and deals partly with faith-healing, for faith-healing raises some of the fundamental problems of religion; for instance, the question of miracles and of what we mean by omnipotence.

Personally, I do not believe in what are called physical miracles. That is to say, any interference in the natural order of things, so far as it is revealed by scientific research. I know, of course, that science rests on an assumption of consistency in material nature. For instance, the proposition that all men are mortal cannot be proved true until all men have died, but this criticism of the scientific position seems to me rather frivolous.

A fundamental objection to physical miracles is that they make God responsible for all evil not due to evil will; that is to say, for all bad luck. When a child dies in agony of meningitis, its misery is due simply to bad luck, and not to anybody's wickedness. God could not abolish the power of doing evil because if he did he also would have to abolish the power of doing good. The world would be a machine; there would be no evil . . . and no goodness; no happiness and no grief, for machines feel neither.

But if physical miracles are possible, there is no reason why any child should die in agony. To believe in their possibility makes God responsible for that evil.

What has happened to me has not changed my perspective on anything. I have had the same religious views from at least the age of 30, and the same values on life.

Do I believe in God? I believe absolutely in God as the ground of love, beauty and goodness. These are personal things which can only exist in personality; that is why we think of God as a person.

These feelings exist universally in human nature, and human nature is part of a universal nature. As soon as one realizes this very simple fact . . . that there is personality in nature . . . it becomes the most important thing in nature. It is certainly the most important thing for humanity, because men live to satisfy their feelings. They use their brains only to create a world satisfactory to their feelings.

And, again, personality cannot exist in a machine. It exists only in the free world, the free soul, with power of moral choice, power to create its own answer for each moral situation, always unique.

The word "soul" is highly ambiguous. For me, a man's soul is the character of his personality, good or bad. It is partly inherited, as the fundamental emotions and intuitions of human nature, and partly formed by his education and his own moral choice.

Of course, this free creative mind can also plan evil and does so every day. Also, since it is perpetually at work inventing new ideas, new processes, new politics, the world is always full of insecurity. We live among perpetual changes. Nothing ever stays fixed. This is the price we pay.

We owe what makes life worth living—family affection, achieved ambition—to the same factor of free creative personality as makes for all the injustice, insecurity and change that infects all existence. They belong together in the free world. It is no good complaining of bad luck for luck is also the field of our freedom.

DO I BELIEVE in an after-life? There is no real evidence either way. That is to say, I don't believe or disbelieve. I certainly don't count on it and I can't visualize it. If there is such a thing, it must obviously be quite strange to our ideas. If there is no after-life, then death is final. I don't believe in reincarnation.

At present, I'm finding out what a lot of things you can do without when you have to. I used to live a very active life, enjoying all kinds of sport: sailing, punting. I used to walk three or four miles a day in the country or the parks. I used to go to the theater. But I don't miss those things. I haven't time to miss them.

My one real regret is not having finished some of the novels I've started. I should like very much to finish some of these, but I shan't look at them until I have finished my present novel.

I don't know exactly how much longer I have to live, but I do know that I've got much more to do in the time than I shall ever be able to do.

I went to art school once for two years. I intended to be an artist. I'm sorry I haven't had time to carry on with it, but this writing job takes up all your time. I wish I'd had time for art as well—I miss it—but I'd have had to have another life for that.

Is there anything I regret not having achieved in life? Not really. I'd have liked my novels to have been rather better. Every book I start I think is going to be wonderful—a masterpiece—and then when it's finished I'm always disappointed. If I'd another life, I'd rewrite the lot.

Language is never adequate to express feeling. Words are just marks on paper, after all. Music is much more powerful in the direct expression of emotion—much more exciting—but not so precise. The novel has to give the fact as well as the feeling, the scene of actual life, as well as a judgment upon that scene.

Would I be willing to barter the books I've written for a few more years of life? No, I wouldn't. It isn't that I think my books are so good, but they're me. They're something I have done with my life.

Has my illness revealed any difference in the world? Nothing very definite except the tremendous amount of goodness in people. I've had letters of sympathy and kindness, sometimes without even an address given. I receive extraordinarily kind letters from complete strangers nearly every day. Friends come in to see me, write to me, send me flowers. So do my children. In fact, I have been rather embarrassed by all the sympathy and to-do.

When the newspapers quoted me as saying that I was ready to die, one of my friends—a woman—remarked, "Well, we are all ready to die." And that's quite true. What's more, it's a very important truth.

It is very important that people should realize that any week may be their last . . . that next week they may be smashed up in a motor accident or knocked out with polio.

Do I mind dying? Of course. I mind very much. But I look upon the time I have left as a gift. And I am very busy.

Why Is It?

THOSE RAINY DAYS for which a man saves usually arrive during his vacation. —*Quote*

ONE OF THE most difficult tasks in this world is to convince a woman that even a bargain costs money. —*New York Daily Mirror*

SOME MOVIES on TV are so old they show bandits driving up to the bank—and finding a parking space. —NEAL O'HARA

His Flat Tire Uncovered History

by Alex Haley

Driving along U.S. Highway 101 South of San Rafael, California, in 1936, Beryle Shinn had a flat tire. He put on his spare, then climbed a nearby bluff to admire the view out toward the Golden Gate. At his feet he noticed a thin plate of blackened brass about five inches wide by eight long, with a jagged hole in one corner. Idly he picked it up, was about to shy it away, then thinking it might prove useful to patch something he tossed it into the trunk of his car.

For six months the bit of brass lay there forgotten. Then Shinn came across it again. On one side there seemed to be lines of crude lettering and he made out the word "Drake." He took the plate to the History Department of the University of California where it caused great excitement.

Historians had long known that lying unsuspected somewhere along the California coast was a record of the landing there in 1579 of Sir Francis Drake. They had argued hotly about just which "conuenient and fit harborough" Drake's chaplain on the *Golden Hinde* meant when he had written that Sir Francis anchored, then nailed to "a great and firme post . . . a plate of brasse whereon is engrauen her Graces name . . . together with her Highnesse picture and arms in a piece of sixpense currant English monie, shewing it selfe by a hole made of purpose through the plate."

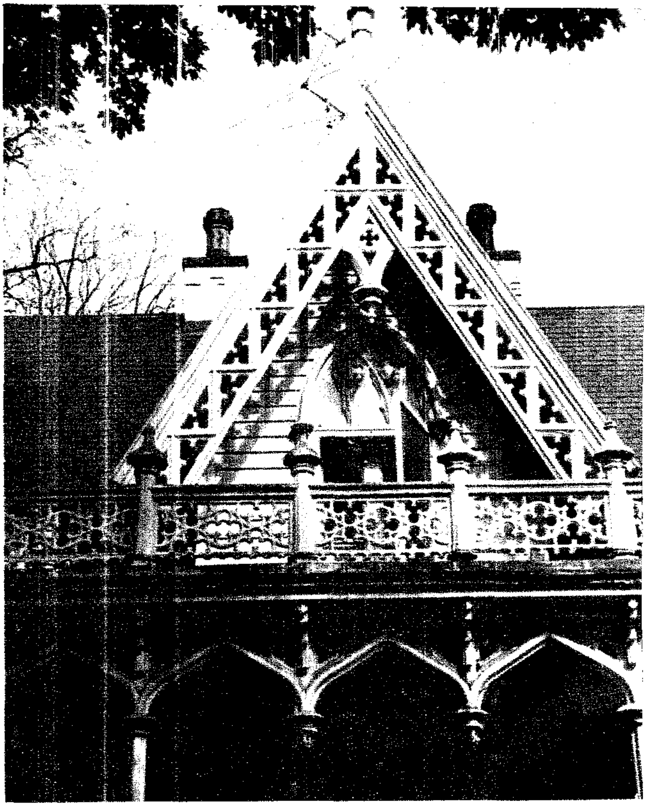
Cleaned and subjected to exhaustive tests, it was pronounced the genuine, long lost "Drake's Plate." Its angular, deep-cut lettering proclaimed:

BEE IT KNOWNE VNTO ALL MEN BY THESE PRESENTS IVNE. 17. 1579
BY THE GRACE OF GOD AND IN THE NAME OF HERR MAIESTY QVEEN ELIZABETH OF ENGLAND AND HERR SVCCESSORS FOREVER I TAKE POSSESSION OF THIS KINGDOME WHOSE KING AND PEOPLE FREELY RESIGNE THEIR RIGHT AND TITLE IN THE WHOLE LAND VNTO HERR MAIESTIES KEEPEING NOW NAMED BY ME AND TO BEE KNOWNE VNTO ALL MEN AS NOVA ALBION
G FRANCIS DRAKE

The jagged hole beneath the name of California's discoverer exactly fits an English sixpence, although the original "sixpense" still has never been found.

And so today the old seadog's priceless marker rests in a sealed glass case for all to see—because, three centuries and a half later, a California motorist had a flat tire.

BEAUTIFUL OHIO

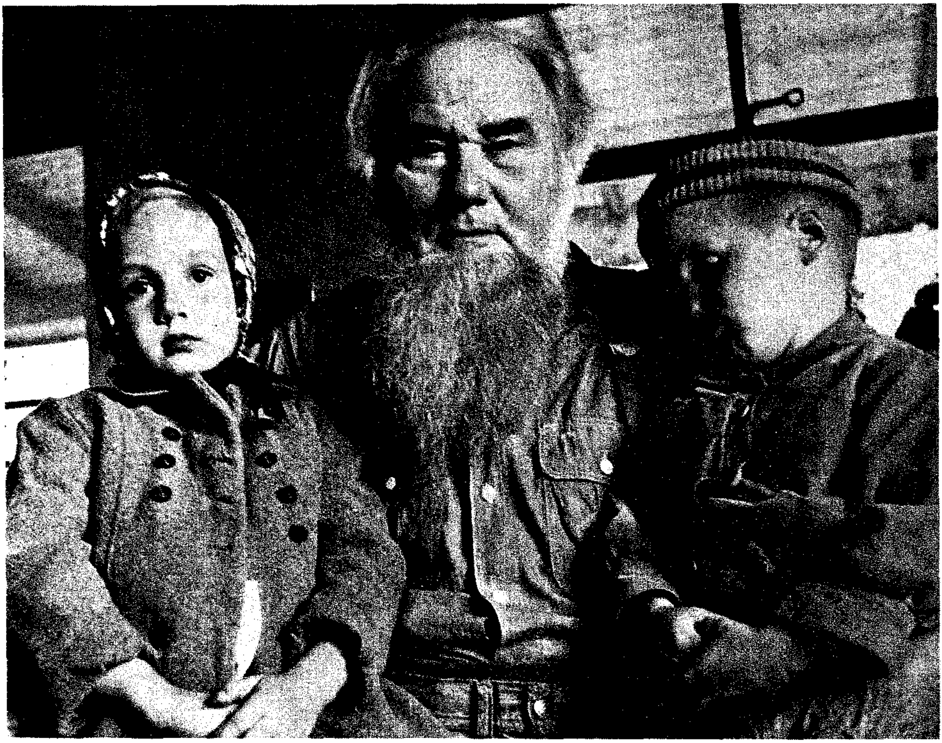


text by **GEROLD FRANK**

photographs by **CORNELL CAPA**

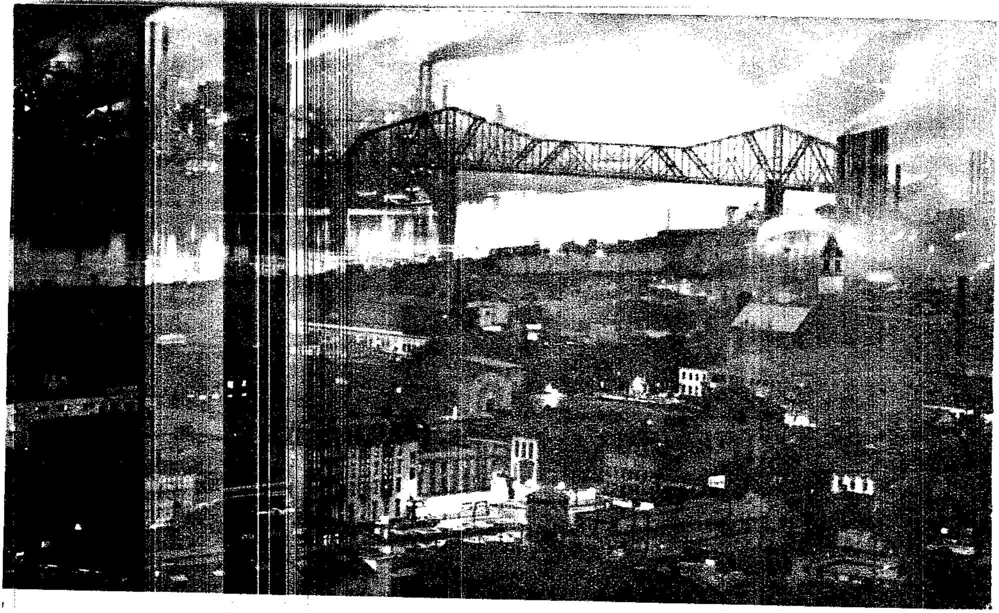
BEAUTY BROODS over the rich, rolling fields of Ohio, so fertile the earth that someone once said it "needs only to be tickled with the hoe to laugh with the harvest." The Indians who first named it "Ohio"—the word means "beautiful river"—the New Englanders who settled it as they followed their dreams westward, all knew this was a smiling land. They, and the peoples who came after, set their special stamp on it, in farm and in town.

"They came . . . many in search of peace with God . . ."



THEY CAME from Ireland and Scotland, from Germany and Holland. Some came in search of peace with God — the Dunkards, the Mormons, the Quakers, the silent, bearded Mennonites.

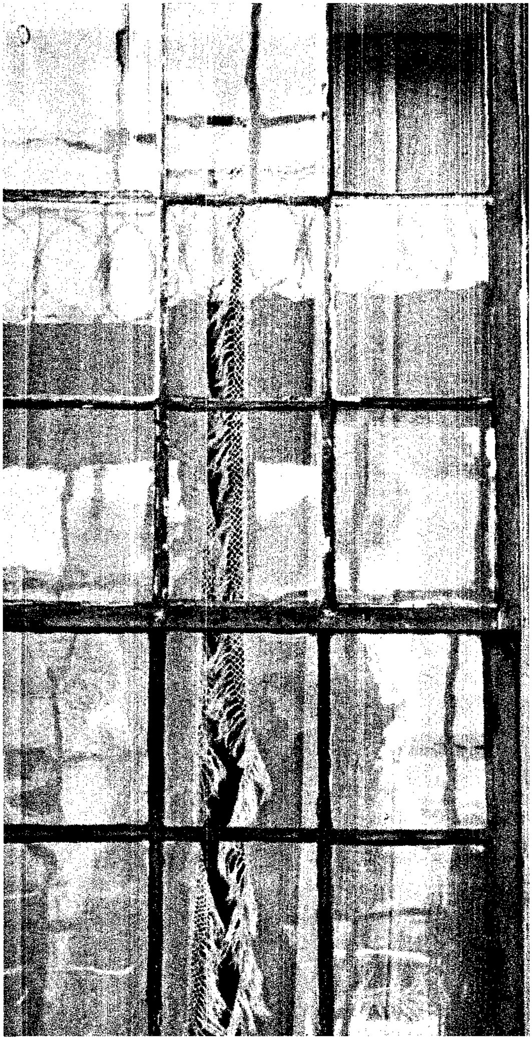
Churches and meeting places dotted the soft hills and sweet valleys, and villages rose along the banks of rivers whose names still sing to an ancient Indian music — Mahoning and Hocking, Muskingum and Scioto, Sandusky, Maumee and Olentangy . . . The rivers fed the land, but the rivers were to do more, far more.



A new art was wrought in silhouettes of iron and steel . . ."

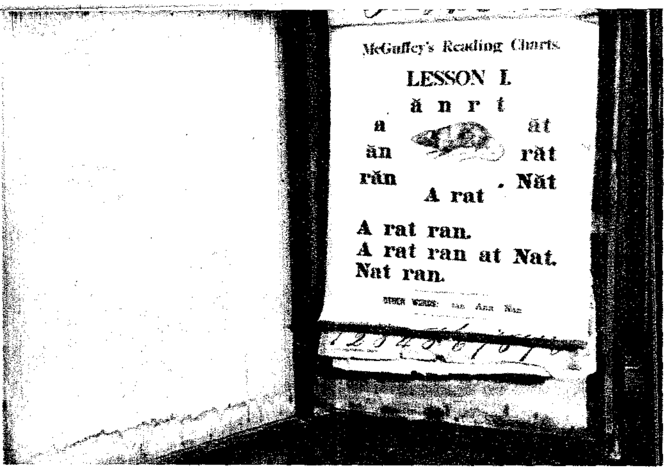
AINT
URING CO. INC.

AEONS AGO the shallow seas withdrew. Out of the swamps came coal, out of the acrid waters, salt, limestone, sandstone, clay and chemicals. Vast cities rose. The rivers became bridged canals for the needs of man. As a wilderness was industrialized, a new art was wrought in silhouettes of iron and steel against a smoke-tossed sky. This, too, was part of the Ohio character, as real and vital as nature — or the painter's canvas.



"Old-world traditions . . . capture a new world's imagination."

HEREVER THE EYE turns, America's past speaks in unmistakable accents. The ancient, wood-studded window patiently hewn by a Massachusetts builder, and still treasured for its loveliness; the institutions of learning where old-world traditions still capture a new world's imagination. A state for more than a century and a half, pioneer and immigrant together helped mold Ohio, and were molded by it.



McGuffey's Reading Charts.

LESSON I.

ă n r t

a ăt

ăn răt

răn Năt

A rat

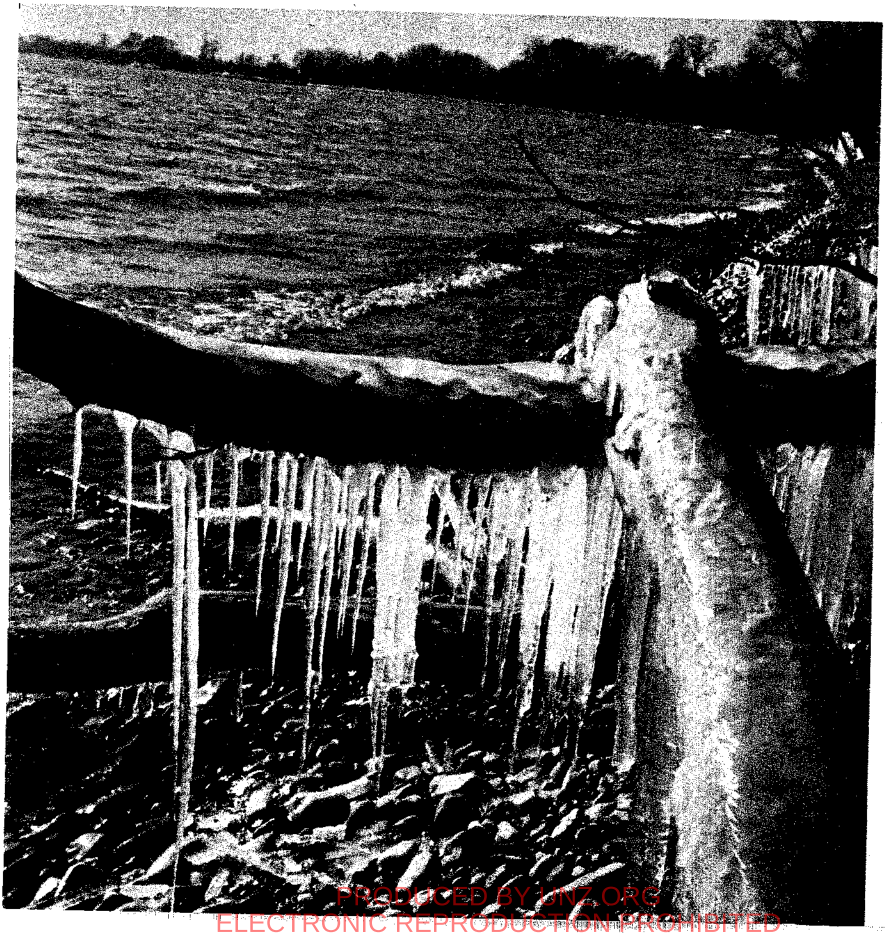
A rat ran.
A rat ran at Nat.
Nat ran.

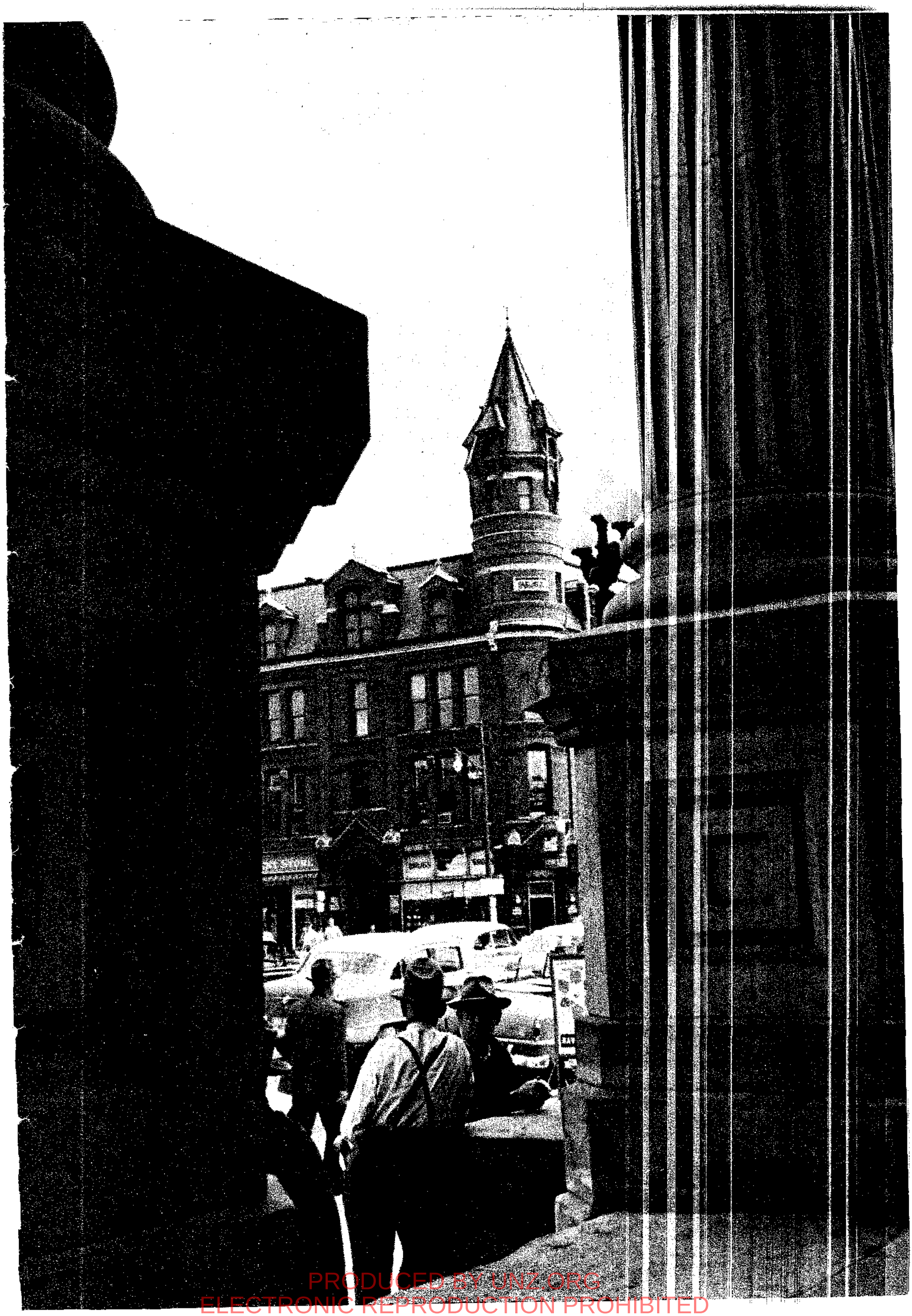
"Millions of Americans learned . . . from McGuffey's Readers"

SLEEPY THE LAND with its covered bridges and verdant beauty, but vital the land, too. Its earth could send corn soaring 14 feet high; from its soil grew men who similarly stood above their fellows. Millions of Americans learned their ABCs from McGuffey's Readers, the work of an Ohio English professor a century ago. And of Ohio's sons, seven rose to the Presidency of the Republic — among them the martyred James A. Garfield.

"The seasons . . . cast a wild and rugged beauty over the land"

THE SEASONS WORK their ancient spell, casting a wild and rugged beauty over the land. In summer, Lake Erie's waves whip against the pebbled beach; in winter, great sheets of ice stretch almost to the far Canadian shore. Yet, in a rhythm timeless as the seasons, where once the Iroquois ranged, life goes its slow and peaceful way in many a dreaming, changeless town.





Bamboo Bends with the Wind

by Yuki Sheldon

Sitting on the floor, Yuki Sheldon, her husband and sons wield chopsticks as they dine. Their Tokyo home also has a "Western Room" with chairs for U.S. friends.

THE VOICES of the boys came in to me clearly through the open window. There were a half-dozen or so. My two boys were with them. I heard one voice most clearly, because of what it said.

"Come on—let's kill the dirty Japs!"

That was like the cut of a *hara-kiri* sword. Because I was Japanese.

My boys were light-skinned and freckle-faced, like most of the others. My boys? Well, actually they were my husband's boys, although ever since they'd come to us he'd been trying to say so many times: "Yuki, they're *your* boys now."

Since World War II, thousands of servicemen have taken home Japanese brides. But not so many of my countrywomen have married into a ready-made family, and suddenly found themselves, as I did, the mother of two energetic American boys, brought up a world apart.

It wasn't just that I was Japanese and my husband American; it wasn't just the racial difference. In those days I spoke little English, and he spoke even less of my language. And I was a stepmother, which is hard for anyone, even if she has the same blood as her new children.

My husband had come to Japan as an Air Force officer in the Korean War. His former wife had died, leaving his two boys, Johnny, ten, and Jimmy, six, with relatives in the eastern part of the United States. Now he was working as a civilian for the Army in Japan, and had just finished his tour of duty. We had to decide whether to stay for another two years, or go home now.

"I'll leave it to you," he said. "The boys have good homes. Maybe better than we could give them. Shall we go to the States and get them?"

I knew he wanted them so much—but he wasn't sure that together we'd be good for them. We had never fought because I was *Nihon-jin*—Japanese—and he was *Ketō-jin*—hairy foreigner. Maybe we were lucky. My husband likes so much all the Japanese ways. He studies the language; he sits on the straw mat and eats with chopsticks. He can eat *sushi*—canapés of rice and raw fish—and once he even tried fried bees. I like many American ways.

In Tokyo we lived in a house half-Japanese and half-western. One night we ate hamburger, fish and rice the next. It was half-and-half—*hambun-to-hambun*—all the time. We were very much in love and we were very happy.

But I knew my husband did not have all his happiness without his boys.

"Let's go to the States," I said.

And we did.

I'm afraid I was very Japanese that first day in the U.S.A. As we went through customs in San Francisco my husband had to leave for the *benjo*. That is not a musical instrument—it is the washroom. The customs official asked me some question I did not understand. In Japan, many places, there is only one *benjo*, for both men and women. We are not embarrassed by this.

I needed my husband to answer the question so I went after him—

into the men's room. He made me hurry out again and everybody stared. My face was red, but my husband thought it was funny. I still don't understand why it is a joke to Americans when somebody is not polite.

We went to live in a small city in California, so I could get used to the new country. Then the big day came when we were to meet the boys in nearby Los Angeles.

When I saw the big plane land my heart began to thump—to go *doki-doki* as we say in Japanese. I thought maybe they wouldn't like me. Or even worse—maybe they would be afraid of me.

Then they came out of the airplane door and my husband made a very loud noise, which everybody heard. (He said later it was his "Comanche whoop," and he learned it from the Indians.)

The boys ran to him. He hadn't seen them in two years. He was crying without shame. He hugged and swung the big boy, and the little one called, "Hey, Daddy—how about me?" He swung the little one, too.

When this was finished, and we were walking away, he looked up as though remembering something. "By the way," he said, nodding at me, "this is Yuki."

"How do you do," said the older boy. He was very polite. Japanese people are sometimes this polite to people they don't like.

"Can I have my present now, Daddy?" said the young boy. He didn't look at me at all.

There was frost on my heart. They didn't like me.

We drove from the airport and my husband was excited. He talked very much. His children talked a lot, too. No one was paying any attention to me and for the first time since we had been married I felt lonely. And—yes, jealous.

Daddy put the boys to bed, reading the younger his bedtime story. When it was time to turn out the light, he kissed them and said, "Now kiss Yuki good night."

They did, because he said to. It was not warm. We were all very embarrassed.

But I would not spoil my husband's big day, and waited until he was asleep that evening before I cried.

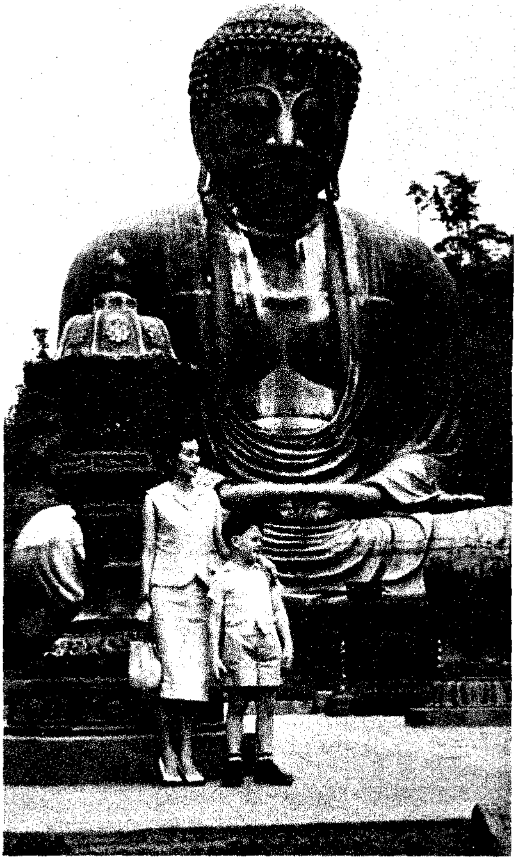
EVERYTHING had come so quickly. Until now I hadn't known how frightened and lonely I was, here in a strange place. I missed my own language. I missed places I knew.

I had been brought up in the old-fashioned Japanese way. My father was a Tokyo police official and we lived in a house carpeted with *tatami*—grass mats—and ate regular Japanese food with chopsticks. Before the war, a Japanese girl never thought of boy friends until she was perhaps 21, and then, most times, her parents would arrange her marriage. She would learn to cook and clean and make a kimono. And she would learn how to act as a woman.

I was taught many things about right behavior, but something my mother said many times stayed in my mind. "The bamboo is straight," she used to say. "It bends in the wind, but always grows straight again. This is the way you must always go."

I was taught to honor my husband (when I should have one), and love him wholeheartedly, for no other reason but to know the wonderful feeling of loving. In my religion—Buddhism—there is nothing bad or sinful about sex. That is hard to explain, because we also think it wrong to give yourself to someone before marriage, or to someone other than your husband. But no one says it is *bad* to have normal sex feelings, and we talk about them openly. I was able to give myself to my husband with all my heart.

Americans who don't know us sometimes think Japanese girls are—I had to find this word in the dictionary—*subservient* because they love this way. This is not true. In most Japanese families the woman carries the money bag, and in her quiet way says what is to be done. Yet there is a difference. She knows her position, not as somebody lower than her husband, but as second-in-command. Husbands sometimes want to carry a big bundle, with not much inside. This is an old Japanese expression—*O-buroshiki*—which means a big silk scarf for wrapping a bundle. We use it to mean pride, and outside appearance, without much reason inside. Some of my American women friends say they can't see letting the husband carry the big, empty bundle all the time, but they do not understand the secret of the Japanese wife. I give it to you now. She *lets* her husband carry this empty pride, and in the end she is stronger.



Yuki takes one of her boys to see huge bronze statue of Buddha at Kamakura. It was cast in 1252.

Now we had the children, and I had to swallow my pride and pretend everything was working very, very well.

In a few weeks Johnny and Jimmy acted as though they'd been in their new home for years. I was the stranger in this home. I was outside of everything. I tried to translate some of our ancient fairy tales for them. They listened politely, then went back to their American comic books.

They called me "Yuki," and soon all the children in the neighborhood were shouting my first name when they wanted to call me. In Japan we never say a person's name without "-san." No one ever forgot to call me "Yuki-*san*" before—even grown-ups. I felt like a maid-of-work in my own house.

THEN it was autumn, and time for the boys to go to school. Because I couldn't speak enough English, my husband made the arrangements. He didn't complain, but I felt bad because I knew an American mother usually did this thing. I tried to go to PTA meetings, and there I met the teachers and other parents. They were very nice to me, but I didn't understand half of what they were saying.

There was a PTA bazaar and all the mothers had to make something to eat so they could sell it. "Cookies, or something," said the lady who talked to me on the phone.

I had a wonderful idea. I didn't think they had ever had real Japanese food—the *sushi*, perhaps, that my husband liked so much. I went to a lot of trouble and expense to get the ingredients for *sushi*: rice and vinegar, seaweed, octopus, and raw tuna fish.

I brought it to the bazaar. One very large American lady bought some, tasted it, lifted her eyebrows and said, "Delicious. What is it?"

I told her, and her face became green. She took a napkin and quickly spit it out. My husband thought that it was very funny—but I was embarrassed and sick at heart.

In the supermarket I walked toward the door with my arms full of bundles—and it opened like magic before me. I stopped and stared, bewildered.

"Aw, Yuki, it's just a photo-electric eye!" said Johnny. Everything seemed to point up how different I was from a regular American mother.

Then came the day when the boys were playing beside the house with their toy guns. They were playing war.

"Come on!" said one of them, shouting. *"Let's kill the dirty Japs!"*

I was crying when my husband came home. At first I wouldn't tell him why, but he kept asking. Then it all came out suddenly, how lonely and frightened I was.

He looked shocked. He really hadn't noticed any of this. He got up and said, "I'll show those little monsters!"

I stopped him. I made him be quiet.

That night I lay in darkness and thought of my mother. Again I seemed to hear her say, "Bend in the wind, like the bamboo—but always grow straight again. . . ."

The next day, Jimmy, the younger boy, was sick. It was measles. My husband found the word for the sickness in the dictionary and showed me, and I understood. Japanese children get measles, too.

A few days after his spots broke out, Jimmy's fever rose and he became delirious. He saw animals on the wall and heard voices. My husband and I were terribly frightened. We stood by his bed.

Suddenly he cried, "Mommy!"

"He wants his real mother," I told my husband. "Not me."

"Mommy!" he said, pointing to me. "I want *you!*"

I couldn't believe it. I put my arms around him and kissed his hot forehead.

I nursed him through his sickness. That was no big thing to do, but the older boy noticed it and saw that Jimmy and I were close together. I began to feel he wanted to be close to me, too. He began to ask me for help and advice in little things. He wanted me to help tie his neckerchief for scout meeting. He asked me to help him with his spelling study one night. And then his arithmetic—that was easier, because you don't need language for numbers.

One day, not long afterward, Johnny and his friends were in the lot beside the house again. I heard one of the boys say, "Your old lady's a Jap!"—and suddenly he and Johnny were fighting.

It was a boy's fight, and it was soon finished. Johnny came into the house. He didn't greet me politely as a Japanese son should do. He went to the refrigerator and said, "Got anything for a snack?"

I had thought surely he would have told me about the fight. But now he seemed to have forgotten it.

Suddenly, I knew something. I was the one who had not understood. This was Johnny's way—keeping the feeling inside—this was the way people acted in America. Americans say we orientals are "inscrutable," but I think it is *sakasama,* just the opposite. Perhaps we keep a straight face for strangers, but in the family we always show our honest feeling.

That didn't matter now. The important thing was that Johnny *did* like me. And accept me. And maybe some day could even love me, as I wanted to love him and Jimmy.

That night, before he went to bed, he kissed me on the cheek. "Good night, Mommy," he said.

I looked at my husband. He was smiling. . . .

A few months later my husband's old boss asked him to come back to Japan with a promotion, and he decided to do it. I knew we would not go back forever, but I wanted so much to show the children my country, and let them understand so many things about it, and about me.

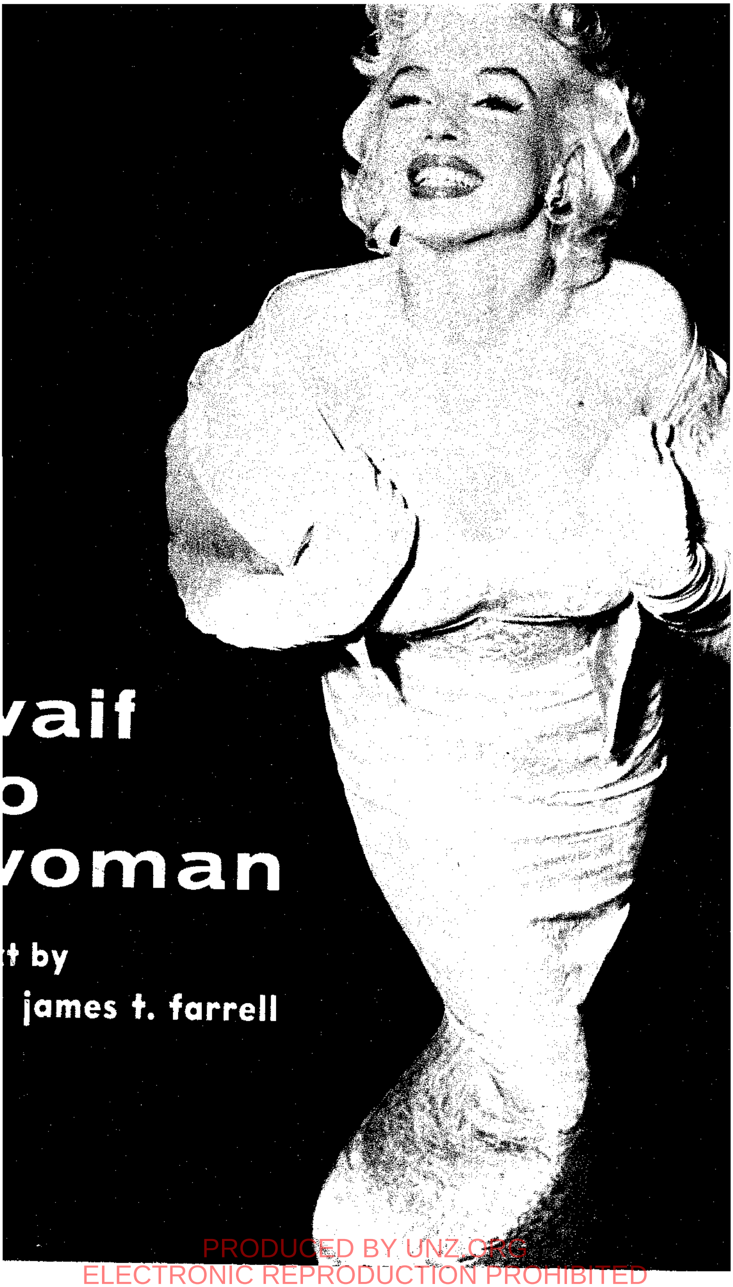
Now that we're in Tokyo I'm showing my boys places and things most Americans here never see.

I think the boys love me now. Certainly I love them. I try to teach them always to be straight, like the bamboo—the lesson my mother taught me so many times.

I have learned something from my children, too. People of any blood, of any country, want to be loved, and want to love somebody in return. But we all have different ways of showing ourselves to other people. To me, Americans are strangest of all. Sometimes, when they like somebody very much, they clap him on the back and address him by what my husband calls a cuss word.

I don't think I'll ever really get used to it. But I know that when we finally return to America, I'll understand, and no longer feel lonely and strange.

* * *



vaif
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t by

james t. farrell

With the brilliant insight that made "Studs Lonigan" a modern classic, author James T. Farrell tells the story of Marilyn Monroe—the orphan who fashioned a glittering dream from the dark shadows of her childhood

MARILYN MONROE has become the sex doll of millions of masculine fantasies. This is mighty healthy for the box office and makes the men happy—at least in their dreams.

The story of her rise should make Horatio Alger regretful in his grave. He was born too soon, and merely wrote about virtuous shoe-shine boys instead of orphaned girls. But hers is no Alger story. Had she been a character in a novel by Charles Dickens, she would have evoked pity and tears instead of provoking riots in Japan and near hysteria at airports. A woman with a childhood such as hers could have become a name in a case history instead of on the marquees of movie houses the world over.

Movie queens are the new royalty of America, the fairy princesses of the twentieth century. But what does their success mean to them? What are their real personalities? From waif (in the following simulated pictures) to woman, from rags to mink in the Hollywood Garden of Eden, can all this be, in reality, a search for identity? Or an escape from it?

In her heart, murder . . . in the pillow, the sleep of death

MEMORIES of early childhood. Children should watch out, or the goblins of James Whitcomb Riley will get them. But this is no goblin: it is a demented woman neighbor who is trying to suffocate the sin and evil out of a two-year-old girl named Norma Jeane Baker (Marilyn Monroe's real name). She would have succeeded had not other neighbors dragged her away in time.

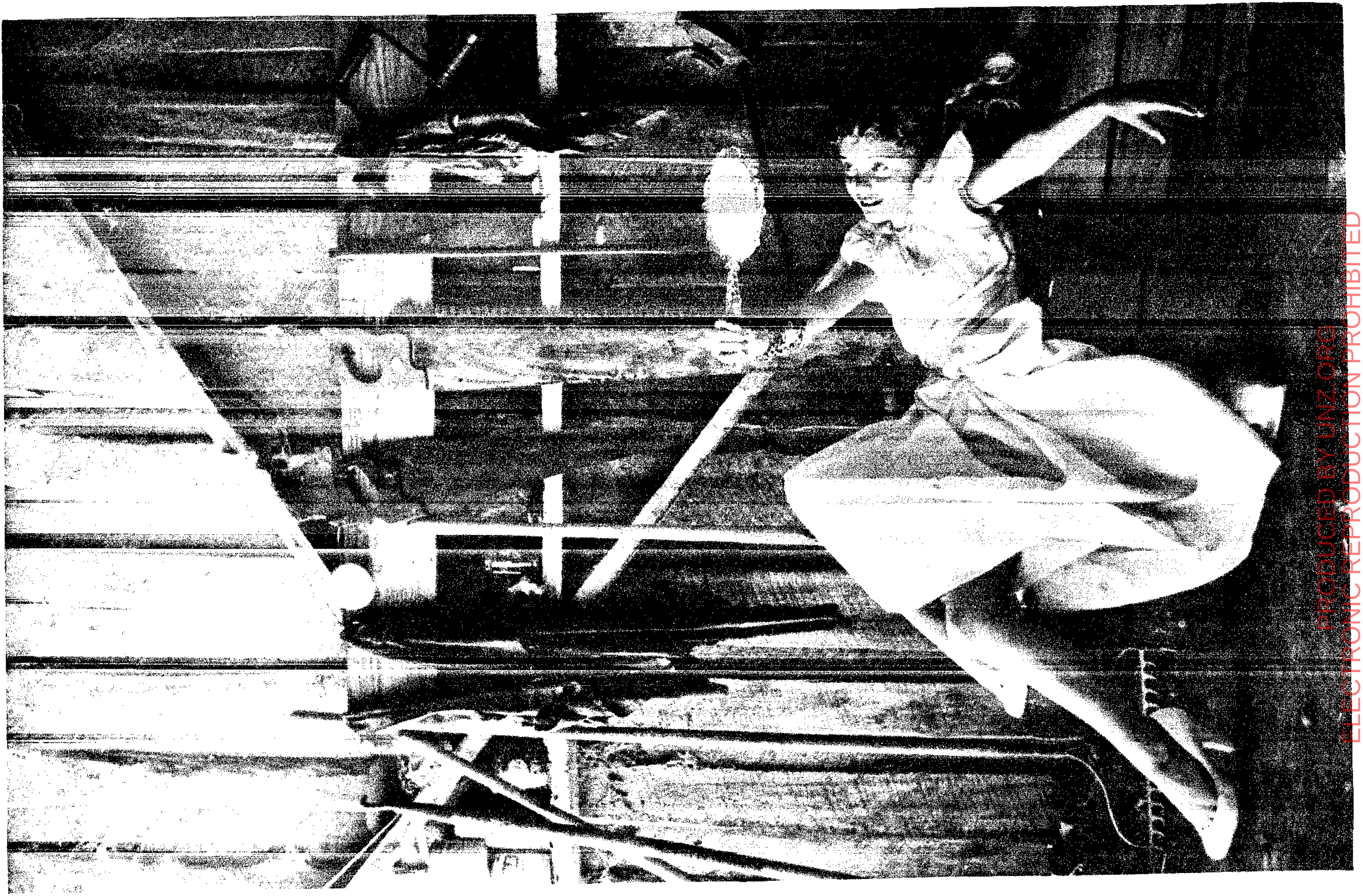
The illegitimate child of an emotionally disturbed mother and a father she never knew, Norma Jeane might as well have lived her youth in the frigid Arctic as in California's sunshine. She lived in more foster homes than she can remember—in an atmosphere where the warmth of human relations rarely penetrated.

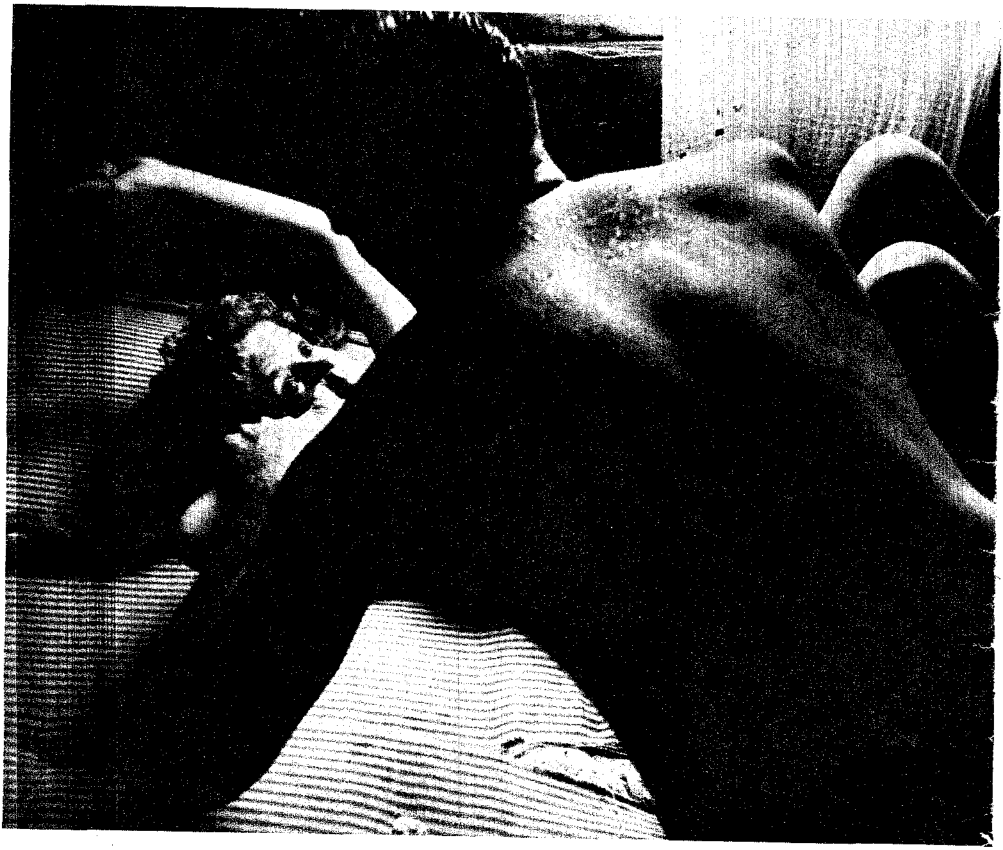
PHOTOGRAPHS BY CARROLL SEGHERS II

MANY of Norma Jeane's childhood days were spent as a drudge in a foster home. At one stage she was sent to live with a group of English actors—or, rather, would-be actors—scratching for a toe hold in Hollywood. Her foster parents staged wild parties, made Norma Jeane scrub the floors and clean up after their tawdry roistering and gave her empty whisky bottles to play with.

Shuttled from home to home, her emotions became sewn up in a sense of guilt. She had panics. She stuttered. In one home she used to hide in a shed, and dream her fantasies, yet even here in the darkness the seeds of her career were stirring, struggling upward to the light, growing into the shape of tomorrow.

PHOTOGRAPHS BY CARROLL SEGHERS II





IS IT DREAM, or reality? The neighbor, "a friend of the family," who attempted to rape her when she was six? Our memories of childhood can frequently play tricks on us. To an utterly neglected waif, hungry for affection, even a horrible act of violence can be a mark of attention. Yet who can know how deeply such a hurt seared her spirit, as it tormented her body?

THE WORLD became too much for Norma Jeane's mother. She was committed to an institution and Norma Jeane dragged to an orphanage. Here she scrubbed toilets—at five cents a month. Then she was promoted: assigned to wash 100 plates, cups, knives and forks three times a day, seven days a week at a dime a month. She bought ribbons for her hair.

PHOTOGRAPHS BY CARROLL SEGHERS II

THESE were the years of the Great Depression. And Los Angeles County made a business-like arrangement with people in need. It paid them $20 a month for taking care of its wards. Norma Jeane became a virtual commodity. But she found the surprise of love for a brief interlude. In later years, she had no memory of any brothers, sisters, aunts or uncles. But she could never forget one merry and affectionate "mother" who gave her, for once, love and laughter.

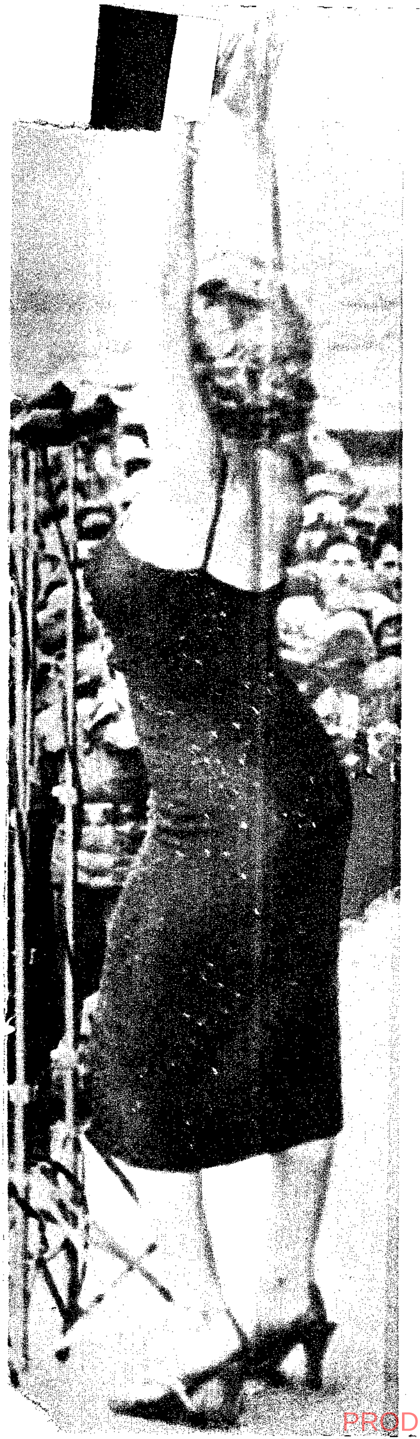
A DAB of lipstick, a few awkward smears of mascara—and subtly her face changed. Her spirits soared. But she did not know what magic she possessed. Not until the boys ogled, squirmed and shouted at her when she walked into class in a borrowed sweater, did she begin to sense power. Norma Jeane was on her way.

PHOTOGRAPHS BY CARROLL SEGHERS II

The bicycles before her house were mute predictions of the things to come. After school, Norma Jeane's house became a mecca for teenage boys: they courted and pursued her.

It takes society and adults, themselves often malformed, many years to destroy a happy, laughing child. And yet this is not easily done. Nature gives the child the instinct and will to survive. Nature gave this to Norma Jeane, together with a beauty that would attract and, beyond attraction, fascinate. Somehow, despite the searing experiences and bitter disillusions of her youth, she had survived. But for what?

PHOTOGRAPHS BY CARROLL SEGHERS II



Shy and inarticulate, Joe DiMaggio, the former Yankee outfielder, was one of the greatest baseball stars of his time, a Frank Merriwell of the national game, when he met Marilyn Monroe.

DiMaggio is a first generation American who came from humble surroundings. His future, when he was a child, was as unpredictable as that of the girl born Norma Jeane Baker. He, too, had searched for identity.

But the popular cliché of the success legend clung to Joe DiMaggio and Marilyn Monroe as a dress now clings to her body. Their marriage was the happy ending of a technicolor film. The All-American glamor girl had wed. On their honeymoon in Japan, Marilyn's appearance provoked riots. In Korea, American soldiers, hungry for America and

the girls they left behind, screamed for her. But was this identity?

The public married them; and the public broke them. Back from the Orient to live out an idealized marriage, they had nothing to say to each other, nothing to give. Their careers clashed; their attitudes differed. Marriages like theirs have an unreal quality, say the psychologists. But the needs, the emotions, are real.

A baseball player and a movie queen can symbolize the daydreams of anonymous millions. But, tragically for each other, the same dream image tantalizes—and fades . . .

WE CONSTRUCT lie detectors and fantastic machines which calculate and predict. But science and technology have yet to build a meter to measure anguish. A child knows anguish when her dolls are taken. A woman knows anguish when she loses her husband. And anguish can give those it tortures an insight into themselves that can be won at no lesser pain. The failure of her second marriage caused shock and anguish to Marilyn Monroe.

Later, she began to find direction, to look elsewhere for what she sought.

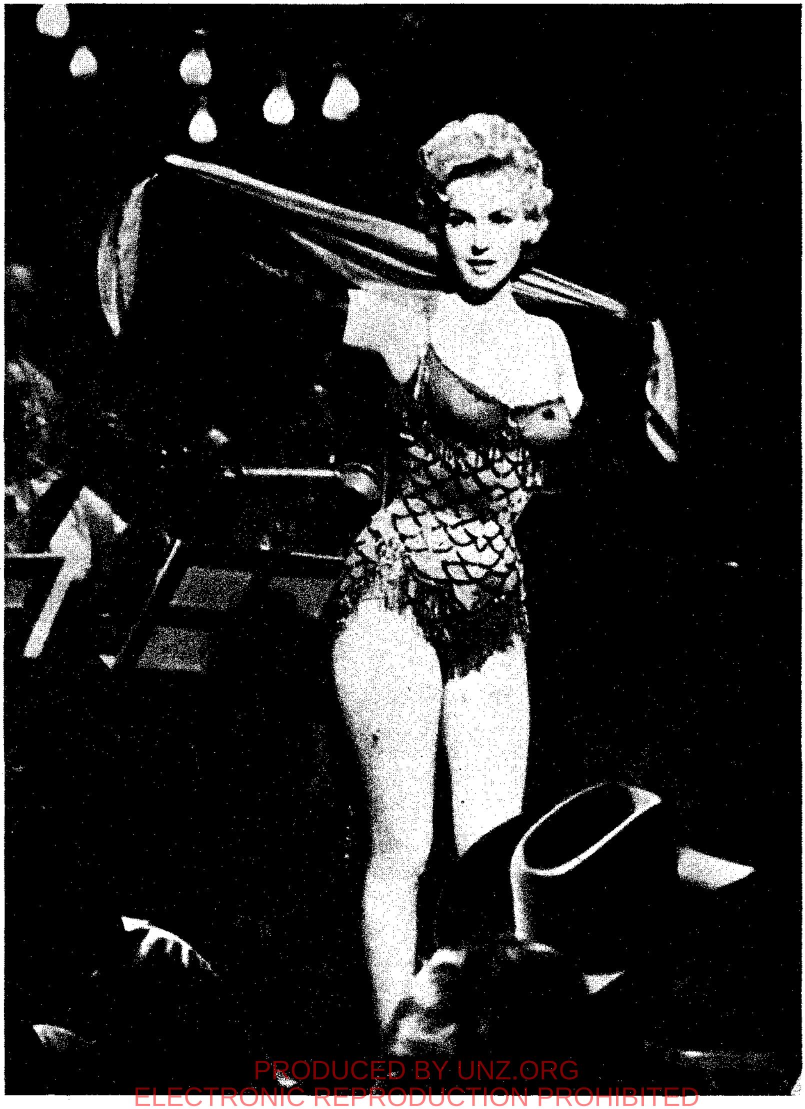
"I WANT to be an actress . . . a *real* actress." This was no fantasy dreamed in the shadow of a woodshed.

She began to fight for herself, to demand a chance to grow. Marilyn Monroe became a neophyte in the Actors' Studio in New York. The unknowing in Hollywood might scoff—could a waif play a woman out of a Dostoyevsky novel? And Marilyn Monroe could reply—"Who better than a waif to play Dostoyevsky? Hasn't my life been a prelude to Dostoyevsky?"

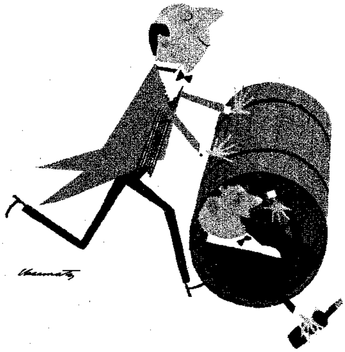
She ignored those who laughed; instead she studied. And there were others, on Broadway, who did not laugh. They spoke highly of her potentials. To Arthur Miller, the celebrated playwright, she had "a terrific instinct for the basic reality of a character or a situation."

PLAYING *Bus Stop* while on a bus stop in her own life. She was hailed for this performance. But it is too soon to predict how far she will go. Helen of Troy's beauty launched a thousand ships. Marilyn Monroe makes them whistle and scream. This keeps her box office.

Will it remain as healthy if she plays highly serious roles?



NORMA JEANE BAKER has travelled a long way in a short life. The name Marilyn Monroe is inseparable from the girl in the window, but perhaps she has found her identity—at last. She seems to have found happiness, too, in her marriage to Arthur Miller. He is the poet of the frustrated, the poet, therefore, of her own aspirations. No life can be sewn into a neat conclusion. It runs on and the threads are many and complex. But this much seems sure: Marilyn, the waif, is a woman. Today, at 30, more than at any time in her turbulent history, she is in command of her future.



GRIN AND SHARE IT

THE WEALTHY SOCIALITE frowned at his butler, and said severely, "The maid tells me that you were badly intoxicated last night, and that you were trying to roll a barrel into my bedroom. Is this true?"

"Yes indeed, sir," answered the butler.

"And where was I all this time?"

"In the barrel, sir!" —H. W. KELLICK

THE potential new cook was being interviewed. "Do you have references?" asked the lady of the house.

"Not exactly," was the reply. "But you can see," she went on, digging into her purse to display an assortment of silver spoons, each with a family coat of arms, "I've worked only in the very best of families." —*Quote*

* * *

A GENTLEMAN who had apparently not been in too many supper clubs strolled into an Atlantic City club with his wife one night and greeted the Captain warmly. "We're here to celebrate," he announced. "This is our tenth anniversary. Bring us some champagne!" With this, his wife nudged him gently. "Wouldn't it be enough," she asked, "if we ordered à la carte?" —*Diners' Club Magazine*

A BRITON, surveying the Empire State Building for the first time, remarked: "I suppose it was designed to give the impression of height?" —*Nuggets*

* * *

TEXAS Representative Jim Wright once sent out a questionnaire seeking the opinion of his constituents on a variety of issues.

"Do you approve," one question read, "the transfer of unused immigration quotas to countries whose quotas are in short supply?"

One man replied: "If there's any quotas left over, they ought to be returned to the Treasury!" —*Quote* (Washington Bureau)

A TEACHER instructed her class of youngsters to write an essay on "Our Dog." When she read the resulting masterpieces, she noticed that two of them, written by brothers, were remarkably similar.

Cornering one of the boys she said, "This reads almost word for word the same as your brother's story."

The youngster looked up at her through innocent eyes. "Yes, ma'am, I know. It's the same dog." —*Packard Cablegram*

FIVE-YEAR-OLD TOMMY was very frightened of large dogs. One day, when he started to back away from a large Alsatian, his mother scolded him for his timidity.

"You'd be afraid, too," was the tearful reply, "if you were as low down as I am!" —*Irish Digest*

* * *

"THIS YEAR," George Gobel announced to his TV audience, "we are not going to have any commercials on our show. Instead, we're going to give you timely little shopping hints that are carefully calculated to make our sponsors rich." —*United Mine Workers Journal*

A SCOTSMAN entered a saddler's shop in Aberdeen and ordered a single spur. "Tell me," asked the saddler, "what use is just one spur?"

"Well," replied the Scotsman, "if I get one side of the horse to go, the other will naturally have to go with it." —OLIVE TAMNEY

A CERTAIN GENTLEMAN objected to being addressed as "Geo. S. Knowles, pat. att."

In exasperation, he wrote this letter to the offending company:

Gtmn:

Pls do nt abvt my nm!

George S. Knowles
Patent Attorney

—*Woodmen of the World Magazine*

ONCE, at a scientific gathering, a young physicist approached British astronomer Sir Arthur Eddington and asked:

"Is it true, Sir Arthur, that you are one of the only three men in the world who really understand Einstein's theory of relativity?"

Then noting the look of discomfort that came into the astronomer's face, apologized.

"I'm sorry," he said. "I didn't mean to embarrass you. I know how modest you are."

"Not at all," said Eddington. "I was just wondering who the third man could be." —E. E. EDGAR

A LAWYER with offices on the sixteenth floor of a New York skyscraper impatiently awaited the arrival of a client from the deep south. The door finally opened and the client entered, puffing violently.

"Some walk up those stairs!" he gasped.

"Walk! Why on earth didn't you ride the elevator?" asked the astonished lawyer.

"I aimed to," was the breathless reply, "but I missed the darn thing!" —*Arkansas Baptist*

* * *

GEN. MAXWELL D. TAYLOR, Army Chief of Staff, said he first became interested in soldiering as a boy in Missouri while talking to his Confederate grandfather about the Civil War. "I remember asking him what branch of the service he was in. The old gentleman told me he had been in the cavalry until his horse died. After that, it was the infantry." —*Quote* (Washington Bureau)

Why not send your funny story to "Grin and Share It" Editor, Coronet, 488 Madison Ave., New York 22, N. Y.? Please give your source. Payment is made upon publication, and no contributions can be acknowledged or returned.

The Kids Fight Back

by JOSEPH N. BELL

THE TROUBLE in Dallas began on March 6, 1956, when a half-dozen windshields on used-car lots were peppered with BB pellets, and motorists about the city were shot at from cars filled with teen-agers.

Nightly, thereafter, the number of these attacks grew, the damage mounted steadily and Dallas became steadily more incensed at its young people.

At the end of two weeks, police estimated that 1,000 autos and 250 houses, schools and business firms had been damaged by flying pellets to a total of more than $50,000. Ballistics tests showed that the missiles were coming from a mixture of air rifles, .22-caliber rifles and slingshots.

On March 16, the police stepped up night patrols and began stopping and searching teen-agers seen loitering.

In the midst of all this, Bill Crowell, a 15-year-old sophomore at Forest Avenue High School had an idea. Bill was a member of a high school organization called the Key Club, which was dedicated to public service works on behalf of school and community.

Who, thought Bill, could better put a stop to this senseless deviltry than the kids themselves? He believed that only a small minority were involved in the shootings. Perhaps concerted action by the majority would bring them into line. So, with the help of three buddies, he prepared a pledge to be circulated in the schools.

On March 17, while Key Club members from all but two Dallas high schools were meeting to consider the pledge, the vandalism hit an ugly high. That night, police arrested 24 juveniles on suspicion of pellet-gun raiding. Two boys were caught breaking into schools where they smashed more than 100 windows. Windshields were shot out of 57 cars at one used-car lot—in spite of a night watchman especially hired to protect them. A motorist was hit by pellets in two different parts of the city.

Two days later, the Key Club pledge was read and explained to the students at Forest High School. It said, in part:

"We, as citizens of this great United States, realize that her future will lie in our hands. . . . To prevent damaging our heritage, we shall respect the properties of all people. . . . Therefore, we pledge ourselves to abstain from any form of vandalism and earnestly recommend that others do the same."

Students began signing the pledge at Forest that afternoon. Tuesday, it was circulating in other Dallas schools with Key Clubs. The following day it appeared at the two non-Key Club schools, sponsored by student leaders who had been approached by Key Clubbers. Up to 95 per cent of the students were signing the pledge.

On Thursday, damage began to taper off and by Saturday things were almost back to normal.

Prompt police action had had a decisive effect in stopping the pellet-gun spree. But so, too, had the Key Clubs, which both city and police officials were quite willing to admit.

Key Club members all over the nation are used to coping with such problems. For it was a serious one in Sacramento, California, that brought about the creation of the first Key Club in 1925. The problem there was secret high school fraternities which had gotten completely out of hand.

A high school vocational guidance director named Frank Vincent realized that the only way to get rid of fraternities was to offer the youngsters a satisfactory substitute. This he did, in the form of a boys' club *dedicated to community service*. Mr. Vincent figured if he could get the *key* youngsters in the school to go along with the idea, the others would follow. Hence the name he selected: Key Club.

With the help of the local Kiwanis Club, the first Key Club was formed. In a few years Kiwanians all over the country were activating Key Clubs. In 1942, Key Club International was formed, and today there are about 1,443 clubs in the U.S. and Canada, with a membership of some 33,892.

Most Key Club activities center on local problems, which the youngsters attack with tremendous zeal. When money is required to do a job, they go out and earn it—usually by selling the club's manpower for baby-sitting, car-washing or similar activities. The only financial help they get is an occasional assist from a local Kiwanis Club—usually to help send representatives to the national convention of Key Clubbers held each year.

But while focusing their major attention locally, Key Clubs are also capable of getting together to attack a national problem with potent impact. In 1953, Key Clubs took a hard look at the growing problem of vandalism. Almost $2,000,000,000 was going down the drain *annually* in the U.S. from wanton destruction. The following year, Key Club International adopted "Stop Vandalism" as its number one goal.

Because Key Clubbers are able to approach this problem from the understanding viewpoint of enlightened youngsters trying to straighten out kids who have gotten out of line, they have achieved some remarkable results throughout the nation.

In Laconia, New Hampshire, Key Club members prepared and distributed anti-vandalism posters, appeared on the local radio station, in school assemblies and anywhere else they could be heard, appealing to fellow teens to stop acts of vandalism. Club members were so sure they had won their point that they offered to clean up or make right any damage done the following Halloween. Result: they had nothing to do to make good their pledge.

The Lewiston, Maine, Key Club anti-vandalism campaign was centered around the theme of respect—for self, elders, school and community. A Key Club-sponsored Teacher Appreciation Day was held to focus attention on manners toward their elders. Each one of the 1,047 students came to school in his best clothes and cooperated in a spirit never dreamed of.

Sunbury, Pennsylvania, Key Clubbers sponsored an imaginative and effective drive to rid the community of horror-crime comic books which they considered a basic cause of vandalism and delinquency. They hit newsdealers who handled such books with a three-pronged attack: through city officials whose aid they enlisted in the campaign; through private citizens, especially parents, whom they encouraged to stop in at newsstands and express their feelings; and through personal calls on newsstand dealers. As a result, *there hasn't been a single horror-crime comic book sold in Sunbury for more than a year.*

The most spectacular of all Key Club anti-vandalism projects has been a Youth Rally staged for the past two years at Chicago's International Amphitheatre. Last April, more than 35,000 Chicago high school students crowded into the Amphitheatre to hear a group of top professional entertainers (who contributed their services) along with a discussion of juvenile problems from civic leaders and representatives of the kids.

The Key Clubbers who put across the Youth Rally were hoping to accomplish two things: prove to doubting adults that most young people are not delinquents but really interested in making their city a better place in which to live; and focus attention on and build up popularity among youngsters in *positive* objectives, and thereby bring borderline juveniles over to the right side.

Well over 100,000 Chicago high school students have signed the Youth Rally pledge: "To respect my parents and to act so as to bring them honor; to cherish my school, for it gives me the tools to think and work by; to keep out of trouble and help others to stay on the right track; to serve God, to be a credit to my country and to make my city a better place to live in."

The winner of the Youth Rally slogan contest for boys last year was an inmate of the state reform school. He made a moving appeal to the huge audience of youngsters to stay out of trouble when he accepted his prize. Amos Reed, Superintendent of the Illinois State Training School for Boys, said: "In all my years of training school work, I've never seen anything like this. The Rally showed our boys that this is not the end of the line. We continue to reap a harvest of positive thinking and good will as a result of the Rally."

Positive thinking is a commodity in which Key Clubbers deal plentifully. They especially like to impress one point: that any community, working in concert, can lick *any* problem, whether or not there is a Key Club to lead the drive. Thus, when a local Key Club comes up with a big idea (like the Youth Rally) which is adaptable to many communities, Key Club International at 520 North Michigan Avenue in Chicago puts out a bulletin blueprinting the plan for any community group that would like to try it. Where a Key Club is available, these youngsters usually lead the drive. But any group of kids—the high school letterman's club, for example—could take over the job.

The Key Clubs have no problem attracting members—in spite of the high local standards set for membership. Applicants are usually screened by school authorities, and the size of the club dictated by the facilities available. Some clubs have more than 100 members, but most have much less.

"We've never lost a club for lack of membership or flagging interest," says Frank McCabe, Director of Key Club International, proudly. "Rather, our problem is keeping the club from becoming unwieldy while still bringing in all the youngsters who want to work. And, believe me, there are lots of them."

Freedom's Foundation (at Valley Forge) recently honored Key Clubs with a special award for progress against vandalism. No group has ever deserved such an award more. And no group has ever fought harder to earn recognition for the overwhelming majority of young people who are not only sincere and respectful but conscientious Americans as well.

Perfect System

Years ago in Monte Carlo, an English peer attended morning church service, then strolled over to the Casino and won a large amount backing 32, the number of the closing hymn, at roulette.

The story got about and the following Sunday the church was crowded. Immediately after the last hymn was over there was a rush for the Casino. Strangely enough, the "system" again succeeded.

The chaplain, fearing a repetition of the incident, made it a fixed rule that hymns 1-36, the highest number on the roulette wheel, should never be sung in the church. And to this day they have not been.

—FRANCES RODMAN

Over Seventy

by P. G. WODEHOUSE

A LETTER has just reached my desk from the desk of Mr. J. P. Winkler. He writes:

"Dear Mr. Wodehouse:

"For some time we have been presenting in newspapers and on radio a feature entitled 'Over Seventy' which includes expressions on living by those who have passed their 70th year. You have been doing much these last 50 years, perhaps you can tell us something about it . . ."

That piques me a little, that "50 years." What do you think I was doing before then, Winkler? Loafing? Gad, sir, I was the talk of London when I was in my early 20s.

Those were the days when, if you had not seen me in my frock coat, top hat, varnished boots and spats setting out to pay what were termed morning calls, it was pretty generally admitted that you had not seen anything. And I used to ride down the Strand on my bicycle to the offices of the *Globe* newspaper, where I was at that time employed, frequently using no hands. Long before 50 years ago I was leaving footprints on the sands of time, and good large footprints, too.

However, I get the idea, J. P. You want to start the old gaffer yarning away at the fireside in the hope that something will emerge which you can use in newspapers and on radio without any of that sordid business of paying for it. Right ho! Let's see what we can dig up.

What changes, you ask, do I notice principally in my daily life now? Well, for one thing, I find that the attitude of taxi drivers toward me has altered. Where before, after nearly running me down, they used to lean out sideways and shout, "You silly fool," they now say, "You silly old fool." Shows the passage of time, that, Winkler.

For another thing, I find myself getting more and more out of touch with modern novels. Their authors seem to have such extraordinary ideas about age. "He was a man not far from 50, but still erect and able to walk across the room under his own steam," they write. Or: "Old though the Colonel was, his 47 years sat lightly upon him." I have reached the stage nowadays that, when picking up a novel and seeing that a new character the author has introduced is 68, I say to myself, "Ah, the young love interest."

In real life, I must confess, I tend to become a little impatient with these kids of 68—noisy young brutes with their space helmets and their toy atom-ray pistols rushing about all over the place yelling at one another. Want their backsides smacked, if you ask me.

But probably you are referring to physical changes, J. P. Some of these are very marked. I still do my daily dozen before breakfast, but it is an open secret that I can no longer touch my toes. And, as the years go by, I find that I tend to become bulkier. I do not look like Jackie Gleason, but I have lost that streamlined slenderness which once used to make so many people come up to me on the street and ask for my autograph, thinking I was Fred Astaire.

It is one of the mysteries of life (Ah, Sweet Mystery of Life—Victor Herbert) that foods one could eat pounds of in one's youth without any spreading of the waistline cause the old codger—as I was referred to in a review of my latest book (America, I Like You—Simon and Schuster—at all bookstores)—to bulge in every direction. Unless, of course, he is a corpse in a detective story.

I think that if I had my life to live over again I would be a corpse in a detective story, for they always seem to do themselves so extraordinarily well without ever putting on extra weight. "I have concluded my autopsy," says the medical examiner, "and the contents of Sir Reginald's stomach are as follows: Caviar Frais, Consomme aux Pommes d'Amour, Sylphides à la crème Ecrevisses, Points d'asperges à la Tallulah Bankhead, Suprême de Fois Gras au Champagne, Délices Strasbourg, Friandises, Diablotins, Corbeille de Fruits Exotiques," and, of course, about half a pound of cyanide.

And in Chapter One, Sir Reginald is described as a stern, gaunt old man with the slender lines and the lean, race horse slimness of the Witherington-Delancys. It looks as though it were the cyanide that did the trick.

As a result of this bulk, and a certain stiffness in the joints, I am finding it more and more difficult to catch the cat at night. This cat is a stray who clocked in one evening and insisted on being added to the household. We let her out at about ten o'clock for a breath of air, and once out she hears the call of the old wild life and decides to make a night of it. This means that, unless caught and returned to store, she will hit the high spots till five in the morning, when she will come and mew at one's bedroom window, murdering sleep.

When you are in the middle 70s you have passed your peak as a cat-catcher. There was a time—say between 1904 and 1910—when it would have been child's play to outstrip the fleetest cat, but now, as I say, the joints have stiffened somewhat and the old footwork has gone back on me. The thing usually ends in a bitter, "All right, *stay* out," from me and a quiet smile from the cat as she glides into the bushes. And then the reproachful mew outside my window with the clock striking five. There seems no way of beating the game.

Still, life is not all catching cats and, anyway, things have brightened a good deal lately owing to our cat having been bitten in the foot by another cat—no doubt in some night club brawl—and being able to operate only on three legs. One more such episode and the thing, as I see it, will be in the bag. I may not be the sprinter I once was, but I feel confident of being able to outsmart a cat walking on only two legs.

Do I have a regimen for keeping fit? Why, yes. As I say, I catch cats, or, at any rate, try to catch cats, which gives me all the exercise I need in order to remain in good fettle. And apart from the running, there is the falling. Owing to the hurricanes of the year before last most of the trees on the estate are shored up with wires and there is, as any doctor will tell you, nothing better for the liver than to trip over one of these when going all out. It amuses the cat, too.

We septuagenarians have to watch our health like hawks, and in pursuance of this aim I make a practice of smoking all day and far into the night. Smoking toughens and fortifies the system. Tolstoy said it didn't, and where is Tolstoy now?

I think that about cleans the thing up, J. P., does it not? What you were trying to say in that letter of yours, I imagine was, "Hello there, Wodehouse, how *are* you?" My reply is that I am fine. All the same, a letter like yours does rather make one realize that one is not the bright-eyed youngster one has been considering oneself. A rude awakening, you might call it, and one that must have come to my house-master at school (who recently died at the age of 96) when he said to a new boy on the first day of the term: "Wapshott? Wapshott? That name seems familiar. Wasn't your father in my class?"

"Yes, sir," replied the stripling. "*And* my grandfather."

Report Card Glossary

WHEN TEACHER REPORTS on the progress of *some* third graders, you have to use a special glossary to know what teacher really means.

PHRASE	DEFINITION
Has Unusual Imagination:	He's driving me nuts
Gaining Poise and Confidence:	Talks back to teacher now
Interested in Figures:	Susan, Donna, Janet, Margo
His Writing Has More Legibility:	I can make out some of it
Shows Independence:	Won't take orders
Deportment Is Improving:	Hasn't shot spitballs lately
Has an Expanding Vocabulary:	Learning many slang words

—GEORGE W. FEINSTEIN

A CORONET QUICK QUIZ

It's All Relative

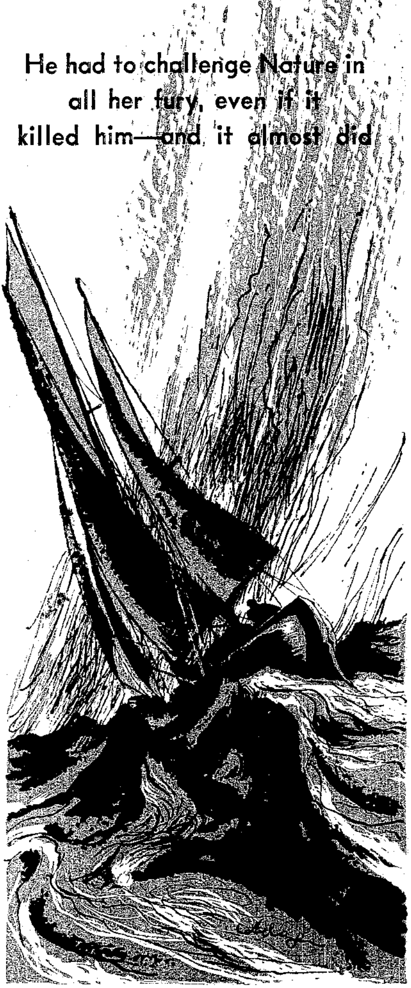
Do you X-cel at X-amining relationships? Quizmaster Jack Lescoulie, host of "Meet the Champions" (NBC-TV, Saturdays, 6:45-7 P.M., EST), X-pansively states that he's an X-pert and X-tends an invitation to X-periment on the X-ercises below. To give you an X-ample of how they are X-ecuted, Jack X-plains—Job: (is to) patient :: (as) Solomon: (is to) X. In this case X equals *wise*. X-citement lies ahead, Jack N-thuses. (Answers on page 148.)

1. Isaac: Abraham:: Joseph: X
2. Blue Boy: Gainsborough:: The Angelus: X
3. Raven: Poe:: Skylark: X
4. Lone Ranger: Silver:: Dale Evans: X
5. The Little Corporal: Napoleon:: The Little Flower: X
6. Monticello: Jefferson:: The Hermitage: X
7. Little Eva: Uncle Tom's Cabin:: Little Nell: X
8. Dachshund: Germany:: Pekingese: X
9. Demosthenes: Athens:: Cicero: X
10. Tannhäuser: Wagner:: Il Trovatore: X
11. Eagles: Philadelphia:: Rams: X
12. Radius: diameter:: 1: X
13. Paul Revere: silversmith:: St. Paul: X
14. Canoe: Indian:: kayak: X
15. Adiós: Spain:: arrivederci: X
16. Black-eyed Susan: flower:: Lazy Susan: X
17. Stymie: golf:: check: X
18. Davy Crockett: bear:: Samson: X
19. The Delaware: Washington:: the Rubicon: X
20. Herodotus: Father of History:: Hippocrates: X
21. Rhapsody in Blue: Gershwin:: Washington Post March: X
22. Oculist: eye:: pediatrician: X
23. Mary Todd: Lincoln:: Dolly Paney: X
24. Jonathan Swift: writer:: Christopher Wren: X
25. Auld Lang Syne: Robert Burns:: Annie Laurie: X
26. Henry Hudson: Half Moon:: John Paul Jones: X
27. Venus: beauty:: Minerva: X
28. Mount Rushmore Memorial: Borglum:: The Thinker: X
29. archy: cockroach:: mehitabel: X
30. Puck: ice hockey:: shuttlecock: X
31. Joe Miller: old joke:: Annie Oakley: X
32. Democrat: donkey:: Russia: X

Around the Horn

by VITO DUMAS
as told to MICHAEL DUBALL
translated by A. LÓPEZ

He had to challenge Nature in all her fury, even if it killed him—and it almost did



WHAT I had dreamed of for almost 35 years now lay within my reach. But, plainly and frankly, I was afraid to start. Only one man had successfully made the run around Cape Horn alone in a small boat. And he was dead before the trip was over.

The Cape had been the reason for this voyage which had taken me, in 274 navigating days, from Buenos Aires across the South Atlantic to South Africa, the Indian Ocean and the Pacific to Valparaíso, Chile, for the crucial leg of the trip around the Horn. There, for days, I held back.

Rear Admiral Gaston Kulcheski of the Chilean Navy made the personal struggle no easier. Daily, he confronted me with fresh meteorological reports of hurricane. "Dumas—go through the Straits of Magellan," he urged. "I will give you a destroyer escort."

Time was growing short. There are only 20 to 30 days in the year when the crossing can be made in a small boat. I was uncertain now as to whether I would try it at all. I believed I would not survive, yet I felt that if I did not make the attempt I could never live at peace with myself.

All of my lone voyages between harvesting on my small farm outside Buenos Aires had been preparation for an eventual "run of the Horn." My bookshelves were crammed with books and maps and magazine articles relating to Cape Horn which I had avidly read since the age of eight.

The sea provided an escape from the squalor and pettiness and devotion to meaningless duties. Even during the planting season, while running furrows in the earth—the sea gulls would swoop down for the worms and I would imagine myself at sea, with the fresh-turned earth a wake on the open sea.

And in February of 1934, when the newspapers mentioned the arrival in Buenos Aires of the Norwegian sailor Al Hansen, who intended to circumnavigate the Horn in a double-ender, I went to see him with the enthusiasm of a boy, grasping eagerly at his words. I had dinner and slept on the boat of the big, rawboned sailor on the eve of his departure. When word of his death at sea came later, I was dumbstruck.

Hansen's face, his quiet determination, was as much with me during this day, eight years later, as it was on the night he set sail. For on the 30th of May, 1943, I finally pulled anchor and swung the bow of my Colin Archer-type double-ender, the *Legh II*, to the southwest and then to the south.

The area was still lashed by hurricane weather but it was a peculiarity of the region that the winds followed the direction of the coastline, the air pressures creating a solid black storm wall well beyond me. From nine to 11 A.M., the temperature plunged from 18 degrees to below zero.

I clutched the tiller, studying the gray haze for some sign of a break. Unable to "shoot the sun" with the sextant to determine my exact position, I was depending on blind judgment. Winds sweeping in off the Antarctic ice cap struck the yardarm in blistering gusts. Unless I shifted my hold on the tiller, my gloved hands became iced down in a matter of minutes.

I huddled there, icy beads forming around my nostrils and mouth. I could not chance going below to warm up over the small kerosene-burning primus stove. If I were moving too far to the south I could be swept on into the Weddell Sea and imprisoned in sealing ice masses. I had to be alert for some sign.

At 10:40, the swiftly changing currents were stirring to great turbulence over the Cape's deep-scarred subterranean crust. I caught sight of a U.S. battleship three points off my beam, taking the full force of battering mounds of water as high up as the gunnery control tower. But my small boat hurtled over the waves like a tinderbox rushing through a storm sewer.

Close to noon, quite suddenly, the sun burst through the charcoal haze. Skidding over thick layers of deck ice, I dashed below and grabbed the sextant. About two mintes later, the sun was gone. But I had my "sight." The *Legh II* had arrived at a point 40 miles northwest of the crossing line.

When I tacked sail, the lines were frozen through and brittle as glass. The chin plate lock, a metal piece holding the turnbuckle to the shroudlines, snapped off and I was forced to hang over the side and pull the ends together with a Spanish windlass. Lashing sprays exploded into icy pellets upon contact with the air. They stung my eyes and brought on tears which froze even as they were shed.

The challenges of the Cape, which

still lay ahead, grew in my thoughts to more terrible dimension. I dreaded it and yet I was impelled toward it.

Sometime after four P.M., when the *Legh II* moved due east into the heart of the Horn, the seas suddenly lay outstretched before me as smooth as glass. To me, it was like exerting a tremendous force in anticipation of lifting a great load and coming up with an empty barrel. The seas in the Indian Ocean had hit 50 feet.

I leapt out on deck and shouted aloud in the direction of the Horn: "What the hell is this? These crummy waves. Don't you know how to fabricate any bigger ones?"

I addressed the *Legh II,* pointing out the progress of one wave and then another: "See, boat—that is nothing! And that bigger wave, nothing at all!"

"Hansen," I said, "and you other sailors lying below, out of respect to you, this is your vendetta!"

But the incredible calm was the result of two storm fronts—coming from the northeast and southwest—and momentarily neutralizing each other.

CLOSE TO seven o'clock, as I went further east, I was struck by the blistering impact of an 80 m.p.h. north wind. I lashed the tiller and took shelter in the cabin. The thermometer *inside* registered five below zero. An intermittent rain of hailstones as large as marbles cannonaded against the housing.

From eight to 11 o'clock, I dashed up for a minute every half hour to check the direction of the boat and trim the sails. It was all the exposure I could take. Testing the effects of the cold right through my gloved hands, I lit a match against my skin —and it took several seconds before I felt any sensation.

I was squatted on a wooden seat alongside the bunk cleaning the mist and dirt from a compass set between my knees, when the boat gave a sudden lurch to port. I went forward—hard. And with both hands on the compass, my face struck a "header," a sidebeam at the point where it formed a right angle. It felt as though the sharp edge had chopped through the bridge of my nose and both eyes. For seconds, I lay against the beam, my nose hemorrhaging and blood pouring from my eyes. Then I fell back upon the seat. I thought that both my eyes had been knocked out of my head.

I sat still, trying to adjust to the situation. I was afraid to touch my face. There was a sinking sensation in the pit of my stomach.

"I've lost," I thought. "The Cape had beaten me after all!" For if I was blinded, I was finished.

Swaying dizzily, I pulled myself up the ladder and thrust my head out into the open air. The cold clamped over my face, freezing the lacerated tissues and clumps of blood. I staggered back inside, still afraid to touch my face.

And then slowly, sickly, I began to feel around with my fingers, reaching up toward my left eyesocket. Then I touched something round. The eyeball! It was still there. I blinked it open.

"I have one eye," I thought—whether I had the other or not did not seem so terrible at that moment.

"I'm not blind . . . I can still make it."

The cold hung in the air like a lifeless carcass contaminating everything it touched. But I welcomed the cold then, because it numbed my face and eased the pain in my nose and eyes. I was able to peel off the blood in thin flakes.

At six A.M., I was moving about securing the sail to the yard, clearing the scuppers in the cockpit, without complete consciousness. It was a sensation similar to the one I had experienced in the Indian Ocean during a 72-hour period without sleep.

Now the *Legh II* was coated over with a solid mass of milky-white ice in weird stalactite forms across the yard, over the housing and mast. The boat was riding low in the water because of the additional weight and I used an axe to chip off as much of it as I could. As I did, my eye caught sight of a huge black mass ahead of me. I took it to be reefs. I lunged for the sail and veered the boat off to the southeast.

I continued in this way until the following morning, calculating that my speed for 24 hours had brought me 120 miles out into the Atlantic, south of the Falkland Islands. Here, I changed my course, intending to sail between the Islands and east of the Cape. But I was not certain how far I could keep going west before being caught up in the boiling sea and thrown against the coastal reefs.

The hours went by with straining apprehension. I peered ahead fixedly into the darkness. Then, about 25 yards off my bow, I saw something break the surface. A seal! I knew I was dangerously near land and I headed northeast on a course that would carry me beyond the Islands.

I knew then I had made it and the tremendous sense of release was indescribable. I felt that I had thrown off a stone I had been carrying against my chest for more years than I cared to remember.

There was much excitement and fanfare in Buenos Aires upon my arrival 12 days later. But for me, the great moment had come and was gone until somewhere, at another distant point in the sea, I could find another Cape Horn.

To Have and To Hold

A DEAR OLD LADY was taking her first train ride in many years, and when night approached, a porter came around with pillows.

"How much are they?" the lady asked.

"Twenty-five cents, ma'am."

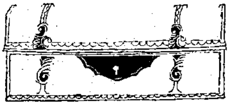
"I'll take six," she said as she dug in her purse.

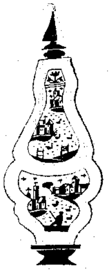
"Six, ma'am?" asked the amazed porter.

"Certainly," came the reply. "I could never get them that cheap in a department store."

—*Sunshine Magazine*

by Given Rockey





THE TAKING OF SNUFF is no longer a social grace, though once it was in haughtiest fashion among the most fastidious elite. Yet, incredible as it may seem, more snuff is used today than ever before. Americans alone spend $3,900,000 for it every year, and up-to-date factories turn out 40,000,000 pounds annually.

In the early days, users preferred it dry and face-powder fine. Today, the favorite in the North is moist, though dry is preferred in the South. In the 17th and 18th centuries they sniffed their snuff—described as "pungent as pin-points"—up the nose. Today's users put it between the lower gum and lip and keep it there for hours, giving it a surreptitious squeeze now and again.

When it was in highest fashion, a gentleman's breeding and station—and a lady's too—was appraised by his manner of taking snuff, an elaborate ceremony with as many variations as the lavish assortment of flavors available.

With a graceful hand, the gentleman took a gold snuffbox from a silk pocket. Haughtily, with his right hand, he tapped the cover three times. (The tapping settled the brown powder. The three times kept an untraceable tradition.)

With delicacy, he took a pinch and raised it ceremoniously to each nostril. For his final flourish, he took a lacy handkerchief from his sleeve and flicked a speck of snuff, real or imaginary, from a ruffle.

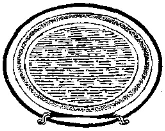
No longer does a taker give a thought to such nicety of manner. But you will find that many a man working on a job where smoking is a fire hazard has a pinch stowed between gum and cheek.

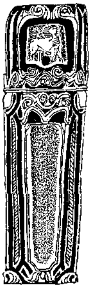
Last summer, a Chautauqua lecturer was about to walk out to his lectern. He straightened his tie, brushed back his hair with the palms of his hands, and took a pinch of snuff from a little round cardboard box. "It clears my throat and mind," he remarked to the amazed man standing by to introduce him.

In the U.S. Senate, in a niche on each side of the presiding officer's rostrum, there has always been a lacquered snuffbox.

Cigarettes have been popular only for the past 40 years. Snuff became

"Nose tobacco," now nothing to sneeze at, is big business today, with more sold than ever before





common during the 17th century in England and throughout the 18th century it was the rage.

Everywhere, it highly flavored life. Snuff attended meetings of diplomats. With blood, it was spilled on battlefields. It was a stimulant to trade.

In London, George IV as Prince of Wales could find "the best plain and perfumed snuff" at any of 1,700 shops. He prized his own blends and had various snuffs for different occasions, different seasons and different times of day.

A few peruked gallants might smoke small pipes, but to smoke was not as delicate and genteel as to snuff, and even a little on the vulgar side. But by 1830, the gentility of it began to wilt, and 25 years later snuff had fallen from social grace. One reason was the invention of the easy-to-use match. Up until then, the snuffer had the advantage of convenience over the smoker.

Before, to get a light, a man would have to reach into a hot fireplace with tongs for a burning coal. Or he lighted up with a flickering candle, if one was in reach. Otherwise he carried around a cumbersome tinderbox with its steel and flint.

Nevertheless, the brown powder is still big business, with the United States Tobacco Company, the George W. Helme Company, and the American Snuff Company turning out 90 per cent of America's and one-third of the world's supply.

There are over 100 brands and package styles with Copenhagen, Skoal, Garrett and Railroad Mills probably the most popular. An ounce-and-a-half package is 15¢. Two a week satisfies the average hankering. And you can have it with the taste of blended tobaccos, wintergreen, licorice, lemon or almost any flavor you like.

Do women still use it? They do. A great many of the snuff users in the South are women. You'd gasp if someone whispered in your ear that the loveliest lady in your town took a bit—secretly behind drawn draperies. Don't be too sure she doesn't.

The next person you meet may have a bit tucked away in his cheek. Maybe you do.

Snuff said.

How to Look 10

by Anne Schott

FIFTEEN MILLION AMERICANS today are overweight—and look it. If you are one of them, and want to look ten pounds lighter—without dieting, exercising or otherwise taxing your will power—you can. You won't actually *be* ten pounds thinner, of course, but you will *look* it.

Sound unbelievable? It's not. Thanks to an old physics principle called optical illusion. Here's how it works.

Take two women of exactly the same size and shape, for instance; dress one correctly, paying attention to small details, and she will *look* ten pounds lighter than the other.

The first thing to remember in applying this principle is that your clothes should be conservative and inconspicuous, so that you do not deliberately draw attention to your figure.

Second, remember that the vertical line is your best friend. It emphasizes your height and minimizes your weight. If you could achieve an unbroken line from your neck to your toes it would be ideal. But since clothes are not made this way, you must learn to come as close to this ideal as possible, with the help of small details that draw attention away from your width.

Fashion advisors will tell any woman who is trying to look slimmer (we'll come to the men later) that her most important asset is a well-made and well-fitting girdle. A really good one can take inches off her girth.

Choose clothes of dark, conservative colors—charcoal gray, dark brown, navy or black—either solid colors or with narrow vertical stripes or small checks. Bright colors make

Pounds Thinner

you look heavy and even neutral shades like pearl gray or beige increase the illusion of width, as do plaids, horizontal stripes and large, conspicuous patterns.

Select dresses made from dull, smooth materials like wool, jersey, silk, lace or cotton. Avoid bulky tweeds or materials with a shine like satin or polished worsted.

Choose a skirt that hangs straight but has ample material. Very tight or very full skirts make you seem wide. Skirts that are cut straight across the front with an inverted pleat in the back are excellent. So are gored skirts or those with soft, unpressed pleats.

Necklines are important. Heavy collars, ruffles or flaring bows at the throat add width, as do large cowl collars and turtle necklines. The V or oval-shaped neckline is best. It accents the length of the neck and also tends to make the face seem thinner.

Sleeves should come below the elbow, as short sleeves make the arms look heavier. Sleeveless dresses should be avoided entirely. Set-in sleeves accent the width of the shoulders. A raglan or drop sleeve is more flattering.

A belt is an unavoidable horizontal line. To minimize this as much as possible, make sure the belt is exactly the same color as the dress and, whenever possible, made from the same fabric.

A one-piece outfit is usually more slenderizing than a two-piece. But if you like two-piece dresses select those that have a skirt and blouse of the same color and fabric. Contrasting colors and materials draw attention to weight.

Avoid all tightly fitting or clinging clothes. If you wear sweaters, make sure they are large enough and choose a cardigan in preference to a pull-over. A cardigan fits more loosely and the row of buttons down the front will add that slimming vertical line.

Select dresses with concealed or slanting pockets rather than those having heavy pockets either on the top of the dress or on the skirt. Pockets placed squarely on the hip-line are particularly bad.

Be careful of the length at which you wear your skirts. One that is too short will emphasize your width. Unless you are either very short or very tall, about 14 inches from the floor will probably be the most flattering.

Wear sheer stockings with seams, and in fairly dark tones. Very pale-colored stockings, or those without seams, will tend to make your legs look heavy.

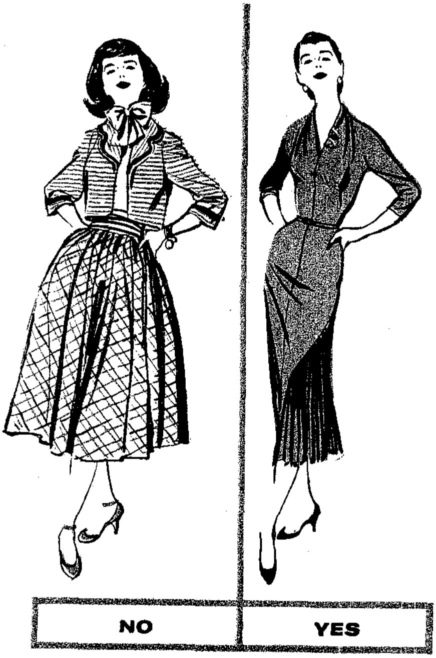
Her hairdo is particularly important to the woman who wants to de-emphasize her weight. Jean De Chant, who does the hair of some of New York's top fashion models, suggests that overweight women should usually avoid wearing their hair either closely cropped or very long.

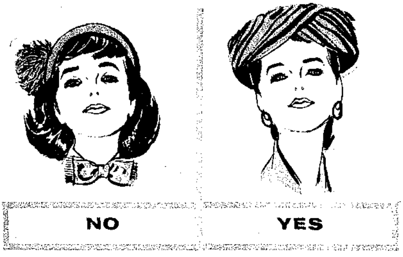
An asymmetrical hairdo is particularly good for someone who wants to make her face seem narrower. Hair brushed back from the face and worn high on one side is very flattering. If your face is slightly square, choose a half-bang covering only part of the forehead. Hair brushed back on one side with the fullness concentrated on the opposite side but behind the ear is also a good choice.

According to Miss Rubye Graham, fashion director of the Millinery Institute of America, women who want to look more slender should choose hats of light, bright colors which draw attention away from the figure. Pink, blue, champagne and white hats are excellent choices. When choosing a dark colored hat, select one with a brightly colored accent.

Always try a hat on before a full-length mirror so you can see exactly how it affects both your face and figure.

In general, you should choose a hat larger than your face. Hats with fairly high crowns or slightly raised brims, or with vertically angled brims and vertically placed feathers





or other decorations help to add height.

Bulky jewelry, chokers that fit tightly around the neck, heavy, wide bracelets and large rounded earrings all produce anything but a slenderizing effect. The Jewelry Industry Council recommends necklaces that have long lines and fall away from the neck and earrings that have a contour going up the ear, or drop earrings, to make your face and neck seem slimmer.

THE SAME PRINCIPLES in dress hold true for men who want to look ten pounds lighter. The range of styles available to them is much more limited, however, which means that a man must follow the rules even more closely in order to get the best results.

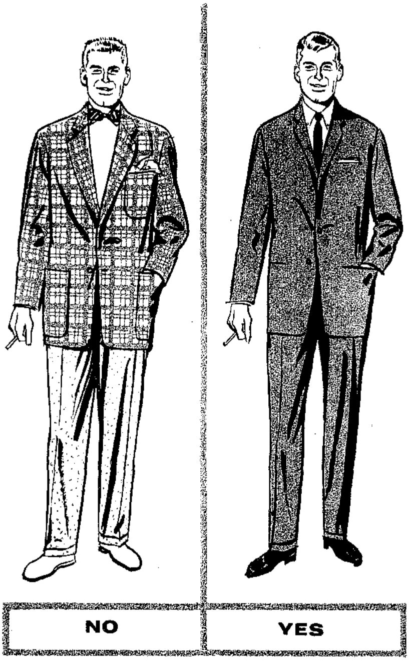
The most important thing to remember is that everything you wear must fit perfectly. For nothing will make you look heavier than a suit jacket that is too tight across the shoulders, or too narrow to button properly.

Like the women, you should select suits in dark, conservative colors: charcoal gray, navy blue, dark brown. Avoid light gray, anything brighter than a medium brown, and blue suits that have a bright color cast.

Heavy tweeds, too, add bulk, as do bold patterns, conspicuous weaves and wide chalk stripes.

A solid material or a narrow pin stripe is excellent, but you can choose a subtle weave or a conservative pattern if you prefer. Stand a few feet away from the suit. If you cannot see the pattern from that distance and the suit seems to be made of a solid material, it is probably conservative enough.

The new slim-line suits are perfect for the man who wants to look more slender. They are cut with emphasis on the vertical line, have narrow lapels, narrow unpadded shoulders and three buttons on the



jacket, all of which help to make you look slimmer than you are.

If you are loyal to the double-breasted suit, there is a new style that won't add to your width. It, too, is cut with narrow lapels and narrow shoulders, and the buttons on the jacket are placed lower and closer together than those in the earlier models.

If your weight is fairly well distributed, trousers that are cut straight across the front with no pleating are probably best. If, however, your weight is concentrated around your middle, trousers with pleats will conceal it better.

A vest or sweater worn underneath a suit jacket only adds unnecessary bulk. A sweater worn for sports should be a dark color.

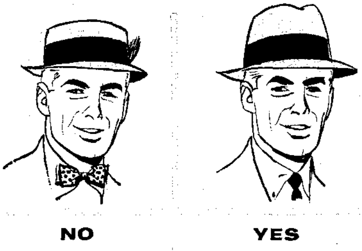
Avoid heavy, loosely woven tweed sports jackets with large pockets. A bulky jacket may look more sporty but it will also make you look heavier.

When you wear sports shirts choose dark solid colors, small checks or narrow vertical stripes. Bright floral patterns, plaids or horizontal stripes make you look heavier, as do tightly clinging knitted shirts. Business shirts should be either gray, white, blue or a conservative stripe.

Choose shirts with a fairly long and pointed collar. They make your face and neck look more slender than a round or short, square collar.

Wide, brightly colored four-in-hands and bow ties draw attention to width. The new narrow ties are much more flattering, especially those that have subdued colors and diagonal stripes.

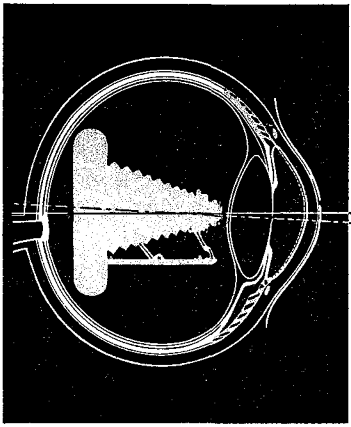
According to Charles De Zemler, one of the country's leading authorities on the tonsorial arts, heavy men should shun both crewcut and long hair creeping down below the collar line. Hair that is worn at medium length, in a medium pompadour or parted at the side (and trimmed regularly) is usually the best choice.



To top it all off, the John B. Stetson Company, a leader in the men's hat field, suggests that a short, heavy man choose a hat with a medium crown and a very slight taper. A very high crown overbalances a full face, an extremely full crown makes the entire figure look squat, and an extreme taper emphasizes a wide face.

For the tall, heavy man a full square crown of moderate height with a wider brim snapped full across from side to side is a good bet. If the face is full, the crown of the hat should not be pinched to a point in the front; this will make the hat seem too small.

If you are 40 or 50 pounds overweight, no optical illusion can help you very much. But if your figure problem is somewhat less formidable, it can help make you look a good ten pounds lighter.



The Miracle of Vision

by JOHN PFEIFFER

Chief sentinel of the mind, the eye is a miniature motion-picture camera, complete to shutters, filters—and even a light meter

YOUR EYES are miniature motion-picture cameras, operating in a space about the size of a ping-pong ball. They furnish precise records of the outside world, in Technicolor and Vista-Vision and 3-D.

And like a motion-picture camera, your seeing apparatus switches off and on regularly. For an instant you look and register scenes in fine detail. Then you black out, register again, black out again, and so on. For at least 30 seconds out of every minute of your waking hours you live in complete darkness.

Your eyes take snapshots at an average rate of ten exposures a second, 36,000 an hour, producing a series of "stills." Things seem to move smoothly instead of flickering, because the snapshots follow swiftly one after the other like the individual frames of a movie film.

The eyes come equipped with an array of almost unbelievably ingenious devices—shutters, focusing elements, lenses, filters. Nature has also invented a unique kind of photographic plate which develops itself and provides amazingly sharp negatives. Furthermore, you take billions of snapshots, enough for a lifetime, using only a single film.

These most complex of your sense organs began forming when you were about a fifth of an inch tall, during the fifth week of embryonic life. By the time you were six years old they had reached their present adult size. But 20 years or more must pass before the job is completed. The final product is a marvel of biological craftsmanship.

Light enters the eye through a window, the cornea. This transparent structure covers the eyeball like the glass of a wristwatch, and is more sensitive to pain than any other part of the body.

The cornea is cleaned frequently. The upper eyelids act as windshield wipers when you blink, which you do every three seconds or so. Tear glands supply fluid to wash off dust. The fluid is also an antiseptic and kills germs as it cleans.

Behind the cornea lies a self-regulating shutter. Look up at the night sky and pick out the faintest star you can see. The pupil of your eye, the black spot at the center of the colored iris, opens wide to let in as much light as possible.

A sunny landscape is some 200,000 times brighter. But you can still make out details and distinguish more than 150 hues, as your pupil contracts to a pinpoint and reduces the glare. Such adjustments would be impossible without a neatly constructed light meter. Your eyes are hooked up to special nerve centers which measure brightness and automatically set the size of the pupils.

Like any good seeing instrument, the eye has a light-focusing lens. But nature's version surpasses anything ever manufactured.

Imagine a plastic transparent as Lucite, elastic as rubber, tough as leather, efficient as high-grade optical glass—and built to last a lifetime. This miracle material makes up the lens of the eye. Attached to strong ligaments, it can be formed into hundreds of different shapes for near and far vision.

The lens also serves as a color filter. Our eyes do not see well by the shortest light waves, which are the colors at the extreme violet end of the visible spectrum. So the eye-lens is slightly tinted to filter out such colors.

Since it darkens with advancing years, we see fewer blues and violets as we grow older. Dr. George Wald of Harvard, a leading eye investigator, points out that this may be why "aging artists tend to use less blue and violet in their paintings."

The entire apparatus—window, shutter, lens—shifts with the aid of six tiny ribbon-shaped muscles which help direct your gaze as accurately as a spotlight beam.

One thing the eye *cannot* see, by the way, is its own movements. Try to observe the motion of your eyes in front of a mirror. You will have no success. The moving eye is out of focus and completely blind.

Even subtler than the eye's mechanical workings is the intricate chemistry of vision. Images form on a screen at the back of your eye, the so-called retina. This screen is razor-thin and not much larger than a postage stamp.

Ordinary man-made film consists of invisible silver-bromide crystals embedded in gelatin. When you snap your camera, light of different intensities strikes the grains which blacken and furnish a negative. The "grains" of the retina are 137,000,000 cells, forming a mosaic of light-sensitive elements.

The living photographic film is a dark reddish tissue in its unexposed state. One of its chief ingredients is a substance known as visual purple, a pigment chemically related to vitamin A. As you look at an object in dim surroundings the substance becomes paler in those places where the light strikes. Some day we may be taking photographs using films made, like the eye-screen, with visual-purple chemicals instead of conventional emulsions.

The cells of the retina perform a host of duties. Some 130,000,000, the great majority, are microscopic rods sensitive to low-level illumination. They provide facts about the general shape and distance of objects only.

For night-time seeing, the trained human eye is the finest instrument ever evolved. Not even the owl can see in the dark as well as we do.

Seeing under brighter, daylight conditions is performed with the aid of 7,000,000 cone-shaped cells in the eye-screen mosaic. An extra-dense population of cones is concentrated within a tiny zone, a barely detectable yellow patch sunk in a shallow depression. The yellow pigment, incidentally, also resembles vitamin A and is found in all green leaves.

The patch is called the fovea (Latin for "small pit"). It represents the most wonderful of all features of the eye. It makes possible many of the achievements we regard as uniquely human, everything that depends on the sharpest focusing: reading small print, examining objects through a microscope, assembling a wristwatch. Under the proper conditions you can distinguish between two points much less than one ten-thousandth of an inch apart.

Yet, ironically, you would see no details at all if it weren't for additional viewing devices. The image of a face takes up an area tinier than a speck of dust on the screen in your eye. All the features are there, the fine wrinkles, the thousand and one other clues that help us to make out facial expressions. But the image is much too small to perceive in full detail.

What would you do if you wanted to examine such a minute picture? You'd magnify it in some way—and that's exactly what nature does. Here the brain comes in to work with the eye in a superbly coordinated team.

The light you see by produces chemical changes in the eye-screen, and the changes are translated into electrical nerve impulses. Signals flash to the brain along the optic nerve, a slender pathway containing a million fibers. This cable has a certain amount of slack in it, so that it can move without tearing as the eye shifts.

Optic-nerve fibers travel toward the visual area of the brain, at the back of the head. But just before they get there, they branch or "spray" out like the hairs on the end of a painter's tufted brush. Fibers from the sharp-focusing patch, or fovea, of the eye-screen branch out the most, and make contact with points scattered over a particular large part of the brain's visual area.

In other words, the details of a tiny image on the retina of the eye are mapped over a relatively wide region of the brain. The net effect is that the image becomes enlarged as if it were being viewed under a high-power microscope. The brain magnifies the eye's most detailed pictures 2,000 or 3,000 times, so that we can perceive and remember our impressions.

No one knows exactly how we view things in three dimensions. The optic nerves, one from each eye, come close and cross over in a special brain center—and the feat may be accomplished here. Electrical signals may leak from one nerve to the other and produce an effect like "crosstalk" on a telephone.

According to a recent theory, similar effects in the brain could account for the illusion of depth. One thing is certain: depth vision is not born in us; we must learn it.

When persons blind from birth have their sight restored surgically, they see nothing but confused jumbles of light and shade. They must be trained to make out the full shapes and contours of objects.

Color vision is another great mystery. We know it is a function of the little cone-shaped cells. Some investigators believe that three kinds of cones respond to red, green and blue-violet light respectively. Signals representing these colors are somehow blended in the winding and twisted fiber-tracts of the brain.

You see by an involved color process, roughly analogous to that used in color printing. The process rarely breaks down seriously. Although more than 3,000,000 Americans (mostly men) are color blind to some extent, only about 2,000 persons at most can't tell a red from a green traffic light.

The eye is the star reporter of the human mind. It brings us more than 85 per cent of all the information we store in our brains.

Deftly Defined

CAR SICKNESS: The feeling you get each month when the payment's due. —*Sunshine Magazine*

ROAD MAP: A book of etiquette showing motorists which fork to use. —*General Features Corp.*

OBSERVANT MAN: The man who noticed that Lady Godiva rode a white horse. —*English Digest*

HEIRLOOM: Some old thing nobody liked well enough to wear out. —MARIANNE WILSON (*Courier Journal Magazine*)

BUS: A vehicle that has empty seats when going in the opposite direction. —*Speaker's Encyclopedia of Stories, Quotations & Anecdotes*, JACOB M. BRAUDE (Prentice-Hall Inc., N. Y.)

PEDESTRIAN: A man with two cars, a wife and a son. —*Philnews*

AN ANTIQUE: Something too old to be anything but expensive. —DENISE LOR

INTUITION: The ability women have to read between the lines on a blank page. —*The Flame*

POISE: The ability to remain calm and at ease in a barber chair, with your mouth full of lather, while the porter tries to give your new hat to another fellow. —*Benefit News*

The Senate's Watchdog of the Treasury

by Peter Wyden

As the arch foe of financial skulduggery, Sen. Williams has made 152 official heads roll, saved the government millions, sparked revision of the tax laws . . . and never asked Congress for a dime

When a smiling six-footer with twinkling blue eyes gave the elevator bell in the Capitol a single shove the other day (U.S. Senators are permitted three rings for prompt service) the elevator boy picked him up at leisure and stopped at every floor—until a new passenger greeted the unobtrusive rider with a deferential, "Good morning, Senator."

"Sorry," the embarrassed elevator boy apologized. "I didn't know, or I'd have taken you right up."

The quiet passenger, Senator John James Williams, Republican of Delaware, was delighted. For in the ten years he has been in Washington he has become, to his own amazement, the most devastating one-man Congressional investigating committee in memory. In less than three years, in the Internal Revenue Service alone, 152 officials resigned under fire or were dismissed and 105 were indicted as a result of investigations begun by Williams. But basically, he likes to think of himself as a chicken-feed dealer from Millsboro (pop. 500), Delaware, which he is, both in fact and spirit.

The Williams saga strains credulity. Now 52, he had no formal education beyond high school. When he ran for the Senate, he had never held office except in the Millsboro town council.

His voice is so meek that Senate colleagues call him "Whispering Willie." His memory for names, a traditional requisite for elective office, is terrible. A nonsmoker and teetotaler, he studies the comics before perusing the rest of his newspaper. His wife has to buy his suits because he is partially color-blind.

His investigations are even less conventional. Congress has never appropriated a penny to run them. Williams hires no investigators and pays his own way on sleuthing trips across the country.

He employs no more than his well-developed taxpayer's sense of indignation and the same ruggedly honest business methods which made him rich in the chicken-feed game (he always did his own bookkeeping). Yet he has saved the Government incalculable millions of dollars in past and potential waste; uncovered perhaps the widest net of official corruption ever to infest the Government; and sparked a wholesale revision of laws regulating the nation's biggest business: tax-collecting.

WILLIAMS is that almost nonexistent species, the politician without politics. He helped force the resignation of William Boyle as chairman of the Democratic National Committee for interceding with the Reconstruction Finance Corporation on behalf of a private client who wanted a loan. Not long afterwards, Williams accused GOP National Chairman Guy Gabrielson of similar habits. Gabrielson was replaced. And while the Senator's most spectacular coups came in the Truman administration, he has been just as severe on fellow-Republicans in the Eisenhower era.

"You can't sort these things out on the basis of your party or my party," he says.

Williams was born on a tiny farm outside of Millsboro, the ninth of 11 children. At 18, he borrowed a little money from his family and went into the feed business. At 19, he married his childhood sweetheart, Elsie Steele, a farm girl. They had no money for a honeymoon.

Today, Williams has an interest in several farms, the feed business and a chicken hatchery. It was all done without Government subsidies of any kind.

In 1946, a political unknown, Williams decided to run for the Senate because he didn't like the way things were run in Washington. He had no trouble capturing the GOP nomination. "Nobody else wanted it," he recalls, "because they didn't think they could get elected."

Doggedly, without manager or organization, Williams shook hands across the little state, mumbled a few homilies, and won.

Soon afterward, the Senate was treated to what was to become a routine spectacle: Williams monotonously reading a speech about tax irregularities.

His speeches were interminable and as full of figures as an auditor's report. They were not easy to grasp, but, like many an auditor's report, they were loaded with TNT. In case anybody felt like questioning a single fact (almost nobody ever did), Williams had stacked, on a nearby chair, mounds of original documents from which he could cite at length.

The more of these speeches he made, the more he learned. For, from all parts of the country, honest Internal Revenue employees who had been unable to get a hearing from their political bosses showered tips on the Senator. And he promptly ran them down.

In New York's Third District, for example, Williams found corruption common. He personally pushed his way past the receptionist (he had introduced himself as "Mr. Williams") confronted the collector and, ultimately, the collector was fired.

More explosive was the case of "Judge" James P. Finnegan, a former police judge and political crony of Harry Truman, who was collector at St. Louis. From information furnished by a retired revenue agent and the *St. Louis Post-Dispatch* (which won a Pulitzer prize for its role in the case) Williams knew, for example, that Finnegan was on the payroll, at $1,000 a month, of a St. Louis company which he helped get $565,000 in RFC loans after the loans had been turned down three times. A grand jury cleared Finnegan.

Williams then disclosed that the Government had failed to give the grand jury evidence which it had in its possession and which almost certainly would have convicted "Judge" Finnegan. Williams offered to give the jury the numbers of the "missing" documents and he and U.S. District Judge George H. Moore wheedled until the case was reopened.

Finnegan went to the penitentiary. So did Denis Delaney, collector at Boston, and Daniel A. Bolich, a former assistant commissioner of Internal Revenue in Washington. Bolich's boss, Commissioner George J. Schoeneman, resigned because of "poor health." All told, one regional commissioner, the Bureau's chief counsel and nine collectors quit hurriedly or were fired.

Williams reached higher. Theron Lamar Caudle, Assistant Attorney General in charge of the Tax Division in the Justice Department, was fired by the Truman administration for accepting gifts and costly entertainment from taxpayers. And only recently, he and Matthew J. Connelly, Truman's appointments secretary, were convicted for conspiring to fix a tax case.

The tips kept coming because rank-and-file Treasury workers had faith in Williams. He took pains not to let them down. He worked until midnight in Washington or in his feed business office by the Mills-

The deceptively amiable Senator Williams at work on his files.

boro railroad track. (Unlike other Senators, he refuses to open an office in a U.S. Court House in his home state. "People wouldn't know where to find me," he explains.)

He journeyed anywhere on a good tip and met his sources in hotel lobbies and dining rooms. ("We'll know you," the sources said.) Tips were indexed and compiled until the file was fertile enough to explode.

Williams never forwards to the Government anonymous tips about taxpayers who are alleged to be short-changing Uncle Sam. "A Congressional office," he says, "could be used in that way to persecute a taxpayer."

Whenever he makes a speech that could embarrass a Government official or an agency, he tips them off in advance so that they can be ready with their best reply to his attack. Also, Williams goes to almost any length to protect the confidence of his sources.

It was Williams who told the country about William G. (Big Bill) Lias, of Wheeling, West Virginia, a truly huge (400 pounds) big-time ex-bootlegger and owner of the Wheeling Downs race track. Big Bill, it seemed, was more than $2,000,000 in arrears on his taxes and the Government made little headway against him. In another tedious, half-whispered oration, Williams dissected Lias' interest in various companies. Only recently, a U.S. Tax Court upheld a $2,000,000-plus assessment against Lias and he is under deportation proceedings as an undesirable alien.

Last May, Williams again told his colleagues about Lias. Big Bill's race track was now under receivership, but the Government had hired him to run it for $35,000 a year. This made Lias the fourth highest paid employee on the Federal payroll. The Treasury Department was blaming the Justice Department for this anomaly, the Justice Department the Federal court that selected the receivers. Loyal Republican Williams didn't care. He saw an outrage and he spoke up.

IN HIS search for skulduggery, Williams, a former Sunday School teacher and loyal Rotarian, did not neglect other Government departments. But tax angles remained his specialty.

There were, for example, the intriguing compromises which some delinquent taxpayers managed to work out. Many were legitimate and desirable for the Government, Williams found. But there were others, like the brewery which settled a $636,000 case for $4,500 and then got a $35,000 refund from the Government on top of it. In that case, the attorney had been Joseph D. Nunan, Jr., Tammany politician and not too lately retired as Commissioner of Internal Revenue.

Not long after Williams called attention to numerous tax cases handled by Nunan after he left the Federal service, the former Commissioner was sentenced to five years in prison and a $15,000 fine. The charge: income tax evasion.

When the Senator began studying tax compromises, such settlements, by law, could not be disclosed in public. Today, because of a bill pushed by Williams, details of such deals must be made available to the press on request.

Other changes brought about entirely or largely because of Senator Williams include:

1) The basic structure of the Internal Revenue Service was revamped. All collectors were brought under Civil Service. Previously most of them had been appointed primarily for political reasons.

2) The statute of limitations has been extended from three to five years in all cases involving bribes or payoffs of Government officials.

3) Tax delinquencies, never added up, are now compiled and an annual inventory is published.

4) Under a new law, the Justice Department may now investigate wrongdoing in the Treasury Department. Previously, the Treasury merely investigated itself and decided whether a case should be handed to the prosecutors.

Still not passed—but sure to be reintroduced by Williams in 1957—is a bill requiring a two-year lapse before a retired Federal official may represent a private client before old Government associates.

Next to total honesty in Government, the cause Williams likes best is economy. In its name he has voted against appropriations for the Marshall Plan and the last Congress' foreign aid bill. He does not object to foreign aid in principle. But he thinks more of it should be in loans, not grants, because: "You never make a friend by buying him."

Curiously, the only serious attempt to muzzle Williams' free-wheeling activities was made by the Republicans. When the Eisenhower administration took office, the Senator thought it logical that a sub-committee of the Senate Finance Committee be charged with investigating the Treasury to prove that corruption was really being cleaned up.

But the Republicans apparently decided to take no chances on the maverick from Delaware, suggested for the sub-committee chairmanship. The Finance Committee chairman, Republican Senator Millikan of Colorado, called for a special—and unusual—sub-committee rule. Under it, no public hearings could be held and no information released without consent of the whole Finance Committee.

Williams smelled a potential muzzle of his power to take the Senate floor to make one of his famous marathon speeches. He refused to go along. The sub-committee was never formed.

Actually Williams doesn't need one. The files in his office keep bulging bigger (he keeps duplicate sets elsewhere of all important papers). And whenever a promising tip comes along, the Senate's one-man FBI will move in.

Name Calling

A WEST COAST motor court calls itself: "The Supreme Court."

A ROOM in a health club is named: "The Thinner Sanctum."

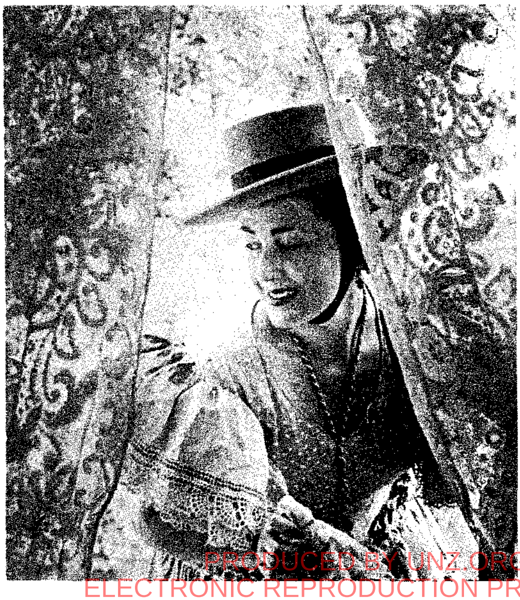
—DAVID DEUTSCH

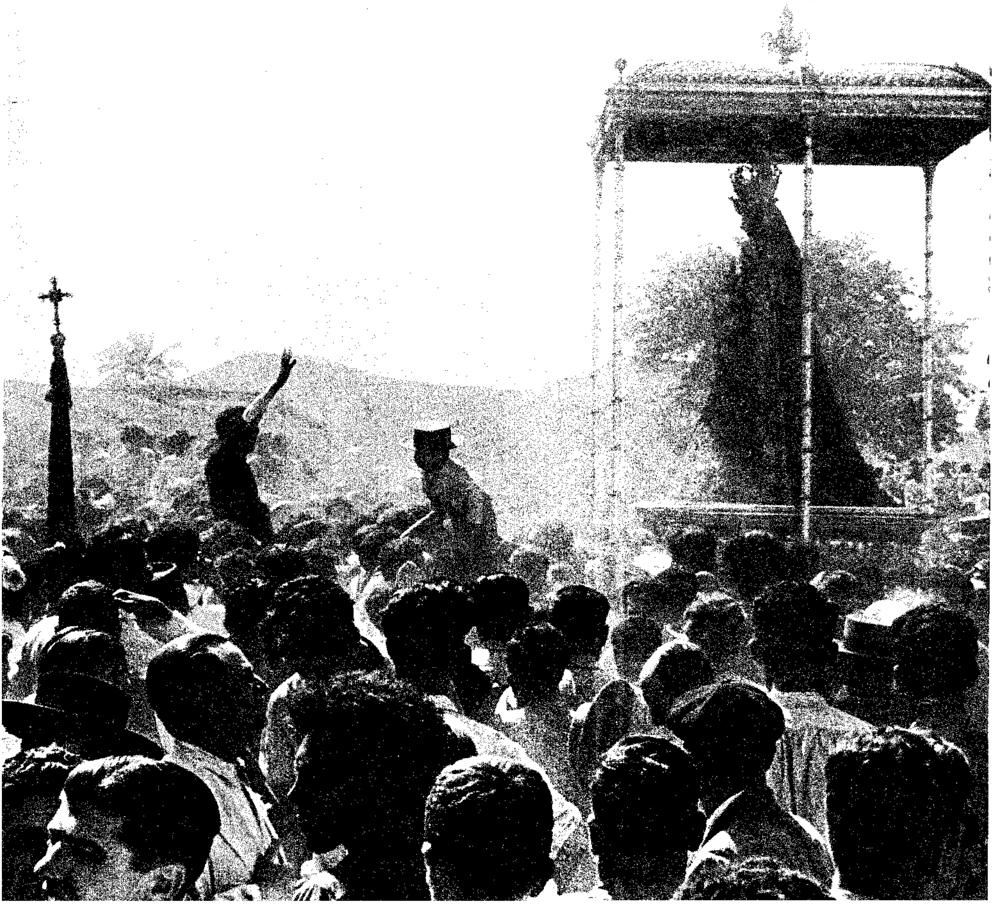
Spanish Fiesta

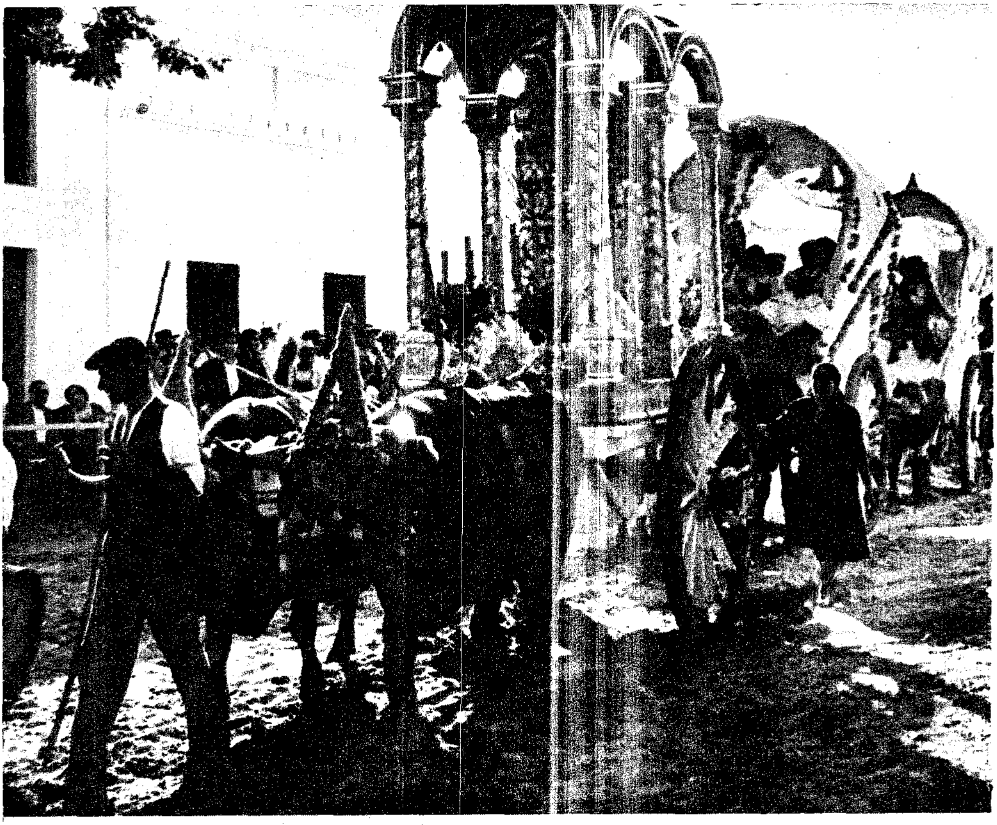
PHOTOGRAPHS BY INGE MORATH

ON THE Wednesday before Whitsunday (49 days after Easter) gaily dressed Spanish pilgrims set out from Seville on horseback and in oxcarts for tiny Almonte, 55 miles away. They go to pay homage to the Virgin of Rocío. But the pilgrimage also includes a week of dancing, singing and wine drinking. The result is a unique pageant combining religious fervor and gay abandon.

After jouncing atop a horse all day, a pretty pilgrim rests behind the lace curtains of a cart.

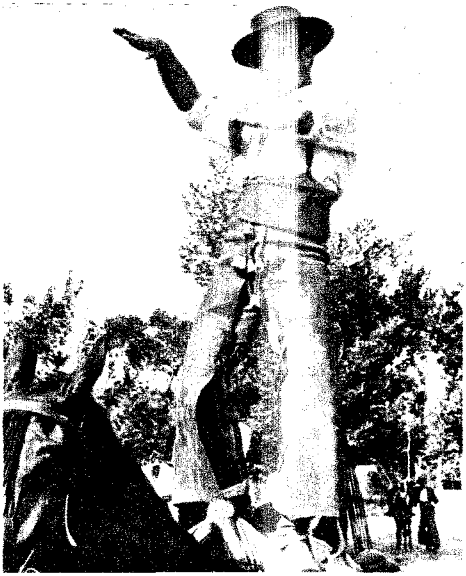






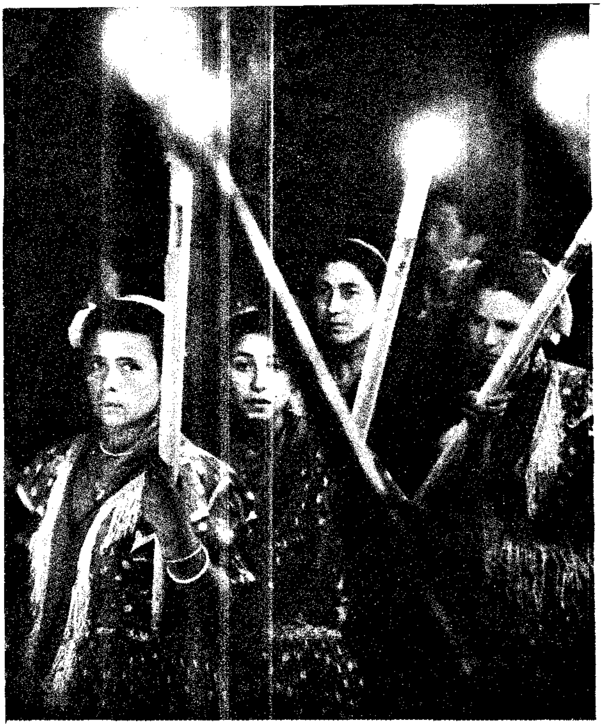
Each group has its own image of the Virgin to which it pays homage. The images are drawn in white carts by oxen decorated with bells and bright ribbons.

A celebrant goes down to a pond to wash her feet. Meanwhile, other pilgrims camped in the background raise the dust dancing and galloping their horses.



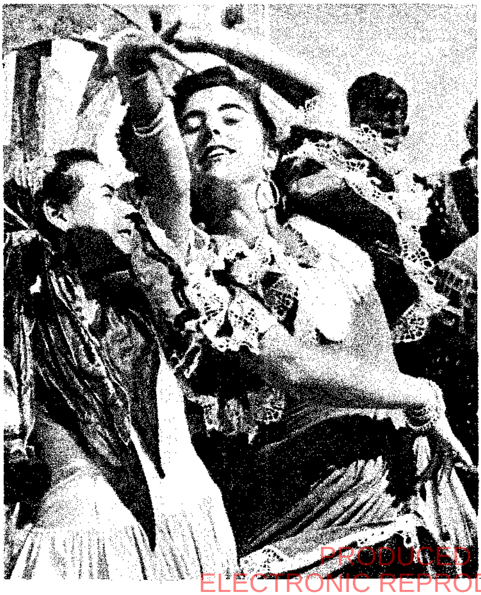
A horseman, wearing leather chaps with intricate handwork, dances on his horse's back.

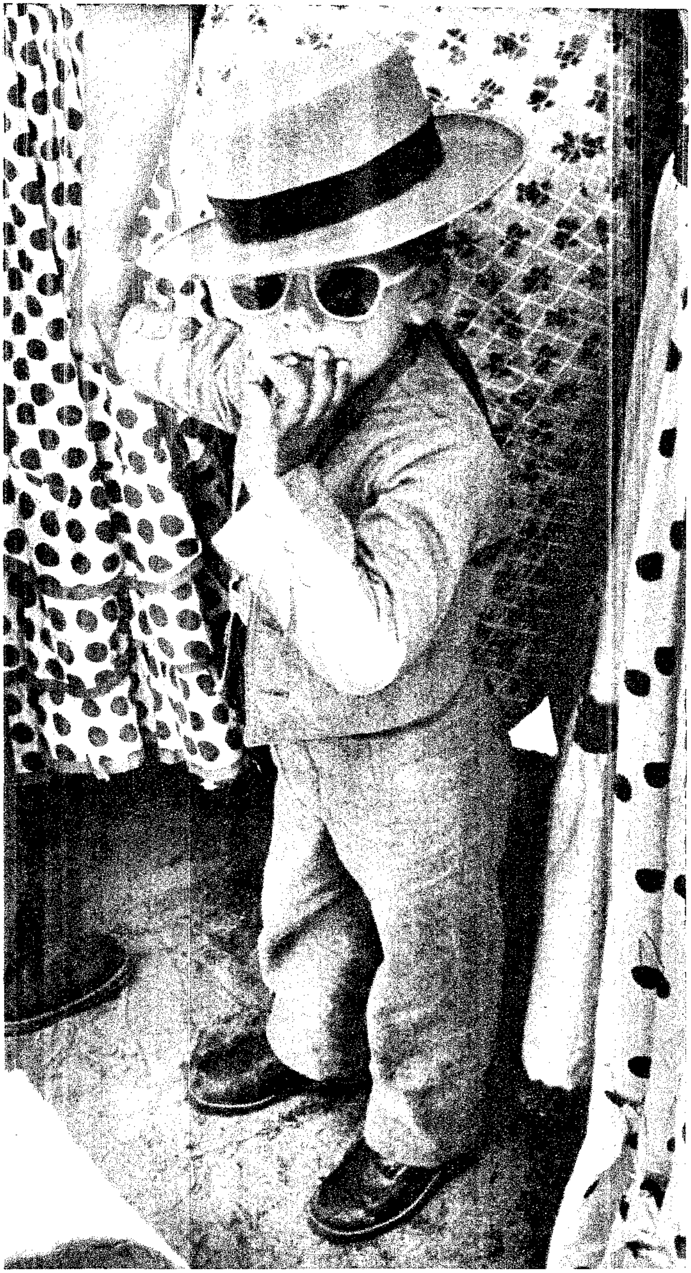
Farmers along the way provide spicy sausages, which older women cook and serve.



At midnight on Whitsunday, there are fireworks. Then pilgrims pass solemnly before the church of El Rocío bearing tall candles and gold and silver woven banners.

A comely señorita twirls her long, full skirt with its flounces and yards of lace. She is dancing the traditional *Sevillana* to the rhythm of the drums.





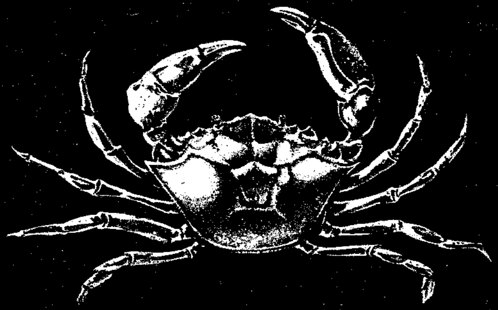
A fascinated boy wears odd match of modern sun glasses and Andalusian "sombrero ancho," short jacket, tight pants.

Music for dancing: a guitar, castanets and drums, and lots of hand clapping. Pilgrims dance until they are exhausted.

As part of the celebration, horsemen, with their girl friends riding behind, dash their horses through town.

Taking advantage of a rare lull in the activities, a pilgrim joins oxen for a quick nap. Oxen are used in trek because sandy roads are almost impassable.

ON MONDAY, the last and greatest day in Almonte, the statue of the Virgin is taken from the church and paraded through the streets. Pilgrims fight for the honor of carrying it, since this promises religious indulgences in the coming year. The chanting, shouting procession goes on for two hours. Then the revered image, which the pilgrims call "La Blanca Paloma" (White Dove), is returned to the altar; and the crowd disperses for the trip home. On the road back, they continue to sing. But their songs are melancholy; the pilgrimage is almost over. There is a final spurt when they arrive home—a last fling of *fandangos*, a parting swirl of skirts and the farewell cry, "Viva la Blanca Paloma!"



The Incredible CRAB

by REED MILLARD

There are 1,000 varieties—many of them puny weaklings. But they've survived by fighting with borrowed weapons . . . becoming masters of disguise . . . and knowing when to run fast

IN THE blue-green depths of the Indian Ocean a strange battle seemed certain to come to a swift, deadly end. For one of the opponents was a two-foot fish with razor-sharp teeth, the other a small crab.

The ludicrously helpless crab's shell was not very hard, its delicate claws weak. It could not even move rapidly enough to escape.

Yet, within seconds, the sharp-toothed predator was fleeing wildly. For this little Indian Ocean crab, *Melia tessellata,* had done something incredible—something almost unheard of in nature. *He had picked up a weapon and used it against his adversary.*

This crab's weapon was a sea anemone, a curious marine animal which looks like a flower and is equipped with powerful stingers capable of shocking and partially paralyzing many animals or fish they touch. In each of his claws, which are not affected by the plant's sting, the crab had seized one of these natural hand grenades and had hurled them at his foe.

Naturalists have come to expect the marvelous from this creature with the astonishing capacity to survive in the face of great odds. He is an amphibian that lives on land and water. And the fact that fish, birds and mammals, including humans, are unanimous in agreeing that he is singularly good eating puts the poor crab in constant jeopardy.

Popular view pictures the crab

as well-armored and with dangerous claws. Yet many of the some 1,000 different kinds are small, weak and forced to depend on their wits to keep alive.

A crafty crab which inhabits tropical waters is a master at disguise. Look right at him, but you won't see him. What you will see is just what hungry marine predators see—a sponge. For this amazing crab has neatly camouflaged himself with a sponge cut exactly to size.

One of the most humorous sights in nature is to watch this so-called sponge crab deftly seize a sponge with his claws, clap it onto his back and shift it around until he has it in what he considers the best position. One naturalist described the process as startlingly like a woman trying on a new hat.

Once the crab has placed the sponge just so, he briskly snips around the edges with his sharp pincers until not an inch of him remains uncovered, nor is there any surplus sponge extending beyond his shell. How does he have sense enough to use one or more sponges to conceal himself, and to cut same to right size? Just another example of the crab's amazing adaptability is about all naturalists can say.

The fiddler crab has his own fantastic way of discomfiting an enemy. Watch a fiddler being worried by a dog. Suddenly the crab clamps his larger, pincer-like claw on the dog's nose. The dog howls with pain.

While he is fighting to loosen the pincer, something astonishing happens. The dog jerks away from the crab, but is left struggling to free himself from the tormenting pincer, which is, incredibly, no longer part of the crab.

The crab has quickly and easily lost his claw. Odder still, nature has endowed the fiddler with the capacity to grow a new claw.

By human standards, the crab's locomotion may often seem ludicrous. But there are kinds that get around with astonishing speed and agility. In some, the well-known crab walk is occasioned by a slight mix-up in leg operation. The ordinary crab, for instance, moves sideways. While his four legs on one side are pushing, those on the other side are pulling.

Some crabs do not really swim, but walk sedately along the sea floor, as though they were on land. They are equipped with gills.

Gordon Hunter, of the University of Texas' Institute of Marine Science, observed a blue crab swimming past the dock, when suddenly a fish darted at it. The fish was a sheepshead, a fast-maneuvering predator, which seemingly should have made a quick mouthful of the crab. But when the fish's jaws snapped shut, the crab wasn't there.

The fish turned, and caught sight of the crab, who had taken refuge exactly above the fish's tail fin where it would be impossible for the sheepshead's mouth to reach it. The fish seemed to spin through the water, but the crab persistently kept its position directly above the fish's tail.

The fish swam in a tight circle, then tried wild acrobatics, including quick figure eights. Still, the crab swam calmly in the same safe spot. Finally the fish gave up.

The giant Alaska king crab, which weighs as much as 26 pounds, and the Japanese crab, which may have a spread of six feet from claw to claw, have comparatively few enemies. But they do have a built-in one, their voracious appetites. Scientists were always at a loss to explain how such mighty hosts as the 12,000 Alaska crabs seen off Kodiak Island in a single shoal could possibly get enough to eat.

Biologists of the Fish and Wildlife Service got the answer when they tagged a number of male crabs in the spring. In the fall they found some of the giants more than 300 miles away. This alone would seem a vast journey for the ponderous creatures, but the scientists figured that, since the crabs zig-zagged, they must actually have traveled closer to 4,500 miles. These giant crabs must travel to survive. To do so, grotesque crab armies must march across the sea floor sweeping whole areas clear of much of their normal fare of fish and sea plants.

The crab even has an affliction considered peculiarly human. For example, studying sand fiddle crabs at the University of Witwatersrand, in South Africa, researcher Helen Gordon found that, when turned down by females they are courting, male crabs take up "pointless displacement activity." They go through the motions of eating, scooping away vigorously with their claws, but getting little food.

"Those crabs," says Helen Gordon, "are neurotic."

The Art of Letter Writing

A FEW YEARS AGO while manager of our import and export office in Shanghai, I received the following letter of application from a Chinese clerk:

Most Honoured Sir:

Understanding that there are several hands wanted in your honour's department, I beg to offer you my hand. As to my adjustments I appeared for the Matric Examinations at October but failed, the reason for which I shall describe.

To begin with my writing was illegible, this was due to climate reason, for I having come from a warm in a cold climate found my fingers stiff and very disobedient to my wishes.

Further I had received a great shock to my mental system in the shape of death of my only fond brother.

Besides, most honoured Sir, I beg to state that I am in very uncomfortable circumstances being the sole means of support of my fond brother's seven issues consisting of three adults and four addultresses, the latter being the bain of my existence owing to my having to support two of my own wives as well as their issues of which by God's misfortune the femine gender predominate.

If by wonderful good fortune these few lines meet with your benign kindness and favorable turn of mind, I the poor menial shall ever pray for the long life and prosperity as well as your honour's posthumous olive branches.

—S. SHAININ

A CORONET BOOK CONDENSATION

the story of a
Man and Boy

by NED ARMSTRONG

He vowed to bring up his motherless child by himself. Together they found a companionship few fathers and sons know

I FELT good that Sunday afternoon driving home to New York, the way you do when something you've long hoped for is about to happen. Rosemary would be flying to join me in exactly 48 hours, bringing our ten-month-old son born in Oklahoma City the previous March. His name was Edwin.

We had been married two and a half years, and because my job in theatrical publicity and public relations required a great deal of travel this was the nearest we had come to

From *Man and Boy*, by Ned Armstrong. Published by Little, Brown and Company, Boston, Massachusetts. Copyright © 1956 by Edwin R. Armstrong.

being settled in a permanent home. The idea was exciting and I was eager to have my wife and child with me.

Evening was settling over the city when I parked in front of the apartment. There was no one about as I hurried up the steps and opened the front door. I saw a piece of paper lying on the floor and thought it must be a scrap blown there by a draft. As I stooped to pick up the paper, I still thought so, because it was a torn, crumpled fragment from a grocery bag. But I saw penciled writing on the paper and read: *Call Oklahoma City. Your wife is dead.*

DREAM JOBS
ABROAD
Looking for an interesting job overseas? The U.S. Government has 500 of them—from Bogota to Beirut—with high wages and top benefits.
NEXT MONTH
IN CORONET

It was a blunt way to hear such news. Someone taking the message on the pay phone in the hall and writing on a grocery bag . . . *Your wife is dead.* . . .

I went into the dark living room and sat down by the window and watched the lights go on. Rosemary was gone and all that was left was our child. Alone there that night I decided that I would bring up the son she had left me, by myself.

The little fellow had come this far and his mother had lavished the best on her son for as long as she was able. I felt the least I could do was to continue what Rosemary had started.

From the beginning, Edwin simply accepted me—I can't say as Father—as the big one, the tall one. He was always there with a big smile for the tall one. And there is probably no question that my first 12 months with Edwin were accomplished thanks principally to Edwin, and to the first of some 20-odd housekeepers-by-the-week the boy and I shared over the years.

There is, of course, a difference between a housekeeper and a wife. I discovered it quickly. A housekeeper can quit whenever she wants to.

Later, when jobs came along that required we travel, wherever and whenever the tall one said go, that was all right with Edwin. I thought it remarkable that he had so much humor and so much confidence in me. And he always seemed to want to help.

When we traveled, thanks to "SITUATIONS WANTED—FEMALE" ads in local papers, grandmothers-by-the-hour replaced the housekeepers-by-the-week. These were uniformly sad gray ladies ranging from the middle 50s to the early 70s. Yet, all of them were dependable, loyal, faithful, and many were kind and good.

At one time I entertained the pleasant notion that a romance would be just peaches for me and dandy for the boy. But my investigation into the possibility of adding another ready-made family to my own convinced me that it was meant to be Edwin and me—a family of two where there should have been three.

The fall my son was three and a half, I got a call to act as advance agent for the Tennessee Williams play, *The Rose Tattoo,* on its national tour. The job was to start immediately.

We had come a long way, man and boy, by then. I had a real little person with me now, not just a child.

I knew the tour of *Rose Tattoo* would present difficulties, and I was not sure it would last the winter as scheduled. This statement is made as a preamble to what I am about to confess—I decided to put Edwin in a boarding home.

THE AFTERNOON I visited the home for the first time, something in my mind said, "This is wrong. Go away before it's too late. How would you feel if you were Edwin?"

But I overruled my misgivings and soon I was shaking hands with a curly-haired, solemn-faced man whose smile was forced. His wife was a short, stocky woman with braided hair wound around the top of her head and she exuded confidence.

I met their children, a healthy looking boy a few months older than Edwin and a girl a year younger. The children stood silently, the way children do when something important is happening in the home.

We went into the boy's room and I saw beds—the one their boy slept in and beside it the empty bed which was waiting for the boarding child. The room was spotlessly clean. The little boy's shoes were lined up in a neat row on one side of the closet. The empty space on the other side was waiting for the shoes of the boarding child.

We talked then about things a parent talks of who is trying to feel right about leaving a child with strangers. I asked them about their previous experiences with boarding children and nothing they said sounded unusual or irregular.

That night I broached the subject to Edwin. I told him that the next day we were going to visit two people in the country who had a fine home. I said that they had asked him to come to live with them for a while, and I told Edwin that they had a boy his own age and a girl who was younger.

Because Edwin is the sort of a boy he is, and perhaps because of the way I presented it to him, he said he would like to go with me the next day to visit these people. I told Edwin that he would have to decide whether he wanted to stay or not, because if he decided that he didn't want to stay he wouldn't have to.

He said he would let me know what he wanted to do after we got there, and then launched into a series of questions concerning the toys and playthings I had described.

The people had told me the best way was to come prepared to leave the child in the event that he decided to stay. So the next morning, with the heaviest heart, I packed Edwin's suitcase with everything I felt he would need and we drove to Tarrytown, New York, where the home was located.

As is often the case with children, Edwin piled out of the car when we arrived, seized a toy wagon in the yard and began running up and down beside the house as if he had been living there all his life. In a short while the girl of the house joined Edwin and by the time the man and woman came to greet me both were happily at play.

When I made Edwin stop playing and come with me to inspect the house, he didn't want to leave his new playmate. Finally, with Edwin in hand, I entered the house and came to the bedroom where he was to sleep.

Edwin went right into the room and in a forthright manner inspected everything, looking under the bed and into the closet. The boy of the house joined us now. He maintained complete silence, standing in the far corner of the bedroom, staring at Edwin and me.

Edwin was laughing and full of wonderful spirits that afternoon. There wasn't the slightest question in his mind. He thought it would be fun to stay there for a while. I asked him if he wanted to stay there at once and he said he did.

I tried to act casual although I felt as if I were deserting my boy. I picked Edwin up, gave him a big hug and a kiss and told him I was going. I said, "It won't be for long, kid!"

The next morning I went to Boston to start advance publicity for the play. As I worked I kept telling myself that everything would be all right. Friday night, at the end of the first week, I telephoned Tarrytown. They said Edwin was in good spirits, but they suggested that he not come to the phone, because this would upset him.

After this conversation I felt uneasy. Late the next afternoon I walked up from the Tarrytown railroad depot to the house where Edwin was boarding.

There was no Edwin to be seen around the yard. No one answered the door and I entered and called, but still no one answered. I went upstairs and looked into the boys' room. There was Edwin in bed with his thumb in his mouth.

The moment he saw me he broke into a great grin, but he did not move from the bed. I rushed in and threw my arms around him, and he stroked the back of my head and we didn't say anything. All at once I knew there was someone else in the room and I looked up quickly. The man of the house was standing there.

He wore that forced smile and explained that Edwin had been put to bed for a minor infraction of rules. He said it was perfectly all right for Edwin to get up now and Edwin threw off the covers and, fully dressed, got out of bed.

Edwin, now that he was out of bed and had me around, quickly got into motion and I assured myself that perhaps he had broken some house rule and was being given perfectly ordinary punishment. We went for a walk together and I began to feel reassured.

I tried to push the whole concern from my mind and I succeeded, because I took Edwin back to the house at suppertime and left him there and went away again.

When I next visited Edwin I thought he looked different—there was strain and tension in his eyes and he said very little. However, the man and woman assured me that he was having a perfectly wonderful time.

In the course of this visit I learned

that Edwin had been punished several more times. He had been made to go to his room alone, and denied privileges such as going out with the lady of the house when she went to market with the girl.

There was no tangible evidence from which to determine what might be happening but there was reason to believe Edwin was undergoing an emotional adjustment to the new people and new environment. The man admitted that Edwin had been less spirited and less himself, but he assured me that this dip in spirits often occurred in the third or fourth week and that he knew this from the experience of having boarded other children.

That afternoon when I left, Edwin was unresponsive.

I WAS concerned over Edwin's state of mind in this home, but I was not unaware of what was happening to me, too. After a week or so of missing Edwin constantly I had begun to pick up the easy ways of carefree bachelor living.

It was pleasant to get up in the morning and not have a little boy to wash, dress and get ready for breakfast. It was a luxury at night to come back to the hotel after the day's work, take a shower and go out for dinner with entertaining companions.

Winter came suddenly that year, and late one Friday, with gray sky overhead, I drove out of Boston headed for Tarrytown on my way to Pittsburgh, the next tour city. Edwin had been in the home five weeks.

From the moment I entered that boarding home I knew something was terribly wrong. Man and wife were waiting for me and they both immediately launched into explanations. They had taken Edwin to a doctor and, they told me, the doctor was concerned about Edwin.

As they spoke I paid little attention to them, but picked Edwin up from where he was sitting on the floor with his thumb in his mouth and took him to the sofa and sat down with him. I looked into his pale, drawn face and it was the face of a child that was neither well nor happy. I wanted to be away from there, and I wanted to be away from there with Edwin, and I wanted never to come back there again.

I asked them to give me a few of Edwin's things and said I would return the next day for the rest of his clothes. Without any further word and with Edwin in my arms, we left for my hotel.

Edwin still had his thumb in his mouth as he climbed hesitantly out of the car to the sidewalk in front of the hotel. There was a yellow bunny with white ears in the corner drugstore window and I asked Edwin if he would like it, and with his thumb still in his mouth he nodded. I bought the bunny and we went up to the room.

For quite a while after we were in the room together Edwin just sat on the bed with that thumb in his mouth. Every once in a while he would reach over with his free hand and touch the bunny, but he didn't pick it up or hold it or play with it. He just touched it now and then.

I ordered food sent up to the

room. Edwin ate nothing. I took him for a walk around town. As we walked, the thumb was constantly in the mouth. When we went back to the hotel I made paper airplanes with hotel stationery and flew them around the room and he still sat there with the thumb in the mouth.

I decided I had better undress Edwin and put him to bed. The little tyke lay there with his small head on the great white pillow and stared up at me serious-eyed with that thumb in his mouth.

I said, "Edwin, you are not going back to the boarding home any more."

The thumb came out of the mouth and he half sat up in bed and gave me a questioning look. Then he put the thumb back in his mouth and dropped back on the pillow again and continued to stare at me.

"Daddy has to go to Pittsburgh tomorrow and you're coming along," I told him. "We're not going to be separated again. You go where I go."

He reached over with his free hand and grabbed the bunny and pulled it toward him across the counterpane. When he had the bunny snugly embraced in one arm, he slowly removed the thumb from his mouth.

"Can bunny come, too?" he asked.

I told him that bunny certainly could and with that Edwin sat up in bed. I told him that I hadn't felt right about his staying at that house but that I had let him stay there anyway and that if it was wrong I was sorry and we would try to make up for it. All the time I talked the thumb would go back to the mouth, but it was also beginning to come out of the mouth frequently and stay out for longer and longer periods. By late afternoon, Edwin was out of bed and beginning to play around the room.

I woke before Edwin early the next morning and the sight of him asleep in the bed beside me was heartwarming. He had snuggled down under the blue wool blankets and his tousled brown head made a gratifying punctuation mark on the great white pillow.

In what state of mind would he be when he woke up? What about the thumb? Should we go down to breakfast or would it make him feel "special" if we had breakfast in the room?

I decided on breakfast in the room, feeling that a showy display was called for this morning and perhaps for some while to come. I wanted to win my boy back and regain his confidence in me, and also my confidence in myself.

I was dressing when I sensed a telltale movement in the bed. I pretended not to look and succeeded in catching Edwin peeking at me from half-open eyes. He immediately snapped his eyes shut when I noticed him, pretending sleep.

I called, "Time to get up, kid."

Edwin turned over in bed and I caught a flicker of smile and saw the question in his big brown eyes. I decided to bet all on the next play.

"Edwin!"

He sat up in bed.

"Call room service on the tele-

"You can't fake with a child—the one lesson you learn early is that child care must be real"

phone. Tell them we want our breakfast brought up to the room. Say you're with your daddy, that he says it's all right. Tell them what you want to eat and get anything you want."

Edwin took the telephone off the cradle and in a low, inaudible voice said, "Hello!"

I could hear from the loud talking in the ear piece that the girl at the switchboard was trying to make sense out of the call.

"Tell her room service," I said.

"Room service," said Edwin.

Room service answered with a crashing noise.

"Now tell them what you want for breakfast."

Edwin's eyes got big and he turned to me to appeal—then got a firm grip on the phone and said: "I want my breakfast. I want my breakfast in bed. My daddy says it's all right." With that he hung up.

Of course, the phone rang in an instant and this time I gave the order, but the whole transaction seemed to have had the hoped-for effect. Edwin bounded out of bed and started running up and down the room, opening and shutting bureau drawers, examining closets and finally discovering the aluminum suitcase rack. This was light and mobile, and Edwin began pushing it back and forth, emitting all sorts of little-boy noises, every one of which made me feel better.

Edwin ran to the door in answer to the call of "Room Service!" He flung it open and cried excitedly, "Look! They did it!"

Dancing, he circled the waiter as he began placing the service on a folding table, then got more excited and ran to the chair in the corner where his clothes were and started to climb into his pants, pajamas and all.

"I thought we were having breakfast in bed," I said.

"Yes," Edwin half whispered. He climbed out of his trousers and tossed them on the chair and, jumping first on my bed and then to his own, ducked under the covers, head sticking up from the bed clothes, eyes eager and expectant.

After the waiter had left, I took my seat at the table and handed Edwin a large linen napkin. He carefully tucked this into his pajama top, moved to the table and picked up a spoon and began eating.

Children of this age, it seems, can take psychic blows of a force that would jar the reason of an adult. Some superior wisdom has provided small children with a resilience which gives their minds an elasticity the equivalent of their young muscles.

The only time that morning the thumb went back into the mouth was an hour or so later when I suddenly looked up from business telephoning to see Edwin curled up in a chair with the thumb back in his mouth. He had bunny in the other hand and was rubbing his nose with the fur on bunny's ear.

However, the moment I hung up and spoke to him he got right off the chair and we began packing to leave. I kept him occupied running back and forth bringing me clothes.

When the packing was finished I opened the window and leaned out to see if the car was where I had left it. I didn't notice that Edwin's bunny had wound up on the window sill. In opening the window I knocked the bunny out. Edwin saw the stuffed animal disappear out the window. I turned into the room to see a small boy walking toward me with great tears streaming down his cheeks.

I looked out and saw that bunny was lying on the marquee of the hotel. I would have marked that bunny off as a loss, but under the circumstances felt that something must be done. I told Edwin we were going to get bunny back and, taking him by the hand, we went down to the lobby. The bell captain was negative to the problem and said there was no way to get onto the marquee.

Tears began to shape up again so I decided to try another hotel service. We got into the elevator and went down to the basement where the engineer was to be found. He was Swedish and friendly. With very little persuasion, and after a look at Edwin, he got a long ladder and called a helper.

Edwin and I went around to the front of the hotel and watched the engineer climb up on the marquee. He retrieved bunny and held it over the side of the marquee to ask Edwin: "Is this the friend you lost?"

Edwin nodded eagerly and the man threw bunny to him. Edwin held bunny in his arms for most of the day.

By six o'clock that night, Edwin and I were eating at a restaurant on the Pennsylvania Turnpike. I noticed as we ate that Edwin had a tired look, in some part due to a thinness about the face. There was no doubt that he was underweight and that some part of the story of the boarding home in Tarrytown had to do with food as punishment.

It was two in the morning when we reached the Pittsburgher Hotel. Did I have to carry a sleeping little boy up to the desk while I registered? I did not. After a few stretches and yawns Edwin was on his feet, charged with excitement.

When we reached our suite he insisted on going through the routine of opening and closing all bureau drawers, inspecting all closets. I finally got him into pajamas and into bed and sat there with him while he got comfortable.

Then I put out the light and said good night and went into the other room, waiting to see what he would do. He did nothing and in a little while I went into his room and he was sound asleep.

I look back on this as significant. Here was a child who had been through emotional shock. I had no way of knowing how profound this shock was. And yet here he was happily falling back into familiar routine.

There were a number of ways he might have behaved. He could have taken advantage of my concern to make as much of a good thing for himself as he was able. At this time, anything he might have asked for I would have gotten him. The child had asked for nothing, not even the lost bunny.

Edwin had come back hurt, yes, but without any wish to visit on me any of the suffering he had known. I presume most parents develop some of their deepest attachments in moments such as these.

In this contentious world, there are few things we do which have the directness of child care. In my professional work I can cut a corner or make my way through. But you can't fake with a child. The one lesson you learn early is that child care must be real. It cannot be faked.

With Edwin asleep in the next room, I felt a profound sense of gratitude. In the short time of one day and two evenings, we had restored our confidence in each other. Edwin had told me it was all right and that he was on the mend.

He had done this with fewer words than it takes to tell about it, using the signs of childhood: the thumb, the eyes, the smile, the voice, the movement of body and, eventually, by the act of falling asleep in a room alone with the light out. This is the eloquence of childhood and it is a language every parent likes to hear.

Edwin and I were truly back together again—and this time we would stay that way.

Today, Edwin and I have a home in a New York hotel. Edwin is eight. I work for a public relations firm nearby. Edwin goes to school in the next block. Man and boy appear to have made it to the eight-mile post, though at times I look back and wonder how we got here.

You'll Eat Those Words

ONCE when George M. Cohan was at the peak of his career, he and his father dined at a plush hotel where a gifted violinist was performing.

Remembering his father's futile efforts to interest him in that instrument, Cohan said, "If I had taken your good advice, I might now be playing here."

"Yes, son," came the reply, "but you wouldn't be eating here!"

—Wall Street Journal

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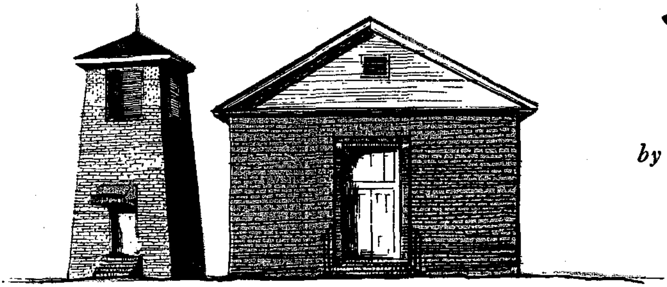
Hookerton's Grounded Steeple



by HAROLD HELFER

THE HAMLET of Hookerton, North Carolina, is proud of a number of things. A quiet, stable town, practically no changes have occurred in its physical make-up since it was chartered back in 1817. It had a four-block Main Street then; it has a four-block Main Street now. Its population has held between 251 and 350 down through the years.

Hookerton is proud of all this, but most of all it's proud of its church. For there is probably no other like it in the world.

It is an old church. The rear balcony that used to be occupied by slaves is still part of its structure. But what makes Hookerton's church unique is its steeple which, complete with belfry and bell, stands on the ground beside the church—as it has for 150 years! People come from miles around to see this strange sight.

Equally fantastic is the story of how it came to be that way. The church, it seems, was built a century and a half ago by a carpenter named Irving Jones. A most efficient and reliant fellow, the church proper went up according to plan and without a hitch.

But, according to the story, Irving Jones had a betrothed, and when it came time to erect the steeple atop the roof, she protested. She was afraid he might fall off and get hurt.

Naturally, Irving argued about this. His pride as a carpenter was involved, as well as his reputation for intestinal fortitude. But in the end the young lady had her way and Irving Jones wound up meekly building the steeple on the ground instead of atop the roof.

Today, people gaze with some awe at the Hookerton church. Not only because of its physical aspects but at the thought of this maid—whose name has long been forgotten—who had so much influence over her sweetheart that she grounded a steeple!

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The Cancer Victims We Can Save Now

by NORMAN M. LOBSENZ

MANY of the 12,000 American women who die needlessly each year from cervical cancer may now be saved—thanks to the wider use of a diagnostic tool that enables doctors to make the earliest possible identification of cancer of the cervix.

The name of this tool is cytology—the science of cell diagnosis. Men and women trained in its use can, by microscopic examination of cells taken from the vagina or cervix, detect not only cancer in its earliest stages, where it is most readily curable, but even slight cellular abnormalities suggesting that a cancer may be likely to develop in the future.

Thus, if every woman had this simple, painless, periodic analysis made, death from cancer of the cervix could eventually be virtually wiped out.

The basic medical facts are clear-cut. Nearly half of all cancer in women involves the reproductive system, including the breasts. Breast cancer is most common and still accounts for most female cancer deaths, despite a relatively high rate of cure. Close on its heels as a killer is uterine cancer, which includes cancer of the cervix. Physically, the cervix is the neck of the uterus, connecting the vagina with the womb.

Cervical cancer is more likely to occur in women in middle life who have had children and lead a normally active sexual life. It develops so stealthily, and with such mild and disguised danger signals, that most women do not act in time to head it off. By the time severe pain and bleeding occur, the cancer may have already penetrated from its original site in the membrane lining the cervix and run wild into the pelvic cavity or such nearby organs as the rectum and bladder. Cancer clinics have reported that nine of every ten women they see with cervical cancer are in the later stages of the disease.

About 12 years ago one of medicine's greatest diagnostic advances in the fight against cancer—the Papanicolaou smear—promised to change this picture. Countless tests proved the value of cell diagnosis. Cytological analysis of vaginal or cervical cells ranged between 80 and 98 per cent in accuracy. And in any doubtful or positive diagnosis, the result is always double-checked by a biopsy—in which a piece of tissue from the affected area is studied.

One of the nation's outstanding cancer authorities, Dr. Charles S. Cameron, former medical and scientific director of the American Cancer Society, made this flat statement:

"Years of experience with this technique (cytology) have shown that it will disclose 95 per cent of cervical cancers in the early and precancerous stages when they are most readily curable, and 85 per cent of cancers in the body of the uterus."

Paradoxically, however, this widely-acclaimed power of cytology to save lives has gone relatively unused on any organized basis.

Why has this been so?

Different doctors give different answers. Some say that only a comparatively small number of women are well enough informed to ask for cytological diagnosis of a smear. Others explain that not enough doctors bother to make it a routine part of their examination, even a checkup specifically for cancer detection. Still others have pointed out that there are far from enough qualified specialists to do even a fraction of the cell screenings involved.

But according to Dr. Cameron, the results of a recent survey indicate a way in which this log-jam may be broken. Nearly two-thirds of the 2,200 members of the College of American Pathologists answered a questionnaire about their work in cytology. Of these, 85 per cent—or 1,230—said they handled cytological screenings as part of their work.

"Now," Dr. Cameron says, "let's trace these figures through to see what this means to the average woman. There are 30,000,000 women in America aged 40 and over—the age at which most uterine cancer manifests itself. If every one of these women had one cervical smear made each year—and if you figure a year to be 300 working days—it would mean that each of the 1,230 pathologists doing cytodiagnosis would have a work-load of about 81 smears a day.

"If each of these men had the aid of three cytotechnicians—trained specialists who do not have an M.D. degree—to screen out the negative slides, the work-load would be much lower. If only one in every 20 slides were doubtful or positive and needed to be checked by the pathologist, he would be handling about four slides a day."

A major stumbling-block in Dr. Cameron's analysis appears to be that his figures are based on the assumption that cytological work is evenly distributed among all pathologists. The facts are that a few laboratories are now carrying the bulk of the work. As a matter of fact, 18 of the men who answered the questionnaire each handled 10,000 smears annually. This means that 2 per cent of the respondents shouldered 33 per cent of the work-load —a situation which would seem to make even distribution of the work difficult, if not impossible.

Moreover, fewer than one of every five pathologists had any assistance from cytotechnicians to do the bulk of the preliminary screening.

There are roughly only a few hundred cytotechnicians available today. Ten times this number are needed. To plug this gap, the American Cancer Society is active in a major recruitment drive. It is helping the National Committee for Careers in Medical Technology to produce a promotional film designed to interest young men and women specifically in cytology as a career. It is also urging all schools that give medical technology courses to make cytology an important part of the training. Only a few years ago questions on cytology were made part of the examination a doctor must pass to meet the highest standards of pathology.

"No man ever stands so Straight as when he Stoops to help a boy"
BIG BROTHER WEEK
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Finally, the Cancer Society is now readying a vigorous campaign of public education aimed at getting women to ask for the smear test. And to avoid overwhelming local physicians, it expects to clear this campaign with local medical societies, and enlist their cooperation in developing facilities for cytodiagnosis of slides.

This progress has not been achieved without a struggle to overcome the traditional conservatism of the medical profession. With mass cytological screening only recently tested in a few areas, some doctors think its long-term values as a weapon against cervical cancer have not yet been proved. Others, faced with the problem of balancing requests for money and manpower from groups interested in different research approaches to cancer, are not sure in which areas money and energy can best be spent.

"Cytology, while important, is a comparatively minor factor in the over-all attack on cancer," wrote one official of the American Cancer Society (Dr. John A. Rogers, Executive Director, Illinois Division, ACS). "Of this I am quite sure," he said, "the solution of the cancer problem is not going to come from the examination of vaginal smears. . . ."

Another approach to the problem has long been urged by Dr. J. Ernest Ayre, medical and scientific director of the Cancer Cytology Foundation of America. He has long advocated the establishment of a nationwide network of privately-financed cytology centers which would be able to screen cervical slides for 10,000,000 women every year. And Ayre contends that the answer to the shortage of personnel to do the job is to train a whole new group of specialists.

"The cytotechnician," says Ayre, "can be a man or woman trained in a few months to do the routine work of preparing the cells to be examined. The cytotechnologist can be taught in a year how to identify normal cells. Any cells that seem abnormal, or the least bit doubtful, are passed on to the third member of the team, the cytologist—an M.D. especially trained in cell study. And as a further precaution, in any case where there is a diagnosis of cancer the patient would undergo a biopsy also."

To charges that this system won't work, Ayre offers the evidence of his own Cancer Institute of Miami. Organized six years ago under the auspices of the Dade County (Miami) Medical Society, the Institute is an independent, non-profit cytology screening center with a staff of cytotechnicians, cytotechnologists, and cytologists.

It has no contact with the individual patient; she goes to her personal physician. The vaginal smear or cervical scraping the physician takes is sent to the Cancer Institute for analysis. Last year over 25,000 slides were processed from Dade County doctors and from physicians all over the U.S. The Institute charges $5 per patient (only $3 if the patient belongs to a large industrial group which subscribes to the screening) and reports go out normally within 48 hours.

According to Ayre, in the past five years, 1,497 cancers were discovered out of a total of 74,763 patients whose smears were checked—cancers that existed without showing any clinical symptoms. And of these "silent" cancers, 649 were found early enough to be successfully treated.

A majority of medical men are opposed to Ayre's plan. Pathologists take the position that "regional cytology centers" are not needed because smear diagnosis is now "widely offered," and the "test is rapidly becoming available to those who need it."

Yet the question arises as to how rapid is "rapidly?" Even Dr. Cameron's optimistic figures show that several thousand cytotechnicians must be trained, and work must be spread evenly, if even every woman over 40 is to get only one smear diagnosis a year.

According to Dr. David A. Wood, outstanding pathologist, cancer expert and President-Elect of the American Cancer Society, any screening program must have built-in protection, in the form of unquestioned professional competence and ethics, to prevent widespread public disillusionment.

"Needless cancerphobia and needless therapy must be avoided at all costs," he says. "In viewing the tragedy of a cancer case we must not be blind to such tragedies as those of young women in the child-bearing age . . . who have had hysterectomies on the basis of 'false positives' in which the smear had been 'read' in a center, and especially when this has been without benefit of competent professional review."

Pathologists claim that a screening center could only operate economically in big cities with large populations, and thus would "deny" protection to the bulk of people living in smaller communities. Cytologists, besides disagreeing with the logic of this, point to the ease with which slides and smears can be sent through the mail. The Miami center, for example, services over 1,000 doctors in 28 states and several foreign countries. Reports go out within two days; in emergencies, 24 hours.

But on one aspect of the situation both groups agree. That is their concern that unless private medicine comes up with a plan soon, the Federal Government may move in to fill the vacuum. Recently, for instance, the National Cancer Institute of the U.S. Public Health Service helped set up a University of Tennessee cytological screening program for women throughout Memphis, Tennessee. Of the first 70,000 examined, 544 cancers were found. Over half of these were in the early, curable stage. As women begin to return for recurrent checkups, the rate of cure will rise even further.

On a subject like cytology, so fraught with tensions and temperaments, it is hard to separate fact from theory, reason from prejudice.

One thing is certain, however: the future of cytology and proposals for mass screening will be increasingly vital issues in the next few years.

Industry, too, is beginning to make cytological screening available to its employees. Several major concerns, including the Zenith Radio Corp. and Du Pont have set up such centers for their women workers.

No doubt out of the conflicting opinions and the cloud of debate will eventually come a practical solution for making cytology's admitted usefulness available to as many American women as possible.

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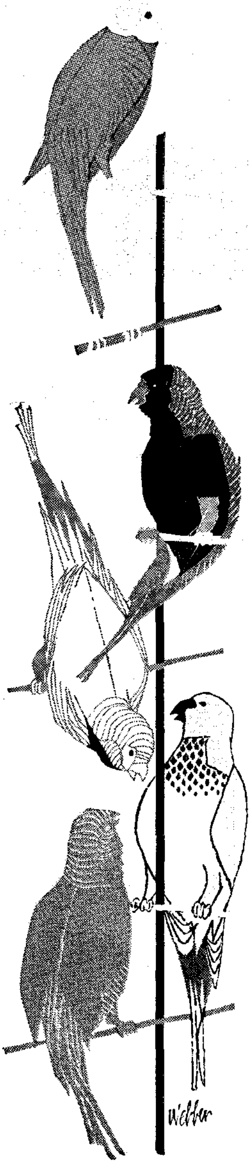


THE director of the home-planning department of a large firm was called to the phone one day. "Could you help me with some color questions?" a feminine voice asked. "I want to know what colors I'll get if I mix green and blue, yellow and blue, and yellow and green."

"We could be of more help to you," said the home-planner, "if we knew what you're working with. Are you using flat gloss paint, enamel, oils?"

"Oh, no," exclaimed the caller, "I'm not painting. I am planning to cross-breed some parakeets!"

—*American Box Corp.*

PETER DONALD of "Masquerade Party" lives on Riverside Drive, high above the Hudson. One morning he was phoned by an advertising agency about a TV show and as they were discussing it a Navy submarine came slowly up the river. Pete must have made some gasp of surprise because the ad man asked if there was anything the matter.

"Oh, no," said Donald. "A submarine just went past my window, that's all."

There was a pause, then the ad man said quickly, "I'll call you back after you've had your breakfast."

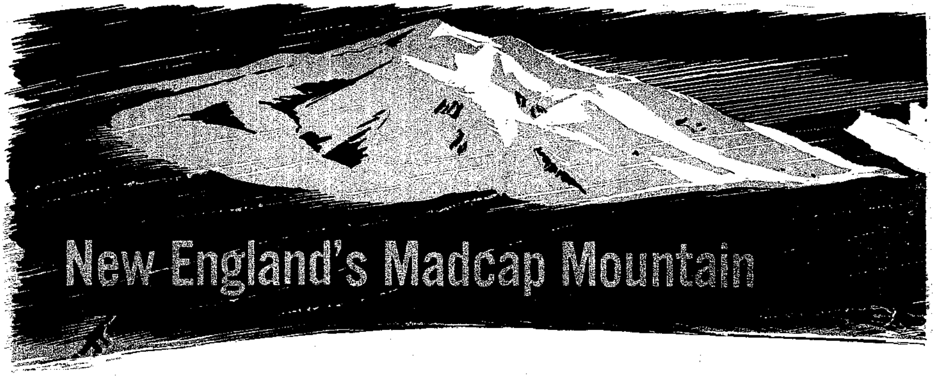
—ROBERT SYLVESTER *(New York Daily News)*

IT WAS a lovely August morning, as beautiful as the warm and happy feeling that enveloped our young Annie who had just been through the religious ceremony of Investiture, in which she had received the veil and clothing of a nun, and the new title, "Sister."

With her pretty face flushed and smiling under the unaccustomed heaviness of the starched headpiece, she stood on the convent lawn where her relatives and friends had gathered for a view of their Annie as a nun, and waited expectantly for their first remark.

It came, high and clear, in a three-year-old treble, as her nephew Walter loudly commented, "Boy, Aunt Annie, you'll *never* get a man with a hat like that!"

—SISTER M. TERESINA, O.S.F.



New England's Madcap Mountain

by NORMAN CARLISLE

Meteorological mayhem rages atop Mount Washington, where scientists ferret out secrets of the world's worst weather

THE LONELY MAN fighting his way through the white fury of the storm knew that he was lost. The savage cold and the howling wind, against which he could hardly stand, were too much for human strength. He crumpled to the ground, struggled on a few yards and finally lay still under a growing mound of snow.

Thus amateur Alpinist Simon Joseph lost his life a few weeks before the Fourth of July—during a blizzard on the slopes of New Hampshire's Mt. Washington. This madcap peak has a unique distinction: as far as cold and wind are concerned, it has the worst weather in the world.

The U.S. Weather Bureau terms any wind above 75 miles an hour a gale of "hurricane violence." It has no description for the fury that whips 6,288-foot Mt. Washington, where winds have reached the greatest recorded velocity of any on our planet—231 miles an hour.

Physiologists have a scale that shows the combined effect of cold and wind on human beings. Using this, they found that Mt. Washington tops the worst spot in the Antarctic.

Added to winds and cold are other varieties of meteorological mayhem—rain, hail, ice, snow, frost and fog—in combinations that give weathermen an unequalled opportunity to study weather in the raw. On the summit of this strange battered peak, in one of the world's most remarkable laboratories, researchers of the Weather Bureau, the Armed Forces and industry not only probe the secrets of weather but put men and equipment to brutal tests.

In 1870, when a group of scien-

tists proposed to spend the winter on the summit, experienced mountaineers warned that it could not be done. Undaunted, six men of the Hitchcock-Huntington expedition set up headquarters in a log structure atop the mountain.

During the terrible winter that followed, one man froze to death and the others came down in the spring, shaken by their grim experience. "We expected at any moment to have the building collapse around our heads," they reported. Not until 1933 did Robert Monahan and two companions prove that men could live there safely in the winter.

Mt. Washington's exposed position, which makes it the target of winter storms, also makes it one of America's top tourist attractions in the summertime. Ever since Darby Field, the first white man to make the ascent, climbed it in 1642, people have been scaling the peak, in one way or another. They get, when the clouds permit, a view into seven states and the Province of Quebec.

Today, the summit is easily reached in the summer either by cog railroad or highway. But by the end of the fall these are blocked by tremendous 100-foot drifts which snow in the scientists who spend the winter there in a tiny structure, built of railroad ties, that crouches among the rocks.

This is the Mt. Washington Observatory, probably one of the strongest buildings in the world. Holding it down are giant chains, fastened to four-foot-long anchoring bolts embedded in solid rock.

Every outdoor task is a matter of life or death. Often the men find it impossible to stay on their feet without being roped to the machinery. "Sometimes it is so bad," reports Chief Engineer Albert Sise, "that while you hang on with both hands, you will actually be blown out horizontally."

On the storm-battered summit of Mt. Washington, Vincent Schaefer of General Electric solved the baffling scientific whodunit of what caused the static that was snarling aircraft radio reception. It had something to do with snow, Schaefer knew, but just what? A heavy snowstorm might not create it at all; a light snow could produce sizzling crescendos of sound.

In this violent caldron of weather, Schaefer discovered that snowflakes started down from the skies in one form, but when they hit a plane, at speeds of 200 to 500 miles an hour, they were literally torn to pieces. By careful analysis, he found that some of them were ripped into as many as 500 fragments, and that every time a snowflake was thus pulled apart, it gave off static electricity. The elemental forces on Mt. Washington build up sufficient static electricity to cause every guy wire and metal object to glow at night with spectral blue flames.

All kinds of outdoor equipment have been tested by simply hauling them to the summit and checking their ability to stand up under the wintry battering they must take there. Tents, auto bodies, firearms and plastic piping are just a few of the items that have thus been tried by the elements.

Engineers of the B. F. Goodrich Company once anchored an entire airplane wing in a metal and concrete frame. Their purpose: to unravel the secret of wing icing. The mountain provided them with not only plain ice, but with rime, an opaque, porous type; glaze, smooth and solid; and "glime" which, the engineers announced, "combines the worst of both." They found ice that built up slowly, as little as one inch an hour, and, once, ice that built up four inches in one minute!

They eventually proved what they had suspected: that a plane's difficulties when its wings ice up are not due to the weight of the ice but to the fact that the ice changes the contour of the wing, thus affecting the smooth flow of air over its surfaces.

At one point, the wind actually ripped a wing away from its anchorage and it vanished in the darkness. Next day the scientists, fighting their way into rocky ravines and through deep drifts, found it at last—five miles from the take-off spot.

In gruelling tests made by an Armed Services weather squadron, volunteers shivered through exhausting experiments to find the warmest clothes for those who man our radar outposts in the far reaches of the Arctic. Though the temperature rarely dropped lower than 40 degrees below zero, its effect, when combined with the lash of the wind, was worse than that of any still cold ever found on the earth. Many standard Arctic garments proved to be incapable of protecting their wearers from the ferocity of this mountain's weather.

There are still hundreds of unsolved weather mysteries. And hardy observers of the U.S. Weather Bureau hope they'll find some of the answers in this meeting place of storms atop New England's madcap mountain.

Candid Comments

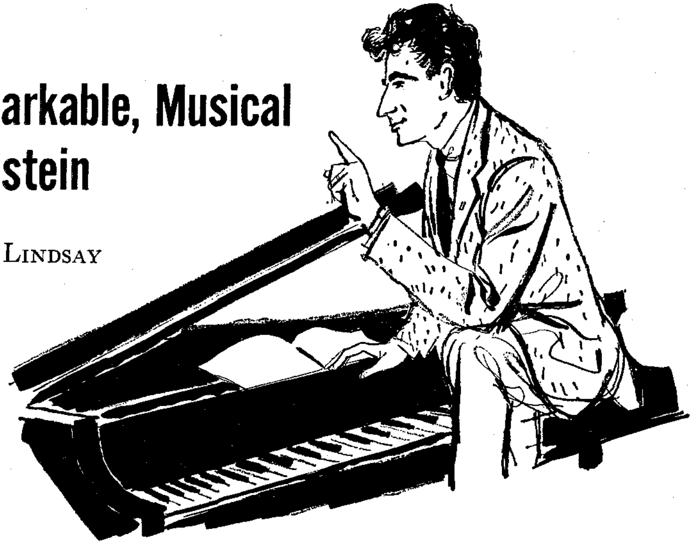
WOMEN are the sex that believe that if you charge it, it's not spending, and if you add a cherry to it, it's not intoxicating.
—*Columbian Crew*

ANYONE who can swallow a pill at a drinking fountain deserves to get well.
—*Gaylord's Triangle*

IT'S ONLY NATURAL for older people to be quiet. They have a lot more to be quiet about.
—*Platteville* (Wis.) *Journal*

The Remarkable, Musical Mr. Bernstein

by David R. Lindsay



A noted conductor, pianist and composer at 38, he creates "because I must"

Roll all the daydreams of a young musician into one, clap your hands to make them come true, and you have the story of Leonard Bernstein, America's most versatile musician. Today, at 38, he is a renowned conductor, pianist and composer—equally adept at classical or modern themes—and working on a dozen different musical projects at once.

"Time," he says, "is my worst enemy."

Bernstein first fell in love with the tinkle of an out-of-tune piano when he was a schoolboy of ten in Boston. His father, a wholesaler of beauty supplies, hoped his son would grow up to be a clever businessman, and make money. Leonard's Aunt Clara intervened. She had an old upright piano and, needing a place to store it, sent it to the Bernsteins. The boy performed some one-finger experiments, and that did it. Soon he was asking his parents to listen to tunes he had made up.

The elder Bernstein did not approve. "But he said that it was okay to take piano lessons if I didn't get too serious about music," Bernstein recalls.

But he *was* serious. He managed to continue his lessons all through school and went on to concentrate on music at Harvard.

When composer Marc Blitzstein's informal musical show, *The Cradle Will Rock,* was banned in Boston, young Bernstein put it on in Harvard's Sanders Theater. By ancient treaty, the theater was off-limits to the local constabulary. Instead of an orchestra, the accompaniment for the show is furnished by a piano, played on stage, with the pianist acting as director and co-ordinator of the production. In New York, composer Blitzstein had done the job. At Harvard, Bernstein did. "Better than I," the composer said.

After college, the family disagreement over Bernstein's love of music reached such a raucous pitch that he left home, determined to make his own way in the New York musical world. When he couldn't get a job, he applied for and won a fellowship to study conducting at the Curtis Institute of Music in Philadelphia.

"Actually, I wanted to be a composer," he says.

While at Curtis, he spent his summers in Massachusetts, studying at Tanglewood. Director of Tanglewood's Berkshire Music Center was the late Serge Koussevitzky, conductor of the Boston Symphony Orchestra. Koussevitzky made Bernstein his protégé and during public concerts allowed him to conduct the Tanglewood orchestra. At one performance he led the orchestra, chorus and a piano soloist simultaneously. Bernstein was a great success.

After finishing at Curtis, the young musician returned to New York with glowing recommendations and little else. That period he calls "Bernstein's Valley Forge." He gave lessons at $1 an hour—"piano, voice, anything." When he wasn't teaching or looking for work, he spent his time composing or practicing.

MARCH OF DIMES
FIGHT
INFANTILE
PARALYSIS
JANUARY 2-31

Finally, Bernstein landed his first small job in music, taking down on paper the improvisations of jazz greats as they let their musical imaginations run free. Now he could afford a dingy, one-room studio apartment gloriously located among the rehearsal rooms at the top of Carnegie Hall.

Then Artur Rodzinski, musical director of the New York Philharmonic Symphony Orchestra, hired him as an assistant conductor. Assistant conductorships, like understudy assignments in plays, can be passports to nowhere. But on a Saturday evening in November, 1943, his telephone rang. Bruno Walter, the famous German conductor, was ill with a stomach disorder and might not be able to conduct the next day. Rodzinski was in Massachusetts and couldn't get down till Sunday afternoon. Sunday morning, Bernstein learned he would have to conduct, without rehearsal, before a sophisticated Carnegie Hall audience and on the air over a nationwide network.

First he visited Walter, who sat up in bed swathed in blankets and whispered his explanation of the program. Then he put on his best suit—not the usual conductor's daytime formal striped pants and oxford coat, but a gray sack suit. When he mounted the podium that afternoon, programs rustled all over the hall as the audience looked for information about the handsome, dark-haired 25-year-old up there.

Bernstein said afterward that he couldn't remember much except that the orchestra played wonderfully. The usually unemotional *New York Times* was so excited it put its critic's report of Bernstein's triumph on the front page and devoted an editorial to it. Bernstein had arrived.

All at once his whole life changed. The composing of his "Valley Forge" days paid off. By the end of the following year, his first symphony "Jeremiah," has been played in New York and Boston and had won a prize. He had conducted the Philharmonic several times, as well as the Boston and Pittsburgh symphonies. With choreographer Jerome Robbins he had turned out a hit ballet, *Fancy Free*. With Adolph Green and Betty Comden doing the words, the ballet had been expanded into *On the Town*, a full-fledged Broadway musical success.

Wherever there was an orchestra and a big hall, he dashed by air, train, car, and boat. No concert of his, his secretary insists, ever had an unsold seat.

"I conducted constantly," Bernstein recalls, "and what writing and composing I did was done in airports, on trains, and in waiting rooms." But he managed to finish a second symphony for piano and orchestra and perform it himself, and he met a pretty South American girl. Later, he also finished a second ballet.

The girl, Felicia Montealegre Cohn, had come to New York from Santiago, Chile, ostensibly to study piano but really to act. She was introduced to Bernstein by a friend who told her, "I want you to meet a man you ought to marry."

Whenever Bernstein was in New York and could get time off from his music, he saw Felicia. But music was the more demanding, and he kept rushing about all over the world, often remaining away for months at a time.

Several years later, in 1951, they were married and took a house in Cuernavaca, Mexico, where Bernstein started writing music again. But Charles Munch, who had succeeded Koussevitzky at Boston, had a heart attack. Bernstein was asked to fill in. He dropped everything and did. But although his concerts were a great success, he yearned to get back to Mexico.

A call from George Abbott, the Broadway producer, prevented that. He had a show all set. The cast was signed, the costumes and scenery ordered, the theater engaged, and rehearsals scheduled to start in five weeks. Would Bernstein write a few songs with Adolph Green and Betty Comden to put some pep into the score?

"I said I wouldn't write songs to put into someone else's score; it wouldn't be fair. 'But we've only got five weeks,' Abbott said. 'You couldn't do a whole new score in five weeks?' I asked Adolph Green and Betty Comden if they thought we could. They said sure. I said sure. And we did."

BERNSTEIN recalls that he just couldn't learn to say no. Asked to join the music faculty of Brandeis University, he said yes. Urged to write the music for the movie *On the Waterfront*, he said yes. Asked by Columbia Records to make some LPs, he said yes. And when playwright Lillian Hellman suggested that Voltaire's *Candide* would make the framework for a new musical, Bernstein again said yes, and a collaboration began.

The latest development in his career came recently when he was named co-director, along with Dimitri Mitropoulos, of the New York

Philharmonic Symphony Orchestra for the 1957-58 season.

He is still up to his ears in projects. Currently, he has another musical in the works, temporarily entitled *Romeo*. In addition, he has to prepare scores for conducting and recording dates, write a composition commissioned by the Boston Symphony, put together and play Book-of-the-Month record commentaries, and plan and write television programs.

"Shifting from one thing to another is my kind of vacation," he says. "I don't get tired from working but from talking. Conferences about what you're going to write take longer than the actual writing. Music itself is never tiring to me. Music is fun."

In his apartment there are three pianos. At parties, he tends to drift toward one and just keep playing. When Adolph Green is around, he ad libs funny words to Bernstein's improvisations. Sometimes they make up satiric operas.

Bernstein says he can't go to a restaurant that plays records or a radio and eat. "Even if they play the sappiest stuff, I must listen to it."

Though music is fun, he explains, it isn't necessarily easy. When he composes, he writes and rewrites. "I throw away and constantly reject. Days may go by and I haven't one note to show on paper." When he makes records, he plays and replays pieces, parts of pieces, and sometimes only phrases. Finally, from reels of tape, the record is edited into a finished performance.

"All music is creation," he says. "You create because you can and you must. It's a way of communicating, of reaching out to people. It's one of the most mysterious and deeply moving experiences you can have."

Asked which he really prefers, composing or playing, Bernstein says: "When I have to put down what my occupation is, I'm always tempted to write 'beachcomber.' I love to loaf, play games, do puzzles, play with the kids" (he has a four-year-old daughter and a year-old son), "go to the movies, lie on the sand. It's very important to loaf. That's when the ideas build up.

"I know it sounds corny, but I guess what I want to do is what will serve music best."

It's All Relative

(Answers to quiz on page 93)

1. Jacob 2. Millet 3. Shelley 4. Buttermilk 5. La Guardia 6. Jackson 7. Old Curiosity Shop 8. China 9. Rome 10. Verdi 11. Los Angeles 12. 2 13. tent-maker 14. Eskimo 15. Italy 16. revolving tray 17. chess 18. lion 19. Caesar 20. Father of Medicine 21. Sousa 22. children 23. Madison 24. architect 25. William Douglas 26. Bonhomme Richard 27. wisdom 28. Rodin 29. cat 30. badminton 31. free ticket 32. bear

A Matter of Love and Death

by ARTHUR LARSEN

THE ACT of making a will often brings out the worst in men and women who are lovesick or sick of love. Unable to resist getting in that last word, many make it an eloquent one.

A prime example concerns the man who left his wife everything he owned provided she remarry after his death. Unfortunately, that provision wasn't a touching demonstration of his concern; he just wanted some other man to be as miserable as he had been.

One wealthy husband left his wife $1,000,000 on condition that she daily smoke five of the cigars she had forbidden him to enjoy during his lifetime. Another seemingly generous husband willed a large sum to his better half. The catch was that she could use it only to pay for her burial.

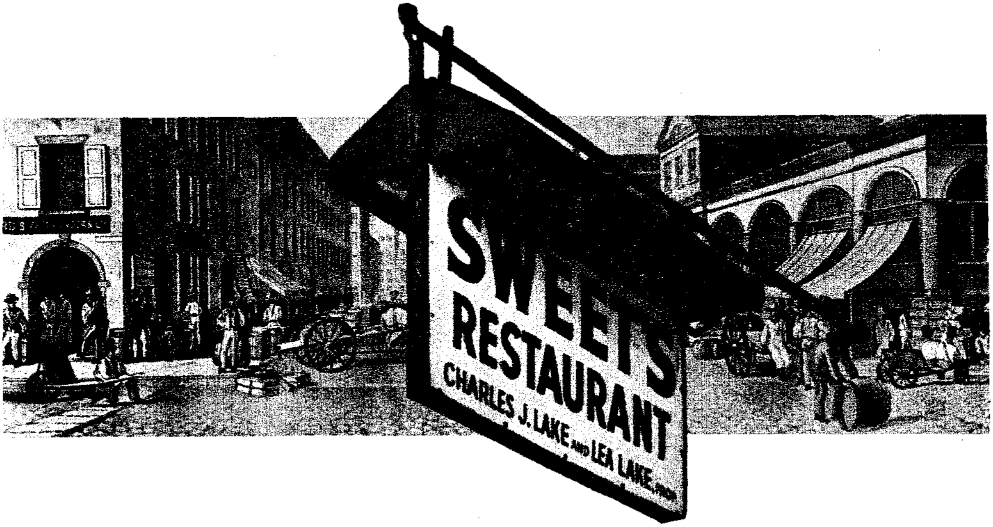
A thrifty but cynical Glasgow gentleman left his wife just enough money to buy a handkerchief to cry into. An Italian agreed to bequeath his unbeloved mate $500,000 if she entered a convent and spent the rest of her life praying for his soul. A penurious husband presented his wife with one shilling, her punishment for picking his pocket too often.

One of the strangest bequests ever made in the name of love involved a man who not only left his business to his chief clerk but threw in his wife besides. Fortunately, the lady seemed happy about the arrangement and legalized matters by marrying the lucky clerk. A certain financier's will had a similar twist. It read: "To my wife I leave her lover and the knowledge that I wasn't the fool she thought I was."

Though wives generally have fewer worldly goods to leave behind, they too contribute to odd will lore. As witness the woman who directed that $1.00 from her estate be invested and the interest on it given to her spouse "as evidence of my estimate of his worth." Another wife left her estate to seven pet lizards, her husband to collect only as each of the pampered creatures died.

A Kentucky lady who had loved not wisely but too often directed that tobacco be grown on her grave and given to her grieving lovers to smoke.

A grateful Frenchman gallantly left his cash to the woman who had refused his offer of marriage 20 years before—thus permitting him to enjoy the carefree life of a bachelor!


SWEETS
RESTAURANT
CHARLES J. LAKE AND LEA LAKE, PROP.

Manhattan's Oldest Kettle of Fish

by Leonard Louis Levinson

It's Sweets Restaurant . . . and gourmets have been going hook, line and sinker for its wondrous piscatorial bait since the days of President Polk

Benjamin Hamburger has been eating in Sweets Restaurant for the past 75 years. As he finished his dinner the other day, he looked around New York's wonderful old fish house and remarked:

"I remember coming here as a boy of 15 with my father. A fine dinner cost 25 cents then, and the waiter was happy to get a five-cent tip."

Then the 90-year-old tobacco importer turned to the man in the white jacket and apron standing beside the table and with a twinkle in his eye ceremoniously handed him a nickel.

A network of smiles crinkled the waiter's face as he bowed. "Thank you, Boss," he said. "I'm happy to get it—because it makes me feel like a boy again."

For 83-year-old Daniel Chisholm has been serving Mr. Hamburger for the past 56 years. The two of them, the dean of the venerable waiters' corps at Sweets 111-year-old restaurant and the man with the marathon eating record, dispensed with menus and ordering long ago. Daniel knows the dishes this customer likes, and serves him according to the fish in season and market.

For fish is the sole entrée here (although you can get a bacon omelet if you insist). Across the street is the largest distributing seafood mart in the world—the Fulton Fish Market.

At one time, if you fancied some fish dish which was not on the menu, Sweets would send a boy over to seek its ingredients among the stalls which stretch northward along the river toward the Brooklyn Bridge.

Sweets, with its unadorned, honest atmosphere, its plain but delicious food and its pleasant, friendly waiters, occupies the second floor of a building erected at the corner of South and Fulton Streets around 1800. Aside from electric fixtures, the long dining room has hardly changed from the days when James Polk was president.

Some visitors think that the waiters haven't been changed in that time and a standard answer to a query about length of service is: "Oh, I'm new. Just been here 40 years."

But while the restaurant has clung to the old sideboards, the green embossed walls and the old maps and seafaring souvenirs of its early days, there have been changes. If a lady lights a cigarette after dinner now, for instance, the manager doesn't rush up and order her to desist forthwith, as happened to Lillian Russell in 1908. The fact that her escort had just broken the oyster-eating record at Sweets and was named Diamond Jim Brady didn't matter. It took another 20 years before the custom was permissible.

Today, the clientele at dinner still includes celebrities, and what Thorne Smith described as "some of the smartest and most desperate fish eaters in the city."

At lunch time, while the odors from Fulton Market and the coffee-roasting plants fight for dominance outside, the fishmen, merchants and boat captains mix with the coffee, cocoa and tobacco importers and the Wall Streeters inside.

A trawler captain in a plaid shirt will stalk into the kitchen carrying a mess of flounder. "Here, Pete," he'll shout at the chef, "fry 'em up for us. Say—do you know why flounder are so flat? Because when God parted the Red Sea for Moses to cross, some of the flounder were right in the middle and got split—half of each going one way and half the other!"

The humor of the fishmen is about as subtle as a burglar alarm, but they enjoy themselves at their "club." Their idea of a joke on the management is to get into battles and break dishes, then refuse to pay for them. Only after protracted argument will they point out that the broken dishes were smuggled in from outside.

Steady patrons from uptown fill up on tender little bay scallops and codfish cheeks. In spite of the name, this latter is a delicacy well worth the journey and a rare dish because the fishermen usually eat all of them before the boats reach harbor.

On Thursday nights, the restaurant serves one of its great specialties—Bisque of Clam Soup. This is a smooth, creamy potage which defies adequate description, particularly since its preparation is so secret that the chef refuses to divulge the recipe, even to the owners.

Sweets was opened in 1845 as a fashionable hotel and eating place by Abram M. Sweet, a Quaker. After 50 years, Abram died and was succeeded by his sons, Jess and Ed. Ed Sweet, rich and retired, disappeared from the earth just before noon on September 16, 1920, as he emerged from his broker's office in the House of Morgan. He was one of the 30 fatal victims of the Wall Street Explosion, the origin of which is as great a mystery today as it was then.

On March 15, 1888, the day after The Great Blizzard subsided, undersized 13-year-old Jimmy Lake, who had run away from Stirling, New Jersey, poked his head over the counter of the oyster bar at Sweets and asked for a job.

"You're a mighty small one," said Ed Sweet, shaking his head.

"Yes, sir, but I'm a good boy. And a hard worker," stoutly replied Jimmy.

Hired as the water boy, he filled empty glasses so promptly and did his work so well that he eventually rose to be manager. In 1917 he bought out the brothers. Today, his daughter Lea and his son Charles are the proprietors; and his grandson, John McFarland, is the manager.

A HUNDRED YEARS AGO, Sweets catered not only to the elite of the day, but also to the majestic merchants from Fulton Market. These worthies presided over their counters wearing stovepipe hats and high leather boots.

The actor, Edward Everett Horton, remembered "the smell of tea and spices coming from the Liverpool packets and the East Indiamen at anchor across the street and the white bowsprits and gold figureheads which almost reached across to the windows where we sat."

Sweets was the first restaurant in New York to introduce what Mark Twain described as "the renowned fish called Pompano, delicious as the less criminal forms of sin," as well as swordfish.

This is also believed to be the only remaining establishment of the 59 which were lit up with electricity on that exciting night of September 4, 1882, when Thomas A. Edison threw the switch at his brand-new Pearl Street generating station.

Sweets' waiters may be elderly but they are spry, and Daniel Chisholm can shuffle faster than a man a third his age can walk. To make their trips shorter, they are stationed closest to the kitchen according to seniority, but Daniel scorns such advantages and presides at a station in the center of the room.

William Kemp, 78, is another veteran, and so is towering, imposing-looking George Humphrey. Ulysses S. Wright is one of the "juniors," but he recalls the Three-Hour-For-Lunch Club and the 10-course dinners which began to fade in the '20s.

Now the Sweets' menu it simple, the prices quite modest and the portions large. No frozen or canned fish is served and the Lakes are proud that all their fish is as recently out of the water as possible.

Every week day, Peter Cheuces, the chef, is at the Fulton Market at four A.M. He strides from stall to stall, eyeing the alabaster halibut, the pinkish red salmon, the silver butterfish and the green lobsters with a swift glance born of many years of experience.

Other purchasers may buy ten times as much fish as Pete, but he's the most important man in the market and gets the choicest of the day's catch.

"We gotta be good to this guy, early in the morning," explains one fishmonger, "so's he'll treat us nice later on when we come in to eat."

Every dish which can be prepared "to order" is fixed that way by Cheuces and his assistants. Butter for frying and basting is the only fat used at Sweets. During World War II, the Lakes stopped serving meat, as well as butter at the table, because they decided it was more important to continue cooking their fish the way they always had. And that took all of their red points.

"Really fresh fish, butter, and just enough cooking—those are the only secrets of successful fish and seafood cookery," says Cheuces, who uses a ton of fish a week and around 300 pounds of butter.

Apparently he is right, for at both lunch and dinner Sweets' steep stairs are usually lined with patient patrons waiting their turn to enter the ancient room which, as Walter Winchell has written, "many people consider the finest seafood restaurant in the world," where they are eating fish "as if they were afraid it was going out of style."

* * *

For Insomniacs

A FRIEND OF MINE, having heard that I am sometimes troubled with insomnia, suggested the following plan:

"Eat a pint of peanuts, and drink two or three glasses of milk just before retiring. You'll be asleep in no time."

I did so and my friend was right. I soon fell asleep. Then a man with his head under his arm came along and asked me if I wanted to buy his feet. As we were dickering, the dragon on which I was riding slipped out of his skin and left me floating in mid-air.

While I was considering just how I was going to get down, a bull with two heads peered at me over the edge of the wall and said he would haul me up if I would climb up and rig a windlass for him. Then, as I was sliding down the mountain, the brakeman came in and I asked him when the train would reach my station. "We passed that four hundred years ago," he said, as he folded up the train and slipped it into his vest pocket.

At this point the clown came in and pulled the center-pole out of the ground, lifting the tent and all the people up into the air, while I stood below watching myself go out of sight among the clouds.

With that I woke up and found that I had been sleeping exactly ten minutes. *—Romweber Commentator*

* * *

THE ANGEL OF MARYE'S HEIGHTS

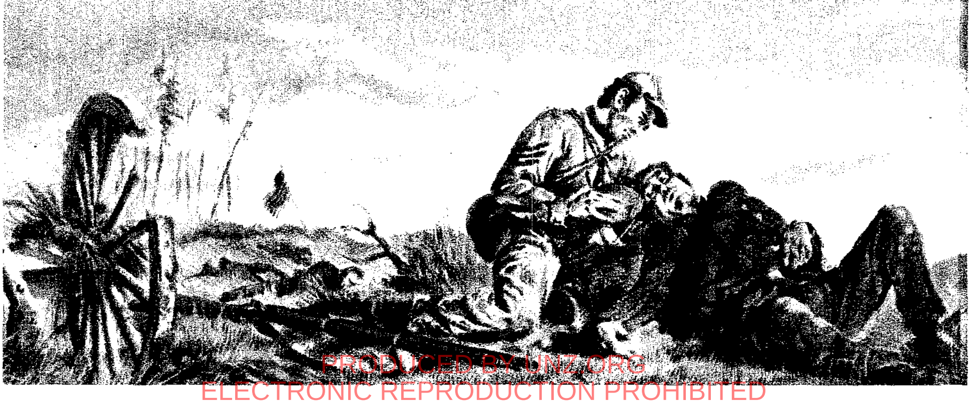
by Chester B. Goolrick

He led no charge, won no thrilling victory. But men honor his memory because, in the midst of slaughter, he dared death to bring solace to his wounded foes

On a bleak December day in Virginia, a hero added his brief footnote to the annals of American valor. He received no medals. His reward came, fittingly, from the grateful hearts of Civil War fighting men on both sides of the lines. They called him "The Angel of Marye's Heights."

He was Sergeant Richard Kirkland of the 2nd South Carolina Volunteers, part of the Confederate command occupying the now-famous Sunken Road which lay behind a low stone wall snaking along the foot of Marye's Heights at the edge of the quaint little town of Fredericksburg. As dusk fell there on December 13, 1862, the exhausted Carolinians had just taken part in one of the most concentrated slaughters ever seen when the Union forces under General Ambrose Burnside attempted to force a crossing of the Rappahannock and smash against Lee at Fredericksburg.

Sensing that Burnside might attempt something of the sort, Lee put the bulk of his men into well-nigh impregnable positions behind the stone wall. Before them for several hundred yards stretched a gentle slope leading into the town. On December 12, under the protection of artillery, Burnside's men crossed the river, and the following day made their supreme effort to effect a break-through.



The main attack went through the streets and up the slope leading to the stone wall. Union troops stormed forward valiantly—and were cut to pieces. By late afternoon, the ground in front of the wall was covered with dead and wounded. All night long and the next day, they kept up a steady duel with the Confederates.

In the few lulls in the firing, Dick Kirkland heard the wounded crying for aid. Though still in his twenties, Kirkland was a veteran of previous actions and probably little more sensitive than most of his fellows. Nevertheless, by midday he could stand it no longer.

Appearing before his astonished general, the young sergeant asked permission to cross the wall and give water and what comfort he could to "those poor people out there." The general, who believed he was signing the soldier's death warrant, reluctantly granted permission.

The Union men were thunderstruck when a Confederate soldier, laden with canteens, suddenly climbed into view. Their surprise was probably what saved Dick, for in a few seconds he had sprinted to the nearest wounded man, given him water, covered him with an overcoat, and gone on to the next.

Without orders, firing from the Union side ceased. Confederate soldiers put down their weapons. In the unnatural hush there rose, first from the Northern side and then from the Southern, a great cheer.

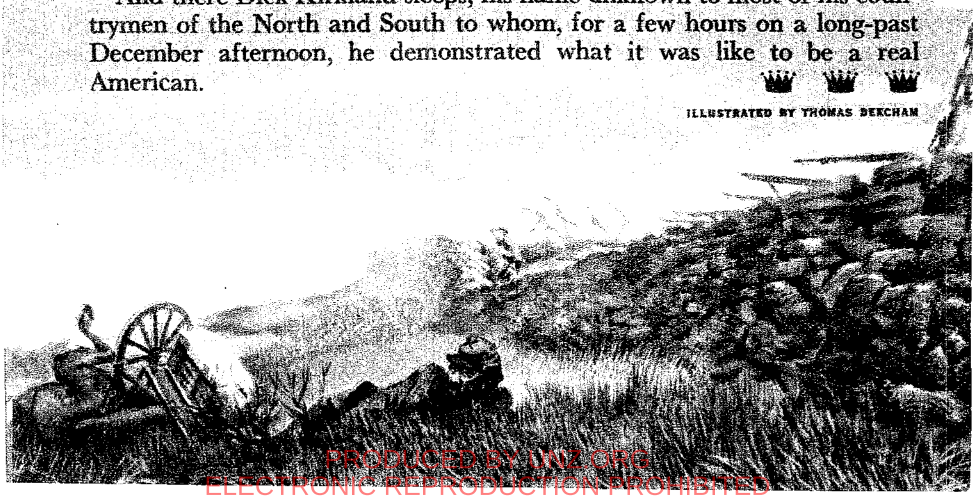
When Kirkland disappeared behind the wall to get more canteens, fighting was resumed. But when he climbed back into the open there was silence again, and cheering. By nightfall, every wounded soldier had received aid.

Dick was the talk of both armies for days. Then the war moved on and his hour of glory was over. Promoted a little later to lieutenant, he died in the closing hours at Chickamauga.

A massive slab, paid for by popular subscription, marks his grave in the cemetery at Camden, South Carolina. Appropriately, too, there is a tablet to his memory on the walls of the Prince of Peace Episcopal Church at Gettysburg.

And there Dick Kirkland sleeps, his name unknown to most of his countrymen of the North and South to whom, for a few hours on a long-past December afternoon, he demonstrated what it was like to be a real American.

ILLUSTRATED BY THOMAS BEECHAM



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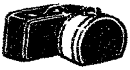

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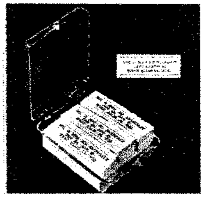

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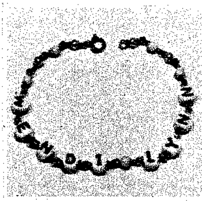

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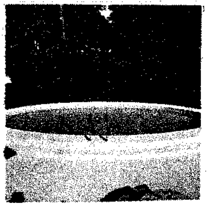

To Advertisers interested in placing ads in the Coronet Family Shopper—See bottom of page 163

Silver Linings

ONE MORNING last spring my nine-month-old baby was sunning in her play pen in the back yard, with a rattle for amusement, while I was busy making a batch of cookies in the kitchen. I could watch her quite easily through the window while going about my work. I had just finished cutting my first batch of cookies when I noticed a little boy, the terror of the neighborhood, standing beside her. I watched uneasily. "If he as much as touches her," I thought, "I'll spank him no matter what the consequences."

Just then the baby began to cry. Looking about quickly to be sure

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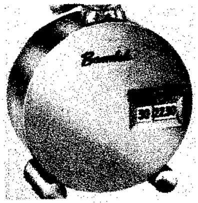

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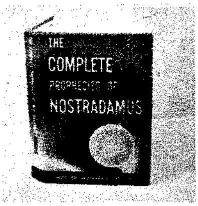

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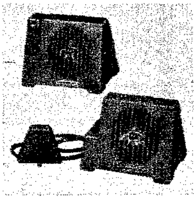

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Brumberger intercoms can be clearly heard across any room. They're equipped with big 4" alnico, speaker-amplifiers . . . powered by flashlight batteries. Attractive, hi-impact styrene cases. Complete with 2 stations, 4 batteries, 50 feet wire. Only $9.95 ppd. Order # 255 — Brumberger, Dept. C, 34-34th Street, Brooklyn 32, New York.

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no one observed him, the little boy picked up the rattle that had rolled through the bars and placed it back in her pudgy hand. Swiftly he bent and kissed her cheek and then, with both hands in his pockets and a guilty smile on his face, he walked away.

He seemed to enjoy the cookies and milk I served him that afternoon, though I know from his amazement he never guessed the reason for the treat. —DONNA VERWIEBE

A PENNSYLVANIA FARMER, delinquent in his few remaining payments because of illness, was approached by the finance company's representative who demanded either full payment or the car.

"Might as well take her with you," the farmer drawled. "She's out there in the barn."

The agent went to the barn and found the car up on blocks, its shiny newness protected from dust by a cloth cover which extended to the floor.

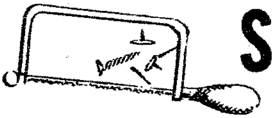
Upon investigation, he saw only 15 miles were registered on the speedometer—mileage accumulated on the trip from the showroom to the farm.

"You mean you've driven only 15 miles in all these months?" the puzzled agent asked.

"That's right," the farmer replied.

"I figure she's not mine 'til she's paid for," he added softly.

The agent gently replaced the cover and said: "We'll wait until your crops come in." —*The Furrow*



SHOPPING GUIDE

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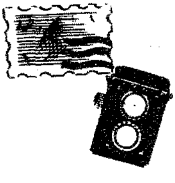

The special Shopping Guide below offers you a showcase of many unique products and services. Coronet hopes you will find items of interest and value to you.

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$2.00 HOURLY possible doing light assembly work at home. Experience unnecessary. Write Sanco Manufacturing Company, 8507-A West 3rd Street, Los Angeles 48, California.

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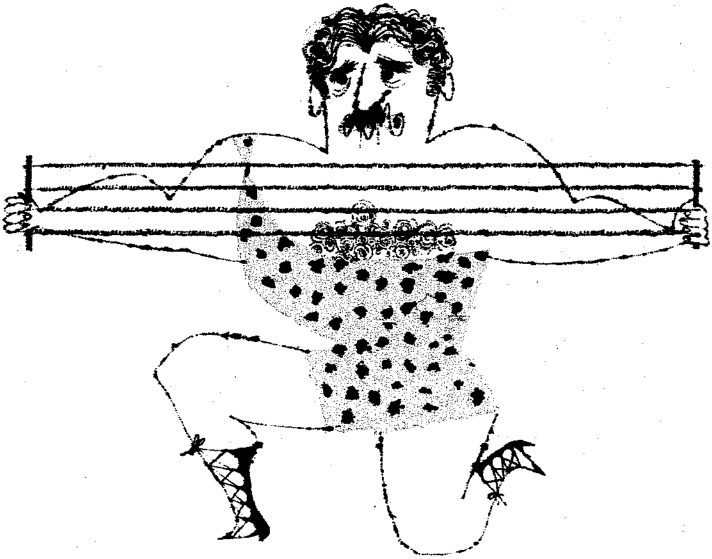

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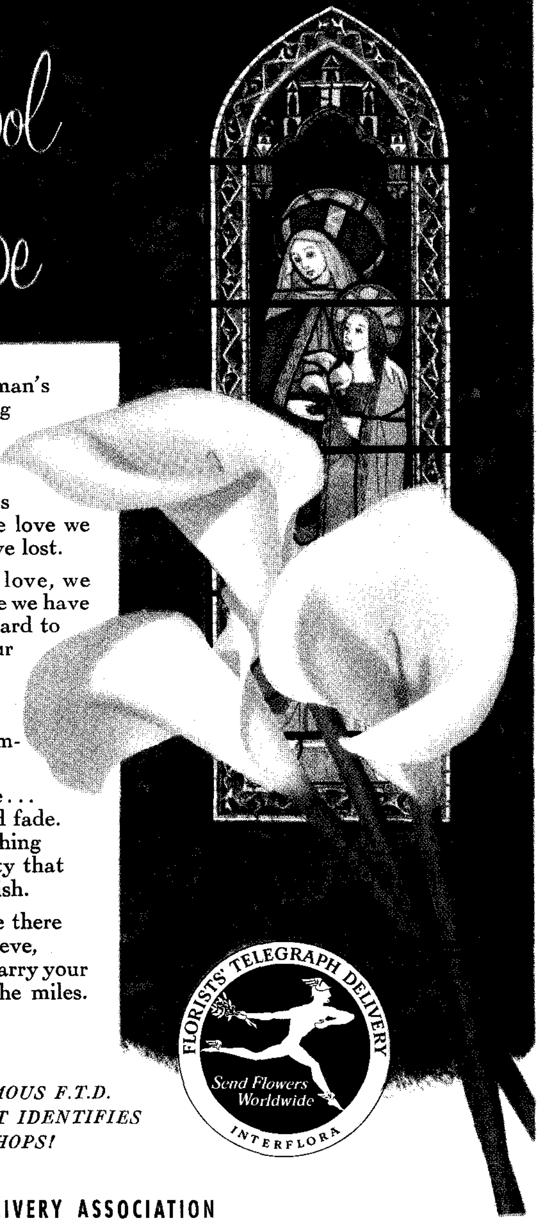

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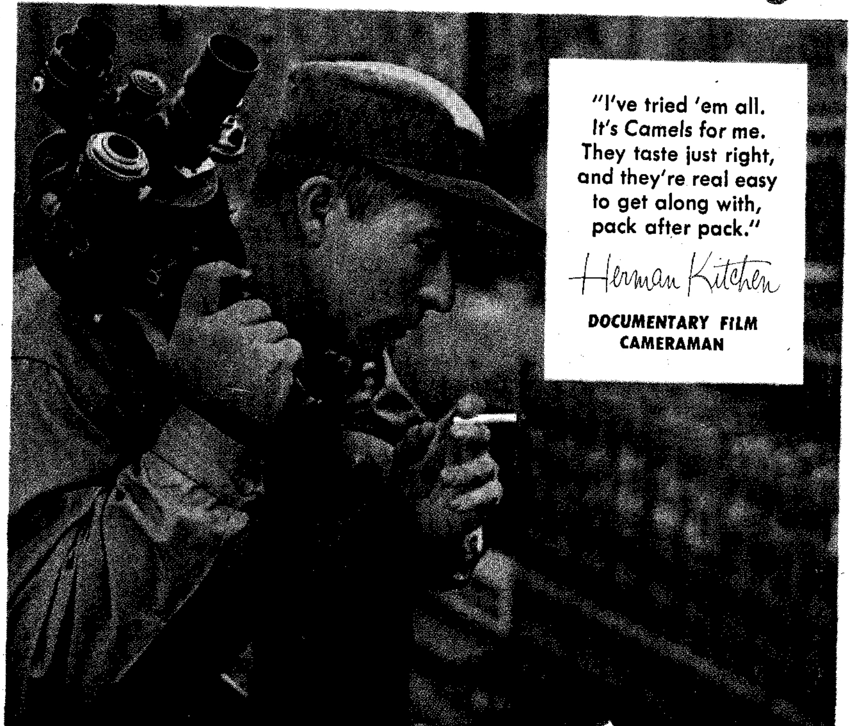

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